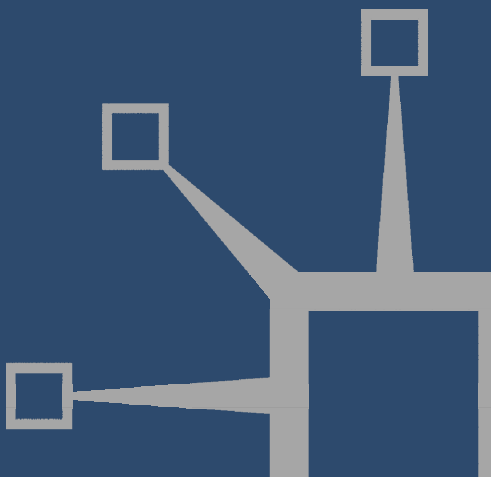
VISIT…

palgrave
macmillan

From Pinewood to Hollywood

British Filmmakers in American Cinema, 1910–1969

Ian Scott



From Pinewood to Hollywood

This page intentionally left blank

From Pinewood to Hollywood

British Filmmakers in American Cinema, 1910–1969

Ian Scott

palgrave
macmillan

© Ian Scott 2010

All rights reserved. No reproduction, copy or transmission of this publication may be made without written permission.

No portion of this publication may be reproduced, copied or transmitted save with written permission or in accordance with the provisions of the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988, or under the terms of any licence permitting limited copying issued by the Copyright Licensing Agency, Saffron House, 6-10 Kirby Street, London EC1N 8TS.

Any person who does any unauthorized act in relation to this publication may be liable to criminal prosecution and civil claims for damages.

The author has asserted her right to be identified as the author of this work in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

First published 2010 by
PALGRAVE MACMILLAN

Palgrave Macmillan in the UK is an imprint of Macmillan Publishers Limited, registered in England, company number 785998, of Houndmills, Basingstoke, Hampshire RG21 6XS.

Palgrave Macmillan in the US is a division of St Martin's Press LLC, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010.

Palgrave Macmillan is the global academic imprint of the above companies and has companies and representatives throughout the world.

Palgrave® and Macmillan® are registered trademarks in the United States, the United Kingdom, Europe and other countries.

ISBN-13: 978–0–230–22923–5 hardback

This book is printed on paper suitable for recycling and made from fully managed and sustained forest sources. Logging, pulping and manufacturing processes are expected to conform to the environmental regulations of the country of origin.

A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
Scott, Ian, 1965–
From Pinewood to Hollywood : British filmmakers in American cinema, 1910–1969 / Ian Scott.
p. cm.
ISBN 978–0–230–22923–5 (hardback)
1. Motion pictures—United States—History—20th century. 2. Motion pictures—United States—Foreign influences. 3. Motion picture producers and directors—Great Britain—Biography. I. Title.
PN1993.5.U6S365 2010
791.4302′33092241—dc22
[B] 2010023951

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10

Printed and bound in Great Britain by
CPI Antony Rowe, Chippenham and Eastbourne

This book is dedicated to the memory of my grandparents,
Alice and Richard Parkin

This page intentionally left blank

Contents

List of Illustrations viii

Acknowledgements ix

Prologue: From Pinewood to Hollywood 1

Introduction: The British Connection: Themes and Theory 6

1 Early Invaders: The First British Wave 30

2 Sound and Vision: British Filmmakers and the Politics of Pre-War Hollywood 63

3 Movies for the Masses: The British in the Second World War 107

4 Post-War Directions: Ealing Escapism and the Menace of McCarthy 127

5 Atlantic Crossing 152

Notes 174

Select Bibliography 185

Index 189

List of Illustrations

1	George Arliss in typically aristocratic pose. Prints & Photographs Division, Library of Congress	8
2	A portrait of J. Stuart Blackton, 1912	13
3	Edward Knoblock, 4th from left relaxing with friends. Photograph reproduced courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery, London	30
4	Triangle Studios in 1916	37
5	Louis B. Mayer, director Reginald Barker, and Irving Thalberg on the set of *The Dixie Handicap* 1925	42
6	Edmund Goulding directing a scene in 1927	51
7	Elinor Glyn soon after her arrival in Hollywood	74
8	Elinor Glyn and Rudolph Valentino circa 1925	77
9	Boris Karloff as The Monster in *Bride of Frankenstein* (1935)	92
10	Bette Davis in *Dark Victory* (1939)	95
11	P.G. Wodehouse pictured in 1904	98
12	Aldous Huxley and Christopher Isherwood in Hollywood in the late 1940s	135
13	John Schlesinger	153
14	John Boorman at the 2006 San Sebastian International Film Festival	158
15	Tony Richardson	167

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank all my friends and colleagues for their encouragement, support and especially frankness when they knew I was going too far with this project! In particular, my debt goes out to immediate colleagues Brian Ward, David Brown, Michael Bibler, Peter Knight, Monica Pearl, Eithne Quinn and Natalie Zacek for their continuing friendship and dedication to the cause. I'd also like to thank Laura Doan, David Alderson, Patricia Duncker for their support as Subject Heads and all colleagues in English and American Studies at Manchester for their continuing collegiality. The assembled football team concentrated my mind when thoughts began to drift elsewhere; and over and above those already mentioned, I thank Peter B, Rob D, John Mac, Steve J, Enrico B, Rob S, Mike S, David M, Alan R and Jerome DeG for their spirit and generosity. I'd also like to thank all friends past and present in the British Association for American Studies.

The staff at the British Film Institute's Library in London have never been less than marvellous in answering requests for help, advice and documents. The trips there and communications back and forth have made this research both enjoyable and fruitful. I would like to especially thank the staff of the Warner Bros Archive at the University of Southern California for their kindness and expertise, in particular Sandra Joy Lee. Likewise at USC's main Film and Television Library, I'm indebted to colleagues I've got to know there over the years and who have been tremendously supportive.

At the Margaret Herrick Library of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences, I would like to thank all the staff for finding papers and clippings I never knew existed, but they of course did. I am also in debt to the staff at the Special Collections of the Stanford University Library, particularly for their help with the Somerset Maugham Papers, and many thanks too, to Gudrun Miller at the National Portrait Gallery in London for uncovering some of the photographs used in the book. I would like to thank Tanya Rose and Marian Rosenberg for their time, generosity and willingness to be interviewed for the book.

I acknowledge and thank the support of the Arts and Humanities Research Council for their funding of this project to completion, and the wider School of Arts, Histories and Cultures at Manchester for its

continuing support and nurturing of projects such as this. At Palgrave I want to pay tribute to the faith, patience and generosity of Renée Takken, Catherine Mitchell and especially Christabel Scaife for her belief and commitment in this project from the beginning.

Finally this book would never have seen the light of day without those closest as friends and relatives. To Richard and Helen, Ellie and Alice, Cath and Alan, Kevin, Steve, Dave R, Chris and Sharon, Christine and John, Katie, Barbara and Roz, and especially to my love and best thanks.

Prologue: From Pinewood to Hollywood

One of the most successful British directors in Hollywood today is also one of the least Anglophile in his tastes, as well as one of the more accomplished interpreters of iconic American culture. Indeed, London-born Christopher Nolan is so immersed into Hollywood and wider American film sensibilities that it is often forgotten that his roots lie across the Atlantic. But the man who has re-defined the *noir* thriller with *Memento* (2000) and *Insomnia* (2002) and who single-handedly revived the *Batman* franchise in the 2000s replicates many of the characteristics of other British directors who have established their careers in Hollywood. From the Scott brothers, Ridley and Tony, to John Boorman, Peter Yates, John Schlesinger, Michael Apted and further back Edmund Goulding and James Whale, as well as many more, all of them moved to America's film capital seeking creative control and freedom, while bringing British taste and sensibility even to the most American of subjects. From *Blade Runner* and *Top Gun* to *Bullitt*, *Midnight Cowboy*, *Coal Miner's Daughter*, *Dark Victory* and *Show Boat*, the Brits have always had a taste for the milieu of American society and culture.

Nolan is now part of an established trend in the modern Hollywood age whereby filmmakers tend to take on movie productions wholesale, often including the writing and producing of features as well as helming the overall project. It's a vision that is often associated with so-called "New Hollywood" and the structure of filmmaking that emerged out of the embers of the studio system at the turn of the 1970s. And yet this was really a tradition that came into being way back nearly a century ago, before the studio system was properly instituted, before Hollywood knew and discovered the hold it had over its personnel and public, and before American film considered itself a multi-national industry. It was done by practitioners who arrived in California with little reputation,

even less money, and no fanfare whatsoever. And many of them came from Britain. But it was these early pioneering filmmakers who, for the greater part of the studio era, set up the means and reputation that British filmmaking acquired over several generations up to the present.

Today the work of some of Hollywood's most stylish and artful exponents still comes from the shores of the British Isles, and they are practitioners whose outlook, interests and cinematic literacy are not noticeably different from predecessors 70, 80 or even 90 years ago. From the late, great Anthony Mingella (*The English Patient*, *The Talented Mr. Ripley*, *Cold Mountain*), through Paul Greengrass (*The Bourne Supremacy* and *Ultimatum*, *United 93*, *Green Zone*) and Kevin MacDonald (*State of Play*), to Joe Wright (*Atonement*, *The Soloist*), Duncan Jones (*Moon*) and Nolan himself, these are writers and writer-directors whose individual style, particular national reference points, and specific understanding of Britain's cinematic heritage in America initiates and informs their work.

This book is about their predecessors; the men and women who were the progenitors of British film culture at home and then further afield. Those exponents are usually recognized as the likes of Laurel, Chaplin and Hitchcock, together with the actors and some of the writers (Charles Bennett, Alma Reville and Joan Harrison) that they were associated with. But for the most part these are familiar characters that have also been expertly discussed in many other contexts before, and are the subjects of either brilliant biographies or fascinating film analyses already in the public realm. Therefore, while it would be impossible to neglect these filmmakers entirely, and they crop up frequently throughout this book, they are not the central focus here. This work is about a cohort (indeed several cohorts over a number of generations) of writers and directors who captured the essence of the Hollywood system while delivering their own transatlantic examples of American filmmaking from its earliest inception. Some of them, particularly those who pioneered the move to California in the Victorian, and then early twentieth-century age, remain unheralded and largely unknown, and one facet of this work is an intention to redress that anomaly in some small way.

Many more émigrés from Britain are of course immensely well known and especially those that followed what we might reasonably call the post-Hitchcock move across the Atlantic at the start of the Second World War. Anthony Asquith (who started in Hollywood, went to Britain and then once again found himself on the west coast in the 1950s and

1960s), John Boorman, Peter Yates and John Schlesinger are perhaps the most notable of this generation, and they paved the way for the likes of Roland Joffe, Alan Parker, Adrian Lyne and Ridley and Tony Scott to follow. While the latter group deserve attention, they will have to wait for another book to collectivize their talents and analyse their prodigious output. The former group are featured here, in a brief synopsis at least, but their presence – important though it is, and tremendous though its accomplishments were – really serve a further purpose for the book. That purpose is to argue that the aforementioned characters, often centred around, but not exclusively tied to, the towering forces of Charlie Chaplin and Alfred Hitchcock, are more often than not seen as the "jumping off" point for examinations of the British in Hollywood. It is with these directors, and writers, and the technicians, producers and an assembly line of other workers in this era – roughly the late 1920s to the early 1940s – that were brought with them and or they coaxed into the industry, that somehow define the "British invasion" if, as I say in the introductory chapter, that is what it ought to be called.

In fact, a much earlier cast of players were fantastically influential in the way the British stamped their national characteristics not only on film, but on the whole Hollywood industry. Names like Barker, Brabin, Campbell and Lloyd, Whale, Goulding, West, Blackton and Horsley, all were extraordinarily important to the way Hollywood built itself, consolidated the film industry, and created the myths and legends that then got handed down to successive generations. They are the real focus here and it is their stories and initiatives that lay the groundwork for an examination of some of the émigrés that found their way to Hollywood just before and then immediately after the war and just prior to the studio system coming to a close. The later émigrés, I want to argue, didn't just take their cue from Chaplin or Hitchcock. They, unwittingly or otherwise, immersed themselves into a culture and routine that had been started by these earlier exponents and which they carried through beyond the studio system and into a new and uncharted era for Hollywood filmmaking from the 1970s onwards. The crucial and common element about them all of course is that they are largely neglected, absent, or indeed unknown in the histories and appreciations that have been written of Hollywood. This book aims to show why that neglect is unfounded and undeserved.

One other discrete group of personnel that shouldn't be forgotten are the moguls, producers and studio heads of course. More often than not, these hats were all worn by the same person, and that is

certainly true of the overwhelming presence of Alexander Korda and Michael Balcon in this story. But that would be to neglect earlier authorities and influential personnel like Stuart Blackton and David Horsley, both of whom contributed to the birth of American film and the development of the medium in ways long neglected and disappointingly absent in some accounts. Nor should this line of evolution forget later practitioners – most obviously David Puttnam – who took up the mantle of studio executive power relations in the 1980s, and who contributed to a changing industry, and a changing British presence in Hollywood. Puttnam wouldn't survive terribly long as the head of Columbia Studios but he helped pave the way for the establishment of powerful figures (the Weinsteins, Bob and Harvey, Jerry Bruckheimer) who've shaped and re-imagined Hollywood in a manner many thought impossible when the studio system began its inexorable decline.

Today Christopher Nolan, Ridley Scott, Paul Greengrass and all of their colleagues and contemporaries are no longer truly regarded as "émigrés" – as Brits who have come to work in Hollywood – so much as filmmakers who happen to be British. They are part of a global, some would say commodified, or even homogenized industry that neither reflects the national trends of its workers, nor sustains an identity of its own in the international marketplace in which it operates. After all, side by side with these "British" filmmakers sit people like Ang Lee, Paul Verhoeven, Roland Emmerich and Wolfgang Petersen; all non-American directors who have made films outside Hollywood's confines and yet remain ones that have, in their "Hollywood" guise, seemingly defined the iconic movies of the colony's current age with the likes of *Brokeback Mountain*, *Basic Instinct*, *Robo Cop*, *Independence Day*, *2012*, *Air Force One* and many more.

Indeed there is an argument to be made that unlike this cohort the Brits today still have a handle on the characteristics that have defined their nation's filmmaking for the best part of a century, and more so perhaps than many other international émigré communities that have been featured as key artists in Hollywood's past and present, notably Swedish, German and Russian filmmakers who arrived at the same time as the earliest pioneers. Along with French and to some extent Italian as well as other central and eastern European filmmakers, these were the nationalities that often informed the histories of Hollywood's international acculturation, and usually because of their particular cultural offerings. This book attempts to redress some of that emphasis on the stylistic if not social impact of other émigrés often at the expense of

the British. But more than that, I hope to explain and analyse the path the British took through the first half of Hollywood's history, a path that is just as significant economically and politically as it is socially, artistically and culturally. A path that started earlier than one might think, and continues longer and more influentially than many would have forecast.

Introduction: The British Connection: Themes and Theory

"Don't be frightened, dear – this – this – is Hollywood."

Noël Coward recited these words of encouragement told to him by the actress Laura Hope-Crews on a Christmas visit to Hollywood in 1929. In typically acerbic fashion, he detailed a shopping list of experiences with the rich and famous while in Los Angeles that he judged in retrospect to be "unreal and inconclusive, almost as though they hadn't happened at all". Coward went on to describe his festive jaunt through Hollywood's social merry-go-round as like careering "through the sideshows of some gigantic pleasure park at breakneck speed" accompanied by "blue-ridged cardboard mountains, painted skies [and] elaborate grottoes peopled with several familiar figures".[1] Ultimately he became less sure of what he was visiting as time went by; were these real houses or just movie sets, were the people genuine or still acting long after they'd abandoned their roles for the day? And after less than 2 weeks of this, Coward could take no more and his initial tour of Hollywood came to an end as he escaped to the relative tranquillity of San Francisco.[2]

Coward's first experience persuaded him that California was not the place to settle and his "ten hair-raising days amid the frenzy of Hollywood" led him to only ever make fleeting visits to the movie colony.[3] But the description he offered, and the delicious dismissal of Hollywood's "fabricated" community, became common currency if one examines other British accounts of life on the west coast at this time. From P.G. Wodehouse to Aldous Huxley, from David Niven to Laurence Olivier, the English penchant for being under-whelmed by the extravagance of it all has been well-documented. Wodehouse was particularly dismissive of the industry's methods and he wrote his first satirical piece

about Hollywood the year he and Coward both arrived, 1929. "Slaves of Hollywood" mocked the transformation of writers into scenarists and artists into artisans as talkies were taking off and business interests began to dominate. The article first appeared in a December issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, much to the annoyance of those touting for his services, who believed Wodehouse wasn't yet fit to judge the not inconsiderable hand that was about to feed him.[4] Yet Wodehouse, Coward and many others did keep returning – or stayed in some cases – in one form or another for the next 30 years, because the British, whatever their reservations, could never quite shake the glamour and fascination of Hollywood out of their system.

Coward's particular brand of caustic and witty observation is only one of many funny and evocative stories told in perhaps the best of the assembled accounts of Anglophilia in America's film community; English critic Sheridan Morley's book, *The Brits in Hollywood* (originally published as *Tales from the Hollywood Raj*). In weaving a tale of British emigration to the west coast in the early part of the twentieth century, Morley concocts along the way a proper Englishness for his subjects, which has them in equal parts humoured, shocked and repulsed by the film community that grew up in California's southland during these years. "The British went to California much as they had once travelled to the far outposts of their own empire, and for many of the same reasons," he writes. "Some went to seek a fortune, others to escape a failed career or a mistaken marriage back home, or just because the weather looked better and there seemed to be a lot going on."[5] In a similarly understated way when it came to his subjects, much of what Morley details in his book were exaggeration, many of the stories apocryphal, but quite a lot of it true also.

Particularly when it came to actors from across the water, nationality became their calling card inside and out of the studios. Morley describes their Englishness as both "a caricature and a livelihood" and who could disagree with the description when applied to such debonair figures as Cedric Hardwicke, Leslie Howard or the aforementioned Niven.[6] But it was with slightly earlier and, today, lesser known characters, such as George Arliss, C. Aubrey Smith and Elinor Glyn, that Morley really stakes a claim for some quintessential piece of England living in the hills of Los Angeles. Indeed he makes the not unreasonable claim that what these figures imported into America in the 1920s was not the industrial England of slum-housing and Jarrow marches, but a half-century reversal back to the Empiric days of Victoria and Kipling.[7] When Charlie Chaplin returned to Britain to promote his film *City Lights* in 1931,

he reputedly yearned to see the north of England and experience the simple pleasures of the provincial working man, a character he felt was wrapped up in his iconic portrayal of the "little tramp" on screen. What he found – in London's East End rather than the dales of Yorkshire or small cotton towns of Lancashire – was grinding poverty and rigid class intolerance.[8] Chaplin retreated back to Hollywood, horrified by what his homeland had become, but it was a sobering experience that highlighted the gap between social reality and Hollywood re-imagination. What many of the British actors who went to California created on screen, Chaplin included, was all a caricature, a construction of the British "type" that was all spirit, stiff-upper lip and middle-class stoicism. The publicity people in the studios carried it further into a theme of self-parody "that became too well established to ignore", suggests John Baxter.[9] It may have been a blinkered, increasingly anachronistic construction, and one that was caricatured well beyond the realms of self-parody which other exiled nationalities would never contemplate. But it was a British persona that was mightily convincing on the west coast and endured well beyond Chaplin's heyday and even well past the Second World War.

Illustration 1 George Arliss in typically aristocratic pose. Prints & Photographs Division, Library of Congress.

When west-end actor Arliss was offered the part of Benjamin Disraeli in Alfred Green's 1929 bio-pic of the Prime Minister, Douglas Fairbanks would later comment that: "Arliss was really where the whole Hollywood English thing started . . . the image was tremendous and in those days the image was all that mattered."[10] Following in the footsteps of the legendary English thespian, Sir Herbert Beerbom Tree, who actually arrived for a spell in Hollywood as early as 1916, the image Fairbanks referred to was what Tree and Arliss specialized in: the ability to make themselves seem like a living embodiment of British spirit and endeavour, stereotypical or otherwise. As Morley suggests, Arliss's strength lay in remaining as English as he could possibly be, not least in respect of his employers. "By regarding himself as visiting royalty bestowing some immense favour on Warners by allowing them to photograph him in one of his most celebrated roles, he rapidly persuaded the Warners personnel to regard him in that light too."[11]

Green's picture was an enormous success, helping to cultivate the impressive British grandeur that took Hollywood by storm in the inter-war years. Nominated for three Oscars including Best Film, it made a star of Arliss who then went on to replicate his Academy Award-winning performance of Disraeli for other historical figures, from Voltaire to Alexander Hamilton, but almost literally without redefinition.[12] He didn't need to appreciate the subtle nuances of each historical character because the characters actually took on a piece of George Arliss when he played them.

If Arliss was the one who *created* the "whole Hollywood English thing", however, C. Aubrey Smith was the actor who *personified* the "Hollywood English thing" as it unfolded throughout the 1930s. One of the cinema's greatest writers of this period, and also one of its most politically active, Philip Dunne, credited Smith with introducing him to that most alien of sports for Americans, and at the same time persuading him to join Smith's principal social organization, the Hollywood Cricket Club. Dunne, who went to work on such historical epics as *The Last of the Mohicans* (1936), *Suez* (1937) and *Stanley and Livingstone* (1939) saw in Smith a common internationalism that he admired, but also a one-man effort to relay British history to the world in the multitude of parts he played in what might be termed Hollywood's 'British Empire epics'. In *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer* (1935), *Lloyds of London* (1936) and *Sixty Glorious Years* (1938), as Dunne famously observed, "the sun, in effect, never set on C. Aubrey Smith".[13] And that was no small achievement perpetrated by actors like Arliss and Smith who brought a spirit if not an identity to Hollywood's socially engaged efforts to portray the 'old

world', almost as much as any writers and directors working on these projects did.

What characters like Arliss and Smith also brought to the film community was a sense of joie de vivre; a mindset that became Hollywood's default position. Therefore the tales of British fortitude, of stiff upper lips and the quaffing of Pimms during every waking hour became part of the legend that was early Hollywood. The myths were often irresistible and few would have it any other way. But while personalities and character described a particular suit of British-ness on the west coast in the early years of talking pictures that undoubtedly set a tone for the movie colony's legends and excesses, the influence, suitability and management of what went on screen have rarely been assessed with the same scrutiny. In fact the array of other British talent who came to Hollywood at this time has never been collated together at all, nor thought about in terms that went beyond the superficial engagement with archetypal English character. The films, history and overall subject matter certainly utilized the particular talents of the actors above in certain movies, but it was directors and writers who created the scenarios or adapted the material in a host of genres and with a wealth of original ideas, that really changed the pattern and outlook of Hollywood presentation. Indeed these people set the tone for later émigrés to copy and build upon, and in the post-war and late studio-era careers of Robert Bolt, Graham Greene, John Boorman and John Schlesinger lay the roots of this much earlier British settlement.

The fact of the matter was that the British invasion of Hollywood didn't only supply an endless list of humorous tales and ex-pat bravado, but a significant cinematic contribution to the history of American film. And while actors and actresses became some of the most visible exponents of the British community working away in the studios, Hollywood also had another more serious side for British filmmakers – writers and directors principally – and a serious contention to be derived out of an industry that sought political and social credentials for their work from early on. In other words, the British did not simply provide ticks in the entertainment box for their American hosts. A significant and largely forgotten point about actors like George Arliss and C. Aubrey Smith was not that they simply created a stereotypical British sensibility, with airs and graces to boot that seemed to smack of the landed aristocracy – something Smith at least could lay claim to – but that they both helped to bring genres like historical re-enactment and biographical pictures into sharp focus for an industry looking to diversify its product in these years and maintain commercial as well as critical appeal. And they were

ably assisted in their endeavours by a cohort of fellow countrymen and women some of whom were literary giants holding the power of name recognition in their hands, but many more that were inconspicuous and have largely been forgotten in the annals of film history. It was they who helped to make the British a permanent, enduring and critical community in Hollywood's heyday, who paved the way for later exponents from across the Atlantic, and who are part of the principal focus of this book.

Why did the British come to Hollywood?

This work attempts to chronicle both the 'invasion' and some of the social and ideological fervour that went with emigration to California. The British had a screen presence undoubtedly, and an enduring one at that. But they also had a cultural and social presence, not least in the way that the studios were constructed and went about their business. Brits brought concerns and ideas that began to infiltrate the whole community, particularly from the mid-1930s onwards, but set in train far earlier than one might suspect. In the post-war years what started as pioneering in the technical, compositional and narrative sense gravitated to the ideological trends and waves of personnel coming out of Ealing comedies, the traditions set by Pinewood and Shepperton Studios, kitchen-sink drama and the British "New Wave" of the late 1950s and early 1960s. All these people, places and themes had an effect when transferred to the American studio system, and it is the contention, therefore, that Hollywood the place, as much as the movies, owed a great debt to the British filmmakers who turned up at its door, a debt so large that it transformed the studio era in ways that are only just starting to be comprehended.

John Russell Taylor reports that the "constant stream" of emigration really started from the beginning of the 1920s and was set in train by Swedes and Germans principally, in the guise of Ernst Lubitsch, F.W. Murnau and Emil Jannings, as well as Mauritz Stiller, Victor Sjöström and, perhaps most preponderantly, Greta Garbo. Some of the French filmmakers came before this time, a number of the Russians later. The defining feature that these artists shared, however, was that they had already cultivated a reputation; they were in effect being "wooed and cajoled to Hollywood" for the benefit of having their own existing fame and talent liberally sprinkled amidst the new colony.[14]

The British invasion of American film had neither this auspicious reputation to start with and nor did it commence at quite this time,

though a good many Brits did emigrate in the 1920s. In fact British arrival started remarkably early; indeed one of the first major studios of the east coast, Vitagraph, was owned and run by two Britons. J. Stuart Blackton, born in Sheffield in 1875, and Albert E. Smith, from Kent and born in the same year, formed The Vitagraph Corporation of America in 1897 after having been tempted into the film business by the influence of Thomas Edison. For almost two decades, they were at the forefront of movie-making in New York, with permanent offices and studio facilities operating out of Brooklyn. With stars such as John Bunny and Florence Turner appearing in their silent shorts, Blackton in particular was an influential pioneer who having first been encouraged by him, then took on the legendary and powerful Thomas Edison at his own game. Never one to shy away from controversy, Blackton's 1898 short, *Tearing Down the Flag* caused a sensation in the United States in the midst of the Spanish-American War. Featuring nothing but a Stars and Stripes unfurled on a pole that Blackton's own hand then reached up and snatched down, the provocative act captured on only a few seconds of film was perceived as every bit a stinging piece of patriotic fervour for American conquest of Cuba, as were the reports of atrocities committed by the ruling Spanish authority filed by newspaper columnists on the island at the time.

Far from being a one-off, Blackton and Smith's enthusiasm for making cinema a living embodiment of historical commentary and social re-enactment stretched into many areas of the past. *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* (1911) was a visual rendition of Julia Ward Howe's stirring anthem and the Civil War patina it embodied. *Lincoln's Inaugural Address* (1912) was exactly what it suggested, with Ralph Ince reprising his role as the heroic president from the previous year. Even more ambitious in its social and political commentary was *Whom the Gods Destroy* (1916), an up-to-the-minute account of the turmoil of the Easter Rising in Dublin and the wider struggles against British rule in Ireland.

Blackton and Smith quickly demonstrated a reputation for capturing the mood of the times therefore, but their economic judgement was less sound. Vitagraph was one of the companies who were integral to the patents war that surrounded the early east coast film industry, and while it was a business that was part of the MPPC (Motion Picture Patents Company), Vitagraph still relied on Edison for distribution. When that distribution wavered, the company began suffering financially, and the First World War proved its undoing. Foreign markets dried up because of the conflict, and so too did the company's impact and influence. Smith, later the studio's major shareholder, would sell Vitagraph to Warner Bros

Illustration 2 A portrait of J. Stuart Blackton, 1912.

for a modest profit in 1925; a rival company by then successfully operating on both the east *and* west coasts. But Smith, Blackton and the studio never made it to the Pacific on their own. They largely confined themselves to the east coast, though both would move out west in the 1930s. Blackton's legacy was maintained by some of the actors he uncovered from England who may never have found their way to Hollywood without his encouragement. Chief among these was Victor McLaglen who, having been born in Tunbridge Wells, arrived in California after the Great War and never looked back, establishing a long-lasting career that included a number of prominent roles for John Ford. Yet for all their endeavour and influence over early film, Blackton and Smith never established Hollywood as a basis for the company, despite their formative early contribution. As the industry expanded and developed in the 1920s, Vitagraph lost its way.

Blackton's fall from grace was as spectacular as his rise had been 30 years beforehand. He saw much of his fortune disintegrate in the Wall Street Crash of 1929, and for years after he modestly toured round the country in a beat-up car together with his old films. Partly by invitation, or as a favour to someone, or just on speculative chance, he wound up in small towns and dilapidated movie theatres talking about the silent days that were already being confined to history and forgotten about, even in the 1930s. In 1941 Blackton was killed in a road accident in Los Angeles and Vitagraph's huge influence dissipated with him and remained an obscure postscript in film history for many years after.

In Hollywood itself, few of the first companies to settle in California had anything like the kind of British investment or ownership that Vitagraph had. Yet the community's first ever census in 1907 revealed that the greatest proportion of immigrants were still from England, and that didn't include émigrés from Scotland, and even Ireland, both of whom featured as separate entries at the time.[15] The film studios on the west coast were in their infancy but already the British presence could be measured. Between 1911 and 1920, the population of Hollywood was booming, rising from 5000 to 80,000 people over the course of the decade.[16] During the next 30 years, especially amongst writers and writer/directors, the fledgling film community became a breeding ground for some of the most striking and informed filmmaking of the whole studio era as the companies attracted talent from the far-corners of the world. And hand-in-hand with the ideas and originality up on screen went a political mandate that saw insurgent British filmmakers in particular, influence studio politics to a far greater degree than has ever really been acknowledged, as we'll see.

One of those influential founders who did appear in California early on and who happened to own a studio, at least initially, was David Horsley. If anything Horsley's career was even more spectacular, interesting and curtailed as that of Blackton. Born into a Durham mining family in 1870s, Horsley and his brother William moved to New Jersey a decade later. By the early 1900s the Horsleys together with their partner Charles Gorman had formed the Centaur Film Company and were permanent and successful fixtures on the New York film scene.

Centaur battled the monopoly control of Edison's MPPC in a more forceful manner than Vitagraph ever did, as well as the elements of the east coast's temperamental weather patterns. Horsley's way out of both problems was to recognize that California had reliable sunshine which was crucial, and 3000 miles of space between it and the MPPC, which back then was a chasm for any kind of legal enforcement. In the autumn of 1911, under a new name, Horsley unveiled the first official studio in Hollywood. The Nestor Motion Picture Company was situated in an old property – famously called the Blondeau Tavern – on the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Gower Street. Within a year, however, Nestor and Horsley had become part of Carl Laemmle's burgeoning Universal Studios empire and were ensnared in the battle for control of the Universal boardroom. The internal feuding had been precipitated by the studio's acquisition of a number of other companies in addition to Nestor. Ultimately, Horsley sided with Laemmle in the boardroom battle and, in authorizing the sale and allocation of his stock in the company to him, made his fortune. Unfortunately that fortune would dwindle away over the next 20 years as a series of investments outside the industry – including the buyout of an animal troupe in London that he imported back into the United States – and a belated return to the film business proved to be catastrophic failures for Horsley. In total he lost all of the $400,000 he made from the deal with Laemmle.

Effectively a broken man, Horsley died in 1933 aged just 60. A year after his passing, his brother William wrote an appreciation of him in *The International Photographer*. "Hollywood owes to the memory of Dave Horsley more than it could ever repay," he stated. "Cameramen, directors, and every art and craft connected with motion pictures owe more to Dave Horsley than to any other man connected with the motion picture business."[17]

J. Stuart Blackton and David Horsley are names today that resonate with movie historians partly because their role in the founding of Hollywood has to some extent been resurrected. What Blackton and Horsley

in particular offered, however, was a template of pioneering development and a devil-may-care attitude to politics, technique and, yes, business, that encouraged risk and experimentation rather than conservatism and atrophy. Blackton himself commented that everything was so new when he started that producers themselves had to set the standards. For the British in particular, it was a good mantra to follow; each generation should up the stakes, offer more, challenge the previous conventions. Over the course of 40 years following Blackton's lead, the British set out to do just this.

Eight years after Horsley's death and in the same year as Blackton's – 1941 – Leo Rosten published his ground-breaking study, *Hollywood: The Movie Colony*. Rosten's investigation showed that the British diaspora following in the wake of these two pioneering moguls had already made its mark among the rank and file of Hollywood's film industry. Brits (including those from its dominions) came second in percentage share of personnel to the United States with 12.25 per cent, according to Rosten's calculations. Russia's 2.5 per cent share of the film population followed after that, revealing just how large the British presence was among the émigré community.[18] And while the proportion of foreign-born actors and actresses – when Rosten broke down the demographics into the four major sub-groups of film personnel – outweighed those of producers or writers (25.3 per cent to 17.4 and 13.9 per cent respectively), directors at 28.7 per cent were still significantly the largest proportion of the émigré's roster. In the movie colony, as Rosten so aptly observed; "everyone seems to be from somewhere else".[19] But his statistical evidence also put to the test the observation that principally actors and actresses were the central focus of the invasion, as well as the proposition that other national émigrés were more influential than the British. German refugees in particular had certainly brought a "cultural weltenschang" to southern California's artistic emergence by this time that has long been appreciated.[20] Rosten's figures also included all émigrés of course, not just the British, but they demonstrate that filmmakers in general and the British in particular were more of a force for studio evolution than previously indicated. Among the highest earning directors of 1938, for example, Rosten cites the likes of Anatole Litvak, Gregory Ratoff, Michael Curtiz and the originally British-based Frank Lloyd and Edmund Goulding, all of whom topped $100,000 and had significant clout within the studio system.[21]

As it happens, Rosten's was only the first scholarly account to recognize and measure the European if not British contribution within the

film community during these years. In Hortense Powdermaker's influential study of 1951, *Hollywood: The Dream Factory*, she asked at the beginning of her book why an anthropologist might look at the state of the movie colony. The answer, which she conceded humbly was not terribly original, was that all societies, and all people within them, were in some way conditioned by the social patterns of history and the means of production that guide that society. Hollywood for Powdermaker was no different from the South Sea islanders she had spent a good deal of her career observing up until that point. They had hierarchies, controlling forces, dictating and recurring patterns of human interaction. But what she also gave away at the beginning of her study was the fact that for her, interviewing those who had come from somewhere else to Hollywood was almost as interesting an experience as interviewing the home-grown respondents who were fascinating, but mainly for their naivety. "There were a small but appreciable number [of interviewees] who were helpful because they saw Hollywood in comparison with other societies," she observed. Although a number were ex-Broadway types who came from the opposing side – professionally and geographically – of America's show-business fraternity, "a few were Europeans", she said, who were experiencing Hollywood's own blend of art and business for the first time.[22]

For Powdermaker, Europeans gave much-needed perspective to her study. They offered a more objective, sometimes frustrated account of the workings of the system, but they were nevertheless integral to the routines and personification of Hollywood, at least as Powdermaker saw it in the 1940s when she stayed there, and the early 1950s when her book appeared. It is that perspective that is crucial here; a distanced, objective but somehow more ingrained account of the British in Hollywood than some of the amusing tales give vent to. Undoubtedly many were disillusioned by their experience and many more continued to suffer the idiosyncrasies of the place in silence, but something kept the British coming, and provided a steady stream of talented artists for the 50 years that the studio era prevailed.

Opportunity

The British came for opportunity certainly. Of those with some sort of background if not pedigree in film, the openings were considerable. For those with absolutely no grounding in the medium, they weren't too bad either. Together with his father, Reginald Barker made his way from Scotland to California in 1896, aged just ten. Young Reggie made his

stage debut just 5 years later, writing, producing and starring in the play, *Granna Uile* in Los Angeles.[23] Before long he had joined forces with the influential producer Thomas Ince and began "outdoor" filming from behind, rather than in front of, the camera. By 1914, at just 28 years of age, Barker was already directing the legendary William S. Hart in westerns like *On the Night Stage* and *The Bargain*.[24] He was joined by others like Charles Brabin, who began working for Edison's film company in 1908, got into acting first off as Abraham Lincoln in *His First Commission* (1911) and then later became associated with the films of Theda Bara, a screen goddess of the time whom he subsequently married.

When Brabin returned home in 1913 to make a series of films for Edison, the inadequacies of British facilities and technology was put into perspective. He and a small crew travelled round the country on location shoots but found recruiting extras, maintaining and obtaining pieces of equipment, even the British summer weather, rarely up to the standards required. Brabin quickly realized the opportunities that had been afforded him in southern California compared to Britain and he never ventured beyond Hollywood after that. A year later when the First World War intervened, the British film industry, such as it was at this time, fell even further behind its American counterpart. Colin Campbell was another Scot who found himself in America and later Hollywood making films for Selig and Mutual before the Great War. Campbell was involved in more than 170 features in a career that spanned nearly the entire silent era, and yet his reputation, like so many of the movies he was associated with, is almost entirely lost today. As Chapter 1 demonstrates, these filmmakers made a far greater impression upon the formative Hollywood community than has ever really been acknowledged, and it was their routines and imaginative working patterns that set the tone for much of the movie culture to follow.

These were formative filmmakers who established the art and credibility of Hollywood almost before anyone was willing to take the medium seriously. Perhaps the most famous if not influential of these early pioneers, however, was Frank Lloyd, born in Winnipeg but raised an honorary Scotsman, who made his way to California via the English stage and Canada, before carving out a career in acting and directing that would span 40 years. Like Campbell, the demand for short features during the silent era saw Lloyd put his name to a hundred films before sound arrived. But even after that, his output continued almost unabated for a further 15 years. During this period, it was films like *Cavalcade*, written by Noël Coward, *Berkeley Square* (both 1933) and *Mutiny*

on the Bounty (1935) that saw Lloyd's credit rise and the British influence multiply among the Hollywood back-lots.

What is of particular interest in analysing the careers of Barker, Campbell, Brabin and Lloyd (as the next chapter does), however, is that, with the exception of the last director here, these were filmmakers never tied to producing anything that could be described as "British-Hollywood" movies. They didn't arrive in Hollywood and were not recruited by the studios or individuals because they could make homespun pictures, even though they could and did to an extent. Rather like Blackton before them who had journeyed back to the old world with *Whom the Gods Destroy* and the likes of *A House Divided* (1919), the movies associated with Lincoln and the Civil War as well as *The Battle Cry of Peace* (1915) and *Women: The Glory of the Nation* (1917) were nonetheless striking evocations of the American condition, and inspirations for the British-born mogul's discovery and progress through a country forging its own identity in the twentieth-century world. And so it was later that a director like Frank Lloyd, who went on to make some of the most renowned "Hollywood British" pictures of the 1930s, was nevertheless a filmmaker who made his name with dramatic and comedic shorts that had little in the way of an Anglophile bent to them. Certainly a sense of assimilation into the medium as well as American tastes in movie-watching could explain how all these respective careers developed. They were also directors or writer-directors who were called upon to make so many films in such a short space of time that opportunities for calving out some kind of individual vision – drawn from their native past or not – were few and far between. Nevertheless they were early examples of a breed of filmmaker who came from Britain and quickly translated their talents into the required Hollywood pattern, if indeed they didn't set that pattern; and that was never as easy as it might have seemed. Some film genres even had their roots in British traditions that were swiftly adapted to the American big screen, none more so than early slapstick comedy. But adaptation to the studios' requirements was the key and for a few, failure beckoned very quickly.

The legendary Hal Roach, who knew a thing or two about comedy, claimed that the English music hall was where all the best comics really came from. "As far as visual humour is concerned, more of it is in England than any place else – particularly in the Karno group," he stated.[25] The music hall maestro Roach was referring to and who helped dictate the early careers of Chaplin and Stanley Jefferson (later Laurel) was the aforementioned Fred Karno. In his day, so ubiquitous that the First World War British troops had a song named after him – "We are Fred

Karno's Army" – Karno was in fairness already struggling for money having lost his fortune on speculative casino and hotel investments when he decided to try and make it big by going to America in 1929. But, after first trying Broadway and then Hollywood, Karno's kind of music hall comedy routine together with a fabled temper, saw him flop dramatically, despite the help of his old companions who were now notable stars. He lasted less than a year and returned home, destined to see his career desert him even in British movies and music hall as the 1930s progressed.[26]

Karno could, and probably should, have been a big star in Hollywood; a writer, director and all-round impresario who had talent, energy and recognition as Roach's endorsement testifies to, but who never understood the ways in which to assimilate and make the most of those talents in the star system being assembled in Los Angeles. As John Baxter asserts, talking about the attitudes and motivation for the studio moguls' courting of overseas talent: "Artists who merely wished to repeat in Hollywood the themes and techniques of Europe held little interest for them, as Murnau, Christensen and Karno soon found."[27] Earlier pioneers such as Blackton, Smith and Horsley, however, as well as filmmakers like Barker, Brabin, Campbell and Lloyd had arrived in America before the nineteenth-century Victorian age had even ended and unlike Karno they did know how to use their talent and manufacture the breaks needed to make a success of the fledgling film business as well as adapt this to a particular American cinematic experience. One might accuse them of sacrificing their beliefs in the name of work, compromising their artistic integrity for a seat at the table. But the films each made didn't necessarily reflect that muddling stance; they often acquired independence, control and finally power by incremental and subtle means, a talent that kept them at the heart of the business longer than the likes of Karno could ever have sustained. And, crucially, they also very quickly rejected that developing cliché which stated that American movies were simple, unpretentious fare that lacked integrity or longevity. The view from the other side of the Atlantic, as blinkered as it was to prove wrong-headed, was that, as critic Burton Rascoe noted in 1921, Hollywood films were "intellectually bankrupt".[28]

One shouldn't underestimate that noted Victorian upbringing either, which, in the first couple of generations certainly, was a huge influence upon the ideas and pedigree of the British émigrés. For Paula Marantz Cohen, Victoriana manifests itself most readily in the filmmaker that brought the initial waves of British colonization on the west coast to a climax at the end of the 1930s: Alfred Hitchcock. "His highly mannered,

uninflected speech and his bulky, inert figure suggested the Victorian gentleman stranded in a more frivolous age," she intimates in her study of the director's nineteenth-century legacy.[29] For Marantz Cohen, Hitchcock's career was a series of paradoxes, wrapped around the Victorian legacy of his childhood and adolescence. Whether it was the physical anachronism of himself acting out the role of the nineteenth-century English gentleman in the twentieth-century modernism of Hollywood, his attitude and presentation of women in his films set against the masculine world of spies, conspiracy and surveillance so beloved of his male characters, or the idea of the "cinematic" telling of stories through cutting and editing rather than mere dialogue, Hitchcock lived and breathed the duality of his Victorian heritage set against Hollywood's growing reputation for hedonism, before and after he arrived. "One might say he spent his career juggling the two faces of Victorianism," argues Marantz Cohen. "There was the feminine legacy of feeling and imagination and the masculine legacy of law and hierarchy."[30]

In a series of narrative and socio-cultural readings of some of Hitchcock's best films, she goes on to assert these Victorian bi-polar composites as intrinsic principles at the heart of the director's staging, story-telling and cinematic influences. It's a dramatic reading of an auteur at work, but it's also not an unlikely basis for investigating many of the British filmmakers coming to Hollywood then and earlier. Rather like Hitchcock, they too developed interests in politics and power, the state and society, sex and sexuality as a means to understand social dynamics, and explore psychological and meta-physical impulses with their storylines. As Marantz Cohen observes, Hitchcock's cinematic heroes were predominantly European and his interests in psychoanalysis and surrealism help explain this, but his narrative impulses were literary classics and mainly British ones that resonated time and again for audiences demanding satisfaction and a certain redemption in their stories. What he managed to do was both conjoin and ameliorate the impact and influence of both these philosophical and nationalist aspects. He was at once a Victorian moralist and classicist and also a European intellectual and progressive, attracted by new ideas, conditioned by tradition and orthodoxy. It made his films timeless classics, but it also harked to a personality and position that many other British practitioners adopted in their careers during the studio system's first 30 years.

Beyond the arrival of these early pioneers, and the dramatic entrance of Hitchcock into the Hollywood fray at the close of the 1930s, a later,

further significant factor for Britain, as it was for other European countries, was that the First World War had an enormous impact on film production as well as migration. Almost no moving picture industry worthy of the title survived the war intact and for many the coming of peace and the beginning of the 1920s provided an ideal opportunity to escape to America where productions were escalating, not struggling for survival. So it was that writers like Elinor Glyn, Edgar Wallace, James Whale, Hugh Walpole and many others made the move west during the 1920s lured by the prospects and possibilities of California. One of Glyn's contemporaries was the prominent female screenwriter, Lenore Coffee. Coffee's recollection of Hollywood when it was a mere "village" is informative, if for no other reason than her focus on a steadily growing multi-ethnic community.

"The war had ended only one year previously, and foreigners came for many reasons. Some to recover from war wounds, some from gas which had scarred their lungs, and the warm, soft air that made it easier to breathe. Some, their fortunes gone, to live cheaply where they could bask in a climate of sun and in peace. All were happy to play bit parts, even extras – and former enemies became friends and associates. With the European market opening up, these people were in great demand".[31]

Coffee and Glyn also represented a part of that fascinating dialectic that went on in Hollywood during the early years too. How could it be that women would play a major role, in scriptwriting at least, through from the 1920s to the 1940s and yet find themselves so little regarded, and so long neglected by histories of the era? As Lizzie Francke rightly points out, the impact of feminism particularly on film writing of the 1960s and 1970s is an important criterion to be recognized and understood. It has its appearance back in the 1930s too, but many women writers, and British women writers particularly, were often there "just trying to make their mark" and opportunity for them had fruitful and long-lasting repercussions.[32]

So if the 1920s represented a steady flow of talent – male and female – making their way to the west coast, then by the start of the 1930s, the early post-First World War pioneers had paved the way for a flood of British personnel in Hollywood as the studios became increasingly attracted not just to actors and directors, but to subject matter also from across the pond, and indeed the far outposts of the British Empire. David Dunaway attributes this popularity to an American magazine-reading public who became fascinated and hooked on the famous British writers of the era. As he describes it: "Producers [in Hollywood] desperately

sought scenarists whose knowledge of Britain extended beyond London's fog and Dover's cliffs – and they paid royally for names such as [Aldous] Huxley's."[33] With Huxley came notable figures like Christopher Isherwood, P.G. Wodehouse, J.B. Priestley and of course Coward. And, as H. Mark Glancy reports in his book, *When Hollywood Loved Britain*, such a craving for British talent resulted in over 150 "British" films being made by the studios between 1930 and 1945. Although Glancy's study is primarily focused on the "Hollywood British" film during the war, it should be regarded as significant that the stage was set for this homage to all things Anglicized in the proceeding decade by a number of key productions he highlights. Of the most popular, as well as award-winning movies of the time, Frank Lloyd's *Cavalcade*, and *Mutiny on the Bounty*, *Lloyds of London* (1937, directed by Henry King) and *Goodbye Mr. Chips* (1939, directed by Sam Wood) all sign-posted a not-so-discrete Anglophilia at work that signalled a British persuasion as well as an American obsession.[34]

Glancy notes that a "significant British presence was always pivotal" to these movies and undoubtedly during the 1930s and 1940s that presence helped to shape the character of British work in Hollywood.[35] Historical epics, rites of passage social dramas and bio-pics were joined by adaptations of British canonical literature, notably Dickens, Rudyard Kipling and Charlotte Brontë. But it was not the only sign of British influence, for there were contributions being carved out in distinctly un-British movies too. Writers like Elinor Glyn and R.C. Sherriff, and directors such as James Whale and Edmund Goulding almost always established a break for themselves with British fare in Hollywood, but they went on to work in many other varieties of film with topics and themes of a varied nature. From *Hells Angels*, *Frankenstein* and *Show Boat*, to *Grand Hotel* and *The Razor's Edge*, here were filmmakers perfectly malleable in their handling of wildly differing subject matter. In their work as with others it was the way a clash of old and new world sensibilities were brought forth in productions that re-shaped the Hollywood mindset and carried American filmmaking into new directions critical to understanding the British infiltration.

Common language and culture

California couldn't be said to have much in common with southern England, or much of the rest of Britain for that matter, geographically or climatically. So a desire to re-create a little piece of England on America's west coast was never an overriding concern for those heading that

way. But immigrants had been travelling from the shores of the British Isles to California for over half-a-century and the state's Central Valley even had a dedicated Welsh community. And language, customs and manners were more common than they were for other European émigrés which British filmmakers used to their advantage, bringing these traits, together with that indefatigable sense of storytelling, to their craft.[36] This was the subtle difference between the British invasion and the influence of other continental filmmakers coming to Hollywood. As John Russell Taylor opines, there was a rather obvious tendency in the 1920s at least, to regard arriving Europeans as somehow more culturally sophisticated and even aristocratic than Americans. The likes of Ernst Lubitsch and Eric von Stroheim acquired a grand intellectual moniker for themselves, though in Lubitsch's case, not promoted by him. He was the son of a lowly Berlin tailor, and happy enough to regale such a background; but the myths were often too good to let go, and von Stroheim for one played up to them quite readily.[37] It was true that Lubitsch very quickly became Americanized, in cinematic style and personal manner, and many individual directors, writers and photographers brought their own unique vision for sure. But von Stroheim drew on elements of naturalism and what David Wallace refers to as the "Austrian fin de siécle *weltschmertz*" in his films.[38] So it was that German expressionism, Italian neo-realism and the French avant-garde weaved wider, more generic spells upon American cinema than did any one filmmaker from these countries or beyond. The Brits called upon no distinctive style as such – though as mentioned a genre like historical biography ranked higher than most as a feature rather than a mode of composition as we'll see – but they did transport a flexibility and a sense of political/ideological empowerment to the democratic spirit of America, that the moguls in the studios so desperately wished to smother themselves in.

And chief among these weapons of assimilation was language, or more accurately expression and dialect, which proved to be the most attractive proposition. What was ironic about the British was that not only was there no barrier to performing as talking pictures became the norm from the late 1920s, but that the British cadence became the accepted pattern of speech for a long time thereafter. It made for not only acceptability but also a form of social and career enhancement. As Paul Tabori writes, as soon as sound established itself in the studios, all the moguls could ask themselves was: "can Ronnie Colman talk?"[39] Well Ronald Colman, who sprung from a theatrical background in England where he had been educated at Cambridge, then wounded in the First World War, before transferring to the New York stage in 1920, could indeed speak,

and had a voice as rich and sonorous as the studios could ever expect. For Colman, the art of being British brought distinction, a long career and was "nearly enough" in Sheridan Morley's phrase, on its own.[40]

Back in England though, by the start of the 1930s, much debate focused on pronunciation, especially pictures with no definitive American setting. In one of its early features on the subject, *The Picturegoer* magazine, adopting a very British manner, put it in stark terms. "In settings that are English, the accent of the States simply makes us laugh by its incongruity." The article went on to remark that period costumes and Middle-West dialect just didn't sit easily with British audiences and thought talkies would have to quickly adapt for their foreign audiences if they were to prosper here.[41]

Further articles followed in the magazine, not least by the classical actor and emerging film star of 1920s Britain, Matheson Lang. In a piece entitled "Preserving the Beauty of the King's English", Lang laid out the chief concern for British audiences, which was that, "the American talking picture should not be so established in our country as to endanger our national speech." With the very preservation of the Empire at stake, he went on to conclude that: "We must remember that films penetrate into every corner of the British Empire. It is therefore essential that the English talking pictures should give a true account of the English language, so that our Mother Tongue can be fostered and nourished wherever it is spoken."[42] All this must have been the source of some amusement to the likes of Colman and Clive Brook – both established British stars already, in Hollywood's silent era ironically enough – who spoke in a manner that, back in Britain, would already have begun to ruffle the feathers of the class *antagonistas*, even if they didn't make an impression on the editors of *The Picturegoer* magazine. But out in Hollywood, their speech patterns became a byword for strict and correct pronunciation of lines. As Taylor observes, the two never felt the need to "Americanize" their accents in the way that later actors like Cary Grant and Ray Milland did.[43] Indeed the British attributes of language combined with image seemed to pass through the generations as easily as the parts that emerged for these actors, from Brook and Smith, through David Niven to James Mason and even later Peter Sellers. As the critic Rene Clair commented, through the silent era dialect clearly wasn't an issue and yet when sound first arrived, British audiences at least found themselves laughing aloud at the incongruity of American slang. A matter of a few months later, however, with sound already becoming a familiar device, audiences were laughing no longer, and everyday speech was already starting to be infected by the infiltration of US vernacular.[44]

What is also crucial to remember, however, was that writers and directors from Britain could also operate the cultural patterns of speech and dialect in reverse, translating that American idiomatic speech back onto itself for screen audiences more familiar with Chicago than Chiswick. By the time Raymond Chandler started working with Billy Wilder in the 1940s, for example, the American-born but ex-English public schoolboy was already deeply familiar with the hard-boiled language of the west coast detective thriller, and few did it better. To write in the vernacular could have been hard, but wasn't with British filmmakers; they adapted to the tones and fluidity of speech, just as they adapted to character and setting, as if born to make American movies.

Money

"Nothing is real here but the salaries." Hugh Walpole[45]

The British could certainly make far more money in America than ever was the case back home. Without doubt, actors, writers and directors continued to reside in Hollywood because of the salaries on offer. And even a star as fleeting as Lawrence Olivier kept coming back because the financial rewards were too much to withstand. Alfred Hitchcock was a classic case in point. Almost undoubtedly Britain's most famous export in the 1930s, Hitchcock was perhaps the best example of the lure of financial rewards on offer in Hollywood. He signed with Selznick International Pictures in 1938 for $50,000. This was a one picture deal with an option for four more, each of the first three of these earning the director a 10 per cent higher fee each time. As Leonard Leff remarks, this was not a big league salary for Hollywood – George Stevens signed with Columbia at the same time for a one-year two picture deal worth $200,000 – but it was considerably more than any of the British studios could offer and too much of a temptation for Britain's leading director to refuse.[46]

Before Hitchcock, somewhat more dubious British émigrés like Edgar Wallace found themselves in Hollywood enjoying the lifestyle, escaping the difficult questions over tax back home and the failed attempts to become a Member of Parliament. As Baxter observes, Wallace liked hanging out at racetracks with the film elite and ingratiated himself with studio bosses at RKO to such a degree that they somehow agreed to a retainer of $600 a month on the pretext that writing was taking place every now and then. Nevertheless, for all the bravado, Wallace did manage to produce a story that made him, for a brief moment, the colony's

hottest property: the tale was *The Beast* and within a few years it became *King Kong*.[47]

P.G. Wodehouse had some dealings with the Hollywood financial machine even before he ever set foot there. He sold rights to his plays and fiction in the silent era, *Uneasy Money*, his 1916 novel being one of the most popular purchases. Essanay bought the rights to it in 1918 for $1500, although Wodehouse got paid over three times that amount for the story being serialized in the *Saturday Evening Post*.[48] But by 1931, when he was holding out for a screenwriting deal at MGM, it was his wife Ethel who negotiated him a $2000 a week contract, way beyond anything he had ever achieved by way of regular income.[49] Even after this, other studios continued to show continuous interest in buying up Wodehouse's stories, a reflection of the growing fascination in ongoing characters that studios could attract audiences back into theatres with time and again. Twentieth Century Fox brought the rights to *Thank You, Jeeves* in 1935 and had an option on all 39 short stories for $5000 a time, a continuous flow of income that Wodehouse could never have even dreamed of in Britain.[50] Aldous Huxley was another British writer of some repute who spent a good deal of his time in Hollywood worrying about the financial remuneration coming his way. "I simply cannot accept all that money," he protested. "To work in a pleasant studio while my family and friends are starving and being bombed in England."[51] He was referring to the $1500 a week he was to receive for his adaptation of *Pride and Prejudice*, which he worked on in the autumn of 1939, hence his worry for those at home as war broke out. The slight irony of the situation for Huxley, however, was that this was barely half the amount he had received a year earlier for his screen treatment of the life of Marie Curie for David Selznick, a film that wouldn't even see the light of day for another 4 years.[52] The several weeks of work there earned him more than he had received for his two previous books combined. As for actors, Ronald Colman, now firmly ensconced as a fixture in Hollywood circles, was realistic if resigned to his good fortune in typically British fashion. "Before God, I'm probably worth $35 a week. Before the motion picture industry, I'm worth anything you can get."[53]

For their art

Many of the explanations above account for how and why the British turned up in Hollywood in economic and career terms, but they say little about the interests that filmmakers had in their craft and what went up on screen. A common acceptance is that British influence in the

studios, certainly from the 1920s through to the 1940s, was largely confined to the ingenious ways in which the British could put the "Brits" up on screen. As Glancy notes, the number of British films made in the studios was impressive, and they remained a focus for the individuals concerned here in this study. But, while a surprise it may be to some, the reality was that many British filmmakers also got the chance to make the films they wanted to, with bigger budgets, more actors at their disposal, and better creative talent, a state of affairs that continued to attract émigrés all the way into the 1950s and 1960s. And those films were by no means concerned only with British settings or subject matter. Dubbed "Uncle Sam's adopted children" "filmmakers came to America and incorporated themselves into the national psyche", states Paula Marantz Cohen, suggesting that an adaptation to American rituals and tradition was a way to success in movies from early on.[54] As Larry Langman argues of the British in particular, quoting a critic in the introduction to his book, *Destination Hollywood*, a later era "ex-pat" director like John Schlesinger, "had an unerring eye for capturing the grime and slime and reality of New York".[55] The critic was referring to Schlesinger's seminal *Midnight Cowboy* from 1969, a movie that portrayed the underbelly of New York in such striking repose that it seemed a million miles away from other more mainstream pictures of the era, set in the city, like *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961) or *Barefoot in the Park* (1967). Langman reinforces the point by adding another contemporary director in the same mould, Michael Apted, whose award-winning picture *Coal Miner's Daughter* (1980) seemed to capture the Appalachian coalfields with a richness and intensity of atmosphere almost as though the setting were seeping through pores in the screen. And the point was that the British seemed able to encapsulate a delicate essence of the American landscape in ways that even Americans failed to spot. But Schlesinger and Apted were only later exponents of a tradition that had filled the Hollywood screens for over half-a-century. Of course, it would be unfair not to laud other European filmmakers for the same trick. But in the hands of von Stroheim, Lang or Preminger, the America they envisioned had a tension and cinematic verve that set these directors apart from their contemporaries, but also emphasized a style that was never quite "Hollywoodized". Each had a touch of the European sensibility to them, a feel for what would become *film noir*, transferred out of the "nihilistic cultural ambiance of Berlin and the Weimar Republic" and placed in the mouths of those heroes that would drive the contemporary hard-boiled detective fiction of California towards one of the industry's most enduring genres.[56] It was this attraction to neo-realism,

for the "grand guignol" that made continental European cinema that much more earnest and artistic.

But in the hands of British directors like Frank Lloyd, Edmund Goulding and Hitchcock, a similar British sensibility was being established that enabled these filmmakers to transcend their own environment, background and upbringing, and bring an alternative dynamism to stories of modern twentieth-century America. They appreciated the richness of the American experience, brought American wit and character to their films, but never lost that touch of eloquence and sentiment that characterized the national mood, their nation, the land of their upbringing.

British filmmaking in the classic Hollywood era has long been conceived of as merely re-hashed historical period pieces, slack canonical adaptations and clichéd contemporary drama. But that doesn't even begin to tell the tale of the reach, influence and contribution of the British in the studio system. In Britain itself, criticism of Hollywood, its methods as well as the poaching of established and up-and-coming talent, reached fever pitch for a time in the early 1930s. Along with New York press critics, the film industry had to come to terms with outsiders who were at best lukewarm, and at worst downright hostile towards Hollywood's artistic claims. On the airwaves of the BBC on a return to Britain in 1931, George Arliss countered: "What is the matter with Hollywood? My contention is that if the picture business were really in the hands of ignoramuses, motion pictures would have ceased to exist long ago."[57] Even Arliss suspected that it was all about jealousy and resentment. He knew the movie colony's fevered excesses could come across as quixotic, even grotesque to some; but he also knew the range of talent and dynamism that existed in Hollywood and that was why some of the best British filmmakers were heading there. The writers and directors were lucid, imaginative and compelling in their outlook, and the story of the Hollywood British is much more than a one-dimensional tale of fun and frolic by the sea, but of a considerable social and political force underpinning an industry that went from rags to riches in under a generation.

1
Early Invaders: The First British Wave

"I went to Worthing to recover from Hollywood."

Playwright and screenwriter Edward Knoblock's quote about wanting to get away from California after a spell in the film community appears to match much of the British reaction to Hollywood in the formative years

Illustration 3 Edward Knoblock, 4th from left relaxing with friends. Photograph reproduced courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery, London.

of film. What drove Knoblock to the Sussex seaside town after the exposure of Los Angeles is not entirely clear, but the impulse to retreat to a world of quintessential Englishness has often appeared to be the raison d'être for many British writers and directors of the era who were quickly appalled by the brash commercialism of the Hollywood film industry. In Knoblock's case, it was an even more fascinating compunction that took hold of him because he was American born (originally Edward Knoblauch of German parents in New York in 1874), but ended up residing in Britain for much of his life. Indeed in 1916, he became a British subject, choosing to significantly reject his German ancestry at the height of World War One in favour of the Sussex countryside.

So Knoblock's retreat was a separation from America as much as it was from Hollywood to some extent, an Anglophile's fascination with at least the perception of a gentler, more civilized existence. But his example also gave a clue to the kind of perspective essential for living, if not succeeding, in the film colony. Knoblock's most famous contribution to Hollywood's golden era is probably *Kismet*, his play about a poor beggar of Baghdad who schemes to have his daughter married into the royal court. First filmed in 1914, the most notable adaptation is surely William Dieterle's 1944 version with Ronald Colman as Hafiz the beggar and Marlene Dietrich playing his daughter, Jamilla. Despite this success Knoblock remained more famous as a playwright and, to a degree, novelist, but the critical point is that his career straddled the infancy of the British and American film industries and he kept a foot in both throughout much of his professional life. As well as contributing screenplays such as *Robin Hood* in 1922 for a swashbuckling Douglas Fairbanks and director Allan Dwan, he penned a number of stage pieces, including *My Lady's Dress* (1914) and *Tiger! Tiger!* (1918), and wrote novels such as *The Man with Two Mirrors* (1931), *The Love Lady* (1933) and *Inexperience* (1941). Never one to pass up an opportunity to work in collaboration with some of the best authors of the day, Knoblock produced some stage dramas with the acclaimed Staffordshire writer, Arnold Bennett, and he helped to adapt J.B. Priestley's most famous novel, *The Good Companions*, for the theatre in 1931.

If the truth be known, Knoblock's polymath persona left him as something of an anomaly when it came to relations between the two industries. From the very beginning, there were few that managed to work on both sides of the Atlantic at the same time with any consistency, and even those leading the way as executives and producers, the likes of Michael Balcon and the Kordas for instance, found it difficult to build bridges between the comparatively sparse resources of

the tight-knit British film industry, and the glamour and monolithic nature of Hollywood. Hence, the amount of people who gave up on the shoestring existence in England and made their way to the west coast in search of fame and fortune multiplied as the 1930s progressed.

Indeed the New York correspondent of the British magazine *The Film Weekly* reported that as the 1929–30 season was about to commence, as many as 300 "English" stars were about to feature in American theatrical productions with many set to make the transition to Hollywood thereafter. The article, not-so-subtly titled the "English 'Conquest' of U.S.A.", went on to comment that a good example of this transition from stage to screen was being done by James Whale who, having directed the stage version of *Journey's End* in London, was at that moment on the lookout for casting opportunities for the film adaptation in Hollywood. "He says he will use the English stage actors as far as possible," confirmed the report, neatly bridging the respective acting and filmmaking communities that were becoming ensconced in California.[1]

While plenty of promising talent was making its way westward though, what drove Edward Knoblock to Worthing ultimately was also some intangible reaction against the "system". Hollywood was an industry yes, an entertainment certainly, but also an economic force answerable to no one but its own patrons and financiers. Paula Marantz Cohen's analysis of the growth of the star system during the silent era, for example, focuses on the "shallow and egregious" nature of the industry even by the 1920s. Consumption, acquisition and luxury had replaced the innocent working-class roots that had seen film ferment its hold on the lower echelons of American society in the very early years of the twentieth century.[2] And if you entered that materialist world as a contributor, in order to make that work for you artistically, you needed to be surrounded by the right people, to be working in an environment that could insulate you from the peculiarities of the Hollywood system as it emerged. German born director Dieterle, who directed Knoblock's story, was a case in point. Never an auteur director in the manner of some of his contemporaries such as von Stroheim or Lang, Dieterle nevertheless had a style which was, as Thomas Schatz rightly remarks, the studio's style, and that studio, Warners, made the type of pictures that Dieterle's directing catered for. With *The Story of Louis Pasteur* (1935) and *The Life of Emile Zola* (1937), he made a name for himself with glossy bio-pics. *Blockade* (1938) for Walter Wanger followed, and after that *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* (1939) with Charles Laughton at RKO. What Dieterle was adept at conforming to was a pattern of presentation that Schatz notes was apposite to all 1930s Hollywood output: "Ultimately

any individual's style was no more than an inflection on an established studio style."[3] Finding a niche for oneself within that style, a place within the factory operation of studio pictures that established a "signature" at each company was of course partly a matter of luck. But it also required a certain judgement, a flexibility of approach, and recognition of where one's talents lay. In comparison with Dieterle, Schatz lines up a further "contract director" who contributed mightily to the signatory style of another studio and is crucial to the discussion here: that studio was Universal and the director, the aforementioned British émigré James Whale. As Schatz asserts:

> Whale and Dieterle are rarely singled out for their style and artistry, and each would have been lost without the studio's resources and regimented production process. But that doesn't diminish the integrity of films like *Frankenstein*, *The Old Dark House*, and *The Bride of Frankenstein*.[4]

Whale arrived in Hollywood with no pedigree for making horror films in particular, although that is what he remains famous for to this day. Yet he brought a rich combination of talents from his British stage and screen background that, for a short time, made him one of the essential filmmakers in the 1930s studio system. But what was crucial about Whale, as it was with Knoblock, was that sense of adaptability and moulding to the studio, to the production process; in effect to the moguls' style for it was they who really dictated the fortunes of the movies being made. What some of the more vocal Brits came to resent ultimately in their rhetorical suspicions about Hollywood, but found difficult or unwilling to articulate and accept publicly, was what kept the studios alive for so long; that in essence, "filmmaking was less a process of collaboration than of negotiation and struggle – occasionally approaching armed conflict".[5] For those willing to engage or at least participate, the rewards were considerable, even if some felt that art was wholly sacrificed for business. The likes of Knoblock and Whale quickly accepted that this was the reality of 1920s and 1930s Hollywood and the methods by which the studio system was already bedding itself in. Indeed, films that were about Hollywood quickly played up to the stereotypes on offer in the back lots; with portrayals of brutal producers, cynical writers and alcoholic stars swiftly emerging, as Kevin Brownlow has observed.

Arguably one of the best of these examples of Hollywood doing "Hollywood" was, for Brownlow, King Vidor's 1928 homage to the

early silents, *Show People*, filmed at the derelict Mack Sennett studio in Edendale after the comedy director had moved out to Burbank. Vidor captured the almost amateur enthusiasm of the whole enterprise even if the characters were archetypally familiar. He himself admitted to the fact that his central character, Peggy Pepper, played by Marion Davies, was in effect a "burlesque of Gloria Swanson's rise from the slapstick ranks of Sennett to a dramatic actress".[6] With Charlie Chaplin making an un-credited appearance as an autograph hunter, as well as Elinor Glyn, John Gilbert and William S. Hart turning up, the film became a gently mocking, yet still reverent remembrance of times recently past. As Tom Milne's appreciation of the film confirms, Davies's flaying of the glamour queen chic inherent in the silent stars, together with Vidor's almost documentary-like feel for the backstage sets and construction as well as a good many in-jokes, made for a brilliant comedy and a future historical reference point.[7]

"But in my experience, the filmmakers of the pioneering days were a much more colourful breed," Brownlow adds, referring to the more general experience of the time, not simply the films regaling that period almost after the fact such as Vidor's. "Hollywood films have never done justice to their expressive turn of phrase, which linked them so strongly to their period," he concludes[8] Brownlow identifies that which the British themselves coming to Hollywood knew from the off; that the early instigators could dictate the pattern of social and cultural interaction to their own advantage. So the film business didn't begin with some rigid structuring that governed its hierarchy and nor was it simply from the 1920s that emigration across the Atlantic produced important links into the fledgling industry. Some Brits were already ensconced in California as the moguls tentatively made their move across the continent in the early years of the century.

Sons of pioneers

Colin Campbell was an actor born in Scotland in 1859, and was an émigré who found himself in America, and later Hollywood, making films for Selig and Mutual long before the war in Europe broke out. He is remembered as a prolific writer, having penned hits like *Brown of Harvard, Cinderella, The Ace of Spades* and *Monte Cristo*, all in the early 1910s. But Campbell was a prodigious and accomplished director too, already in his fifties in fact by the time he took the helm of his first film, the ironically titled *His First Long Trousers*, in 1911. He came to the attention of the new Hollywood elite when he made, for

then, the daring move of taking a company of players to Catalina Island off the California coast to film a series of back-to-back one-reel items in 1912. *The Rosary* (1915), *The Ne're Do Well* (1915), *The Crisis* (1916 from a novel by Winston Churchill) and *Little Orphan Annie* (1919) all followed during his most intense working period of the late 1910s. His style sometimes owed more to the theatre than the emerging cinematic construction of stories; and he wasn't afraid to add commentary and social criticism to his movies either. *Who Shall Take My Life* (1917) pointedly questioned the use of capital punishment in America and elsewhere.[9] All in all it made him a popular and fascinating exponent in the infancy of Hollywood.[10] Before his death in 1928 at the age of 68 from cerebral thrombosis, a passing which solicited barely any commentary from the Hollywood trade papers let alone the national press, Campbell had directed, written and acted in more than 170 features during the silent era. In his work on early American cinema, Anthony Slide notes that Selig Studios' most influential actor, turned writer and director was Hobart Bosworth, who produced more than 80 films at the company and was largely responsible for its move to the west coast. Bosworth went on to form his own production company as well as continuing to act in major features for the likes of Griffith and Frank Capra among many others. But Selig's "only interesting" filmmaker, according to Slide, was Colin Campbell. *Motion Picture World* described him as one of "America's foremost directors" in 1915, and a year later *Photoplay* canonized Campbell as a "pacemaker in the telling of great, dramatic picture stories".[11]

Today he is an obscure figure, few of his films survive in any definitive form, and apart from Slide's brief appreciation he is largely absent from any account of silent era Hollywood. But Colin Campbell embodied both the pioneering spirit of the first wave of moviemakers and the philosophy of do-it-yourself experimentation that wrote the rulebook on early industry practice. Unfortunately he was only the most obscure of a burgeoning collection of talent that washed up on the west coast in the early 1900s, but his contribution shouldn't be underestimated and needs acknowledging, even if analysis of the sum total of his prodigious set of titles can be carried no further.

A contemporary of Campbell's, Reginald Barker was born in Winnipeg, Canada in 1886, but as a very young infant moved to Bothwell, Scotland following the death of his mother. In the years that followed, Barker's father relocated south with his son but by 1896 the family were already moving on again, this time to America and California in particular where the young Reginald prepared for a life on the stage. Beginning

his career as a stock actor in Los Angeles, where he also adapted, produced and sometimes directed minor productions such as the runaway success of Irish dramatist Samuel Lover's *Grana Uile* in Los Angeles, which Barker also starred in, he quickly rose to the top of California's theatre community. As a result, Barker soon came to the attention of one of Hollywood's earliest legendary producers – Thomas Ince.

Ince, who had started out as an actor himself, became a writer and producer associated with early westerns, often being praised for the beauty of his location shooting in and around the back-lots of L.A.'s small town community, as it still was in the 1910s. Indeed having come across a Wild West Show pitched up for the winter in Venice near where he was working by the ocean, Ince hired them all and reeled off four western classics, including *War on the Plains* and *The Deserter* within a 6-month period during 1912.[12] Working at the time for a division of the New York Motion Picture Company, he saw in Barker the potential for a director of cheap, short western features such as these. They teamed up in 1913, a crucial year for Ince that saw him put together the team that would make his reputation. For it was that assembled collection of some of the finest technicians in the business at the time that were responsible for filming his most daring project yet; the five reel *The Battle of Gettysburg* film. Using eight cameras and painstakingly attempting to recreate the Civil War's most decisive confrontation, Ince produced and directed the film with another silent writer and director of some repute, Charles Giblyn. The picture put down a clear marker as to the scale of Ince's ambition, and was as bold an undertaking in many ways as the much more renowned *The Birth of a Nation* would be 2 years later. Barker, impressed by Ince's bravado if not his work ethic, reputedly offered to work for nothing, and a year later the young protégé was already directing the first success for cowboy star William S. Hart with *The Bargain*, under Ince's guidance.

The Bargain was striking for the panoramic vistas that Barker could conjure up on screen and the location shooting for this feature afforded him the notable use of the Grand Canyon as a backdrop.[13] Having directed a hit movie for the cinematic cowboy, Barker repeated the trick in the same year creating for Hart one of his most successful roles of the time, as "Silent" Texas Smith in *On the Night Stage*. The prodigious rise of the young Scottish-Canadian sounds like the kind of folklore Hollywood was only too happy to engage in. The truth was slightly more prosaic. Barker had no knowledge at all of movie-making when he first met Ince. It was one of the company's other more experienced directors, Raymond B. West, who took the wide-eyed and raw student under

his wing and gave him a 4-week crash course in the ways and wherefores of motion pictures. Small one and two reel films such as *True Irish Hearts* and *The Romance of Erin* (both 1913) quickly followed, an association with Japanese actor Sessue Hayakawa produced the hit film, *The Typhoon* as well as *The Wrath of the Gods* and *A Relic of Old Japan* (all 1914), the last of these starring the soon-to-be-famous director, Frank Borzage; and then came Hart and the western tradition that Barker did so much to cultivate as one of Hollywood's pre-eminent genres.

In a short appreciation of his career, George Geltzer describes Barker as "one of the unsung heroes of the early American silent days – a director of some of the best Thomas H. Ince productions".[14] But therein lay a nagging issue at the centre of the relationship between the two. Barker directed for Ince, but Ince took almost all the credit for his studio's work, whether he had been directly associated with the making of a picture or not. When D.W. Griffith and Mack Sennett teamed up with Ince to form the Triangle Company in 1915, Barker's career in silent Hollywood was assured but his legacy was not. Probably the most famous collaboration that he and Ince embarked upon became a centrepiece of the new company's operations. The film was called *Civilization* (1916), and it was dubbed the greatest production of modern times, and intended as a rival to Griffith's eye-wateringly ambitious *Intolerance* which was released at

Illustration 4 Triangle Studios in 1916.

nearly the same time. With a scenario by C. Gardner Sullivan who went on to work with Barker many times over the next few years, *Civilization* was a story that weaved the events of World War One into an allegorical fable about faith, humanity and world peace. Charles Higham describes it as Ince's "finest achievement" predictably without recourse to Barker's part in the production.[15] Set in a mythically created state that looks surprisingly like Germany, the film moves from rural township to the high seas and the sinking of passenger liners by enemy ships all conceived of as a nation state, in Higham's words, "committed to barbarism".[16] As a predominantly pacifist film, even allowing for its implicit portrayal of state power and aggression, it was a very different piece from the sort of anti-German and anti-Bolshevik pictures that would appear by the end of the war as Hollywood was gripped by agitation and propaganda. Ironically enough, Sullivan and Ince would go on to produce those kinds of pictures as well, no better realized than in their own feature, *Dangerous Hours* (1919) with Lloyd Hughes as an impressionable young man falling under the spell of communism.[17]

Civilization proved to be an immediate success and consolidated Ince's power within the industry. But the film had as many as seven different directors working on it at any one time and Barker's contribution, as it was for many films that followed at Triangle, was quickly lost. The *Variety* review of the film from 1916 cited only Barker's mentor, Ray West, as director, and lavished praise on Ince's spectacular producing role. Barker himself, as Higham's much later assessment of the film testified to, was never mentioned. It was not an unfamiliar scenario over time. *The Motion Picture Studio Directory* for 1918 described Barker as the highest salaried director in Hollywood, but then dropped in the caveat that this of course excluded directors who were also producers; in other words the people who were the appointed leaders in their field, people like D.W. Griffith and, naturally, Ince.[18]

In fact Ince's reputation, controlling and paternal as it was, was as much derived from the working practices he set up for himself and his colleagues as it was from any tyrannical need for power, though that was a feature too. As Marc Norman details, even Ince's notable scenarists such as Sullivan found themselves confronted with additions, re-writes and instructions in scripts that in effect laid out for them on the page the exact way in which a scene was to be filmed, an actor to be dressed, a backdrop to be constructed. Nothing was left to chance and in the end not much was left to the director and writer either.[19]

That Barker managed to transcend this controlling force and become the cornerstone of Triangle's operations in the 1910s was a tribute to

his tenacity, but also a recognition in Ince of a man much like himself; someone who just had a feel for the cinematic composition of a piece, for the breadth and pace of a story on screen. The use of arc spotlights, for example, was still very limited at this time, and most films continued to be shot on open air stages using no backlighting for what were in effect interior scenes. In fact, this whole area of cinematic production largely served to define East and West coast operations in the 1910s that were, for a time at least, still in competition with each other. Through the mid-1910s films from the East, though more completely lit by artificial light than the Californian ones, stayed with either frontal light, or side, or three-quarters back light done with arc floodlights in the way that had begun to develop before 1914, while the films from the West Coast had more of a tendency to use full backlight on interiors. This backlighting of the actors was still being done with sunlight in 1915, by constructing the set so that the sun was *behind* the actors, with its light diffused by the usual overhead cotton screens, rather than in front of the actors, as had previously been the case. Barker though, began to use more real interior shots, started shooting on location with lights set up in houses and outside in the open air as a support to natural sunlight with the effects that could be created as a result.

Perhaps the best example of this talent for cinematography and challenge to the Hollywood methods of the era was the very first production for the new Triangle studio outfit. For while *Civilisation* might have been the company's crowning glory, *The Coward* (1915) offered up a template of the way Barker especially managed to obtain the best stories, actors and scenarists to work with, set the seal on the studio's reputation, and became responsible for Triangle's most successful forays into drama, action and adventure, usually with a social message. The film told the story of a young southerner, who, when called to join up at the start of the Civil War and follow in the footsteps of his illustrious father, finds himself too scared to contemplate fighting in battle. When his home is seconded by invading Union forces, he hides in the attic; but this cowardly stance affords him the chance to redeem himself and his family name. In a rare foray down from his hiding place at the top of the house, he happens upon a blueprint for the North's latest attack on the Confederate forces nearby, and daringly steals the plans whereupon he makes for the frontline to spread the word. Ironically his father, old, infirm but too loyal to the cause not to join up, spots a man on horseback riding into Confederate territory while on patrol, assumes he is the enemy and shoots, thus wounding his son making his bravest attempt in life to redeem himself. With clever and

original camera set-ups, a fast-paced and moving denouement, and acting that was more realistic, observed and grounded in character, not stilted and theatrical as the tradition had largely been up to this point, Barker's credits run all through the picture, above and beyond what might have been Ince's own instructions. His photographic skill allowed him to construct seemingly innocuous scenes with far greater panache than the two-dimensional parlour room set-ups which were the mainstay of many films of the time, and which were obligingly included here too, but often with a twist. Our hero Frank's escape is forged by a blackout in the room where the Union soldiers are gathered that allows him to hide under a table and then sneak out before the lights are turned back on.

Even allowing for these smart touches, however, it was when he got outside that Barker was clearly in his element. He shot his protagonists through open doors with light some distance away in the frame giving perspective as well as drama to a scene; a cinematographic trick more associated with John Ford some years after. When Charles Ray as Frank escapes on horseback in the film's climatic scene, the chase sequence is expertly conceived of – cutting between the pursuers and pursued – and the tension is ratcheted up as we become ever more involved in Frank's sudden heroic intervention in the story.

Revelling in the role that went on to make him an overnight star, Charles Ray had the kind of boyish good looks and charm that immediately appealed to audiences, and Barker spotted this straight away. He could be innocent and almost demure, yet resolute and heroic, an action man for the age as some saw it. Frank Keenan on the other hand, who plays Frank's father, Colonel Jefferson Winslow, manages to deliver a performance that is equal to his character's proud, redoubtable background, but far more staged and in keeping with his reputation for melodramatic roles, and ones that were occasionally punctuated by his taste for alcohol. Ray meanwhile became a silent era icon, starring again for Ince's company in hits like *The Busher* (1919) where he played a young baseball player alongside John Gilbert. Although he would later fall victim to the coming of sound where, in the classic manner of other contemporaries of his age, his voice was perceived as weak and ill-suited to the new medium, he did continue to appear in roles through to the mid-1930s, though many were increasingly un-credited. An ever-expanding ego also saw Ray try to dictate the fortunes and roles of the pictures he sought in the 1920s, as his fame grew, but this desire for control met with less and less success as time went by.

Released in the same year as *The Coward*, *The Iron Strain* and *The Golden Claw* further cemented Reginald Barker's reputation with the Triangle Company. But it was with the sensationalized *War's Women* in 1915, later re-edited and re-released as *The Awakening* in 1920 that Barker established his credentials as a filmmaker willing to take risks, and explore the boundaries of the new medium. *War's Women* was in effect banned because of its perceived attitude toward sex and sexuality but it was as much a film sending out a message about female liberation and social, political and cultural freedoms about to come, as it was a movie designed purely for titillation. Barker followed this up with *The Criminal*, a film in a similar vein "which skyrocketed Clara Williams to stardom".[20]

In 1918 Barker left Triangle just as its financial situation was worsening and Ince's mercurial touch was beginning to desert him in the increasingly competitive marketplace of the burgeoning Hollywood. Ironically enough, as Lewis Jacobs pointed out in his influential early study of the industry, it was Ince's loss of his chief scenarist Sullivan that appeared to signal the decline in his fortunes, despite such a profound controlling impact that the producer appeared to have over all his productions.[21] As for Barker, he found himself at the short-lived Paralta Company where he directed what the *Motion Picture Studio Directory* called, "two sensational pictures" in *Madame Who* and *Carmen of the Klondite*, again with Clara Williams whom he would subsequently marry.[22] After this, Barker moved on to the Goldwyn Company where he directed 17 films in a 4-year period. Six of the films were for the actress Geraldine Farrar who struck up a rapport with Barker, so much so that all of her Goldwyn output bar one film was with the director. Interestingly enough, that one film was *The World and its Women* directed by another up-and-coming young Brit, Frank Lloyd. Throughout this era the pattern of social involvement allied to scandalously entertaining pictures was a conscious effort on Barker's part to raise the status of cinema as an artistic medium from the very beginning. As early as 1916, he made it clear that he saw this fledgling industry as a force for serious and profound story-telling, not for simple risk-free entertainment.

"It is very significant that the new art of cinema is attracting so many eminent men from the stage," he remarked. "And men like these will make real plays for the screen, plays that will live – just as they have for the stage. And some basic standards hold good in both cases, real plays must get under the skin of things, must search the soul, and ring true to the highest aspirations. It is part of the photoplay director's task to see that his work fulfils these demands."[23]

Barker lived up to this creed for most of his career. In-between deft action sequences, his films managed to make some particularly acute observations about American history and society. His 1925 film, *The White Desert*, for instance, carrying on a signature feature of his pictures for over a decade, featured spectacular outdoor shots of the Rockies – including the filming of an avalanche sequence in the Continental Divide in Colorado – but also maintained a critical observation in regard to the struggles and dominance engendered by the railroad companies cutting a swathe across the American west in the late nineteenth century. In 1927, he directed what Geltzer has described as an "unusually historical" western, *The Frontiersman*, starring Tim McCoy and Claire Windsor, a movie suggesting more than a hint of complexity about the unfolding relations between Native peoples and the American pioneers infiltrating their lands.[24]

Illustration 5 Louis B. Mayer, director Reginald Barker, and Irving Thalberg on the set of *The Dixie Handicap* 1925.

Barker went on to direct 60 films in a career that took him well into the mid-1930s and the sound era. But it was with silent pictures that his direction, under the tutelage of West and the patronage of Ince, really

prospered. Apart from westerns he was adept at melodrama, comedy and even historical epics as his and Ince's Civil War movies demonstrate admirably. Significant in Barker's long list of credits, however, was the fact that he was an émigré from Britain who rarely returned to his roots. The most conspicuous exception to this trend was the film he produced as well as directed in 1921, *Bunty Pulls the Strings*, about the inhabitants of Lintlehaugh, a small Scottish village hiding all sorts of secrets and unusual characters. First brought to America as an off-Broadway stage play a decade beforehand the eponymous heroine of the film, Bunty Bigger, was played by Leatrice Joy. A gifted comic actress of the silent era who found fame with her bobbed hair and sophisticated society girl roles, Joy got rave reviews for her performance here as a good-natured fixer of family dilemmas. The *New York Times* was effusive in its praise of the film. "Barker brought a good deal of the Scotch flavor of Graham Moffat's play to the screen and Leatrice Joy in the role of Bunty is charming and, what is more, intelligent," hailed the paper's critic.[25]

Bunty Pulls the Strings was in effect *Brigadoon* without the music of Alan Jay Lerner to accompany it, but it was also a brief return for Barker to the Scotland of his childhood, wrapped as this film was in a misty nostalgia for the old country. Yet this sort of cinematic recollection was rare – at least in the silent era – not just for Barker but many of the British filmmakers coming to California. More found themselves conditioned to subject matter that was purely American in its social, cultural and historical outlook than they did revisit British stereotypes. In the 1930s of course, this imbalance would redress itself somewhat, but by then even American directors were adapting British stories and settings, let alone the ex-pats who had found a home for themselves in Hollywood. The reason that American settings and stories predominated up until that point was a combination of factors, often practical – scenery and location being the most obvious – but not without an ideological resonance also.

What Barker found himself a part of, was an industry growing at an experiential rate in the 1910s. Even as early as 1920, as Paula Marantz Cohen states, "the United States had emerged as the unrivalled centre of world filmmaking."[26] That industry had been boosted by a wave of immigration into America in the last decades of the nineteenth century, by the promise and unlimited opportunities of moving out west to California, and by the devastation of World War One in Europe. But, in Marantz Cohen's eyes, these developments were only contributory fragments in America's growing love affair with the moving image. For her,

cinema in the early twentieth century did what the American myth dating back to Tocqueville, Crèveocoeur, Jefferson and Winthrop had done: it conceived of America as the beginning of something, as a new start in the history of mankind, and as a chance to dictate the future direction of the world. More than this, film offered up the opportunity, as photography had already done, of (re)creating the "reality" of America and presenting it back to itself. As Marantz Cohen stresses, the American fascination with photography in the nineteenth century highlighted a democratic impulse in the nation to document the "real". Photography in its infancy, it was argued, uncoupled the intentionality of the person taking the picture (and did not insert it back in until the popularity of "art" photography grew at the turn of the century) and left a factual template for the observer, the viewer, to contemplate. Everyone from Edgar Allen Poe, through Lincoln, Whitman and on to Supreme Court justice Oliver Wendell Holmes agreed, photography documented truth and America demanded fact; not for her the showy, artistic license of the "old world".[27]

So it was when film first arrived. In America as in Europe, the moving image began by "documenting" events but as it passed over into narrative, character and form, that documentation rendered a nation reborn on film in real time. Hollywood quickly adopted a genre like the western as standard in its cycles of production. Location shooting was easy, adventure beckoned in the tales, and notions of "good" and "evil" could be quickly translated into the emerging form. But the western also told a story of America, a mythic tale of hope, triumph over adversity and, more troubling and pernicious, of conquest. The western like other stories unveiled a history of the United States to its people, and the filmmakers caught up in its early evolution became torchbearers of that past, however contrived and artificial it became on film. Where you came from hardly mattered therefore, in this new culture industry: the ability to shape the American past or present on film became a sign of one's ability in the new medium, mastering the art form was like mastering the "untamed west" that the sons of pioneers had come to inherit.

This was the industry Reginald Barker and others found themselves a part of in Hollywood's initial period. Barker's association with Thomas Ince and William Hart made his inculcation into the western a smooth passage, even though he could lay no claim to it as a genre he knew or understood. But that didn't matter, for Hollywood, in the spirit of its own recreation, made the Scotsman a master of the genre on his own terms.

For his part, Hart *could* lay claim to a background and link back to the western tradition. He'd grown up in the Dakota Territory mixing with the likes of Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson, both of whom he met. Hart allegedly learnt sign language from the Sioux and went on cattle drives before the family returned east due to the collapse of the flour mill his father owned. But, as Marantz Cohen insists, what Hart learnt from this experience on the frontier was that authenticity was everything. He saw films as "less an imitation of western experience than an extension of it".[28] Unlike Broncho Billy Anderson and Tom Mix, who immediately preceded and or shared with him the limelight as Hollywood's first cowboy heroes, Hart's desire was not to make the west simply glamorous and entertaining for audiences, but to revel in its grit and down-at-heel existence. And it was the wealth of knowledge that Hart could call upon that young Reggie Barker lapped up in his early education about movies. It was this configuration of excitement and exactitude that Barker took as his mantra throughout his career and it was a focus copied and lauded by many British practitioners in Hollywood.

Barker maintained a healthy output and reputation through the 1920s, thanks to his association with Ince. But he also increasingly moved around the studios looking for projects and some illusive artistic satisfaction. In 1921, reports circulated about the formation of Barker's own independent production company backed by Goldwyn, and his partnership with long-time assistant, Roland Rushton.[29] Though two productions were slated, Barker realized neither of them and after 4 years at Goldwyn, he moved on to Universal in 1922 where ocean drama, *The Storm* at least showed that he could still deliver hits at whatever studio he was at, and even away from the influence of Ince. Writing in the *Los Angeles Herald* in 1924, Guy Price eulogized Barker's achievements citing sea stories like this as being a particular trait of the director whose reputation still had traction even in the post-Ince years. Describing Barker as a "master of deluxe melodrama" Price suggested that he was having more fun now, with his film release of the time, *Women Who Give*, than at any time since the Triangle days.[30] Barker made the movie for Metro, calling once more on the services of Frank Keenan and Barbara Bedford in a drama about a married couple living on Cape Cod. But he subsequently grew restless and moved on again within a short space of time to Fox, to make *When the Door Opened* (1925), always in the search for creative fulfilment, but a search that was getting less and less fruitful.

It was in the midst of this 2-year contract at the studio that Barker asked to be released from it. The reason was not entirely clear though

he did accept an invitation to become president of the Motion Picture Director's Association as it was in the days before the Screen Director's Guild. He might have wanted to clear his schedule of responsibilities in order to give his attention to the role; or it could have been that he used the position as leverage into another studio. Either way, by 1927 Barker was back at MGM making the James Oliver Curwood story, *The Flaming Forest*, for Cosmopolitan Productions, the company that was owned by William Randolph Hearst.[31] Barker served just one term at the head of the Director's Association but it was sign of the esteem that he was held in that colleagues should want to bestow the honour and that Barker's reputation still ran so high a decade after his most famous collaborations with Ince.

Ince's relationship with Griffith and Sennett meanwhile had already gone sour by the early 1920s and almost in recompense he had built himself a towering monument to his reputation and achievements. The Ince Studio lot on Washington Boulevard quickly became a potent symbol of cinema's influence in the city and resembled Mount Vernon in the heart of Los Angeles. But the producer's successes were dwindling and he was no longer the force he had been a decade earlier. In 1925, against the backdrop of Ince's mysterious death in November 1924, allegedly aboard Hearst's yacht on a weekend cruise, the Ince Studios were sold on by his widow Elinor, to Cecil B. De Mille and took the name of their new proprietor. Reginald Barker had emerged from Ince's shadow and moved from studio to studio as the decade progressed, but without the ability to cultivate the kind of partnership he had established under the mercurial producer. Barker did more directorial work for Tiffany-Stahl, and here John Stahl, who had left MGM at the same time as the director, may well have persuaded Barker to move with him and try and reinitiate the same sort of relationship he'd enjoyed with Ince at Triangle. It was at Tiffany that Barker made his last silent film in 1928, *New Orleans*. But it didn't last. He re-made *The Great Divide* as a sound picture for First National only a year later and then directed the respectable *Hide-Out* with James Murray for RKO still in 1929.

But by the time of *Seven Keys to Baldpate* at the close of that year, Barker found himself already in semi-retirement. Adapted from the Earl Derr Biggers novel, Richard Dix starred as a writer seeking solace at the Baldpate Inn. But, as he attempts to immerse himself in his work, he is caught up in a murder mystery only he can unravel. Typical of Barker's work by this time, it was efficient, reasonably entertaining fare, but had the touch and feel of a director just beginning to lose his way in a period of quickly evolving styles, and enhanced filming techniques. As the

silent era faded in the early 1930s and the studio era evolved, Hollywood began to change and Barker's credit and enthusiasm dwindled.

In 1934, he adapted the Wilkie Collins story, *The Moonstone*, with David Manners, Phyllis Barry, Jameson Thomas and John Davidson. Another housebound mystery drama that was part ghost story, part Sherlock Holmes detective caper – the novel had some influence on the later creation of the sleuth – Barker never quite does justice to the multiple narration and intriguing premise of the book, a scandalous success of the 1860s for its English author. Nevertheless, in a movie that lasts little more than 65 minutes and only really concentrates on the house party taking place against the backdrop of a raging storm outside, Barker creates an atmosphere of some respectable menace and a confluence of characters that are stereotypical but not without purpose. Gustav Von Seyffertitz playing Carl Von Lucker and Davidson as Yandoo, a Hindu mystic, add character though not always in a good way. David Manners meanwhile is suitably heroic as Franklyn Blake and Charles Irwin does a decent job as Inspector Cuff of the Yard, assigned to investigate the case of the missing Moonstone diamond. But technically the picture comes across as slightly staid and mannered, rather more than mysterious and threatening. Compared to the gothic horror that was beginning to emanate from James Whale at Universal and the emerging gangster genres put out at Warners, one could see where some of the cracks were beginning to show in Barker's work by the early 1930s.

A year later he directed *The Healer*, *Women Who Give* and *Forbidden Heaven* all in quick succession. The last of these was a British located response to the Depression with people living down and out in London's Hyde Park who are helped by Charles Farrell's well-meaning hero. *Women Who Give* was an attempt at domestic melodrama with runaway husbands and distraught wives, while by far the most interesting and high profile of the three was *The Healer*, where Barker directed Ralph Bellamy, Karen Morley and Mickey Rooney in a story about a young doctor trying to cure victims of polio. Like *The Moonstone* and *Women Who Give*, this picture was also made at Monogram, a company with a reputation for cheap, indeterminate features that ran as "B" pictures or as small double "A" bills. Monogram had only existed since 1931 though they were already considered at the head of the second tier of studios collectively known as Poverty Row. Their position was soon to be usurped, however, by Harry Cohn's forging and ambitious Columbia outfit and it was a sign of things to come that Monogram could never follow on Columbia's coattails and become the major studio they, and

the likes of Barker no doubt, craved. Efficient and productive as the films were, Barker's career at Monogram signalled only one thing; his time in the Hollywood spotlight was slowly coming to an end. By the close of 1935, having made three films in a 12-month period for the first time in 6 years, he was retired, at the age of just 49, and left the movie business altogether to run a small gift shop in Pasadena. Barker's death in 1945, only 2 weeks after he had married his third wife Katherine McHugh, was met with little reaction in Hollywood; indeed for a number of years his passing was erroneously reported as having taken place in 1937.[32]

Barker was a classic example of a figure quickly discarded in the turnover of studio personnel and the fleeting effects of power and influence that Hollywood built and destroyed increasingly swiftly. And yet he was one of the fundamental early characters who created Hollywood in the image it came to perceive itself. Barker's career was prodigious and more influential than many at the time and since have acknowledged, but he also showed the way for a British sense of hard work, imaginative creation, and artistic flexibility. These were character traits that would be much in evidence as the émigré community blossomed in the later 1920s and the British spirit infused the studio routine.

A contemporary of Barker who also set the tone and pattern of British influence in the very early years of Hollywood was Charles Brabin, whose career, at least in its midway incarnation, was probably more closely associated with the life and work of the early screen goddess, Theda Bara. In fact Brabin directed Bara in only one film, but, like Barker too, it was one of the few that returned to the British Isles or Ireland at least, in both form and content. For in *Kathleen Mavourneen* (1919) Bara played the eponymous heroine in a bitter sweet Irish family drama, from a play by Dion Boucicault. Although it was the only film he made with Bara, it was enough for Brabin to fall for the charms of one of the most talked about screen legends of her time, and the two were soon married. Whether domesticity was the cause, the marriage was the beginning of the demise of Bara's career and she gave up movies altogether by the mid-1920s.

Brabin's later output established a reputation with aficionados who recognized talented and economical directors in the early sound period. Brabin almost came together with Reginald Barker in the same picture in 1925 when the former as director and latter as screen extra were both un-credited for parts in MGM's mammoth undertaking of *Ben Hur*.[33] Again, like Barker, moving effortlessly from one subject matter and setting to another, Brabin would later keep his name in profile with the

gangster picture, *The Beast of the City* (1932) with a script and story by W.R. Burnett and John Lee Mahin, and starring Walter Huston and Jean Harlow. He moved into political melodrama with *The Washington Masquerade* starring Lionel Barrymore and Karen Morley, and then swerved towards science-fiction with a dose of horror, for *The Mask of Fu Manchu* (both 1932), with Boris Karloff, Morley again, and Myrna Loy.

But it was once more with his early silent films, that Brabin set a standard for British filmmakers working in the fledgling industry. He had acted in early classics, notably *Romance of the Cliff Dwellers* and *The Strike at the Mines*, both made by the incomparable Edwin S. Porter. As a director he then helped to counter the myth that the pioneering studios of the very early years were being left behind in the 1910s by newly established companies. Brabin's own studio, Essanay, actually continued to make some fine pictures and have notable hits, none more so than the director's adaptation of Poe's *The Raven* from 1915.[34] He established a position for himself in the newly created Motion Picture Directors Association and, like later British émigrés, worked hard to provide basic conditions of employment and rights for filmmakers in the new industry. As with a few of his contemporaries, Brabin quickly established a reputation for himself as something of a raconteur and sociable party-goer, but this only aided and infused his films that contained a "rich sense of imagery" the beautiful gothic presentation of which reached its height with *Fu Manchu*. Described in a *Film Dope* profile of the 1970s as archetypal classic 1930s horror, the film conceivably stood comparison with, once again, fellow Brit James Whale's output at the same time.[35]

If Barker and Brabin set the pace for early British exponents from the 1910s, then Edmund Goulding provided the link between the early and classic generation of Anglo-émigrés who descended on Hollywood in the 1920s. By the mid-decade, Goulding was already a big name in Los Angeles. Having come to the attention of David Selznick, Louis B. Mayer and Irving Thalberg, he had progressed from story writer to scenarist to director by 1925 when his first two efforts behind the camera, *Sun-Up* and *Sally, Mary and Irene*, proved to be considerable hits. Goulding's background on the British stage made him a natural for melodrama and characterization. He made his stage debut at the Holborn Empire in London in 1909 and went on to play everything from *Alice in Wonderland* to *Henry VIII*, *Macbeth* and *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.

Twenty years later Goulding was living out in Santa Monica and bought a beach house that became something of a Mecca for the

British ex-pat community. "At the top of the heap were Noël Coward and Ivor Novello, fellow members of the British diaspora," writes Matthew Kennedy in his biography of Goulding.[36] Coward was not a card-carrying resident of the British community, however; he travelled back and forth and maintained a distance from the outpost establishing itself in Los Angeles, only occasionally finding his way to Goulding's home and the hospitality of the director. But Novello became a very good friend to Goulding whose reputation for indulging, if not initiating, many of the excessive parties and wilder goings-on in Hollywood had already become legendary. Yet the two of them, strikingly dissimilar in appearance – for Novello was the pin-up boy of early British cinema while Goulding always possessed something of a hang-dog look – were not excessively different in temperament. But Novello's Hollywood experience couldn't have been more contrasting. Initially recruited by D.W. Griffith in 1922 as an actor, he proved a major flop as a new Rudolph Valentino only to re-emerge with his writing credentials intact and sign a contract for MGM in 1931, as principally a writer who might act every now and then. It provided paid work but it was never the all-consuming success it should have been for him. Eventually Novello, whose recognition as a song composer and then movie star in Britain in the 1920s thanks in no small part to his appearance in Hitchcock's *The Lodger* was unassailable, got reduced to writing lines for *Tarzan the Ape Man* in Hollywood.[37]

Maybe Novello was too much the "renaissance man", too esoteric for American tastes; either way he returned to Britain soon after the Tarzan experience and, like Coward, only returned to the west coast periodically thereafter. Goulding, on the other hand, had quickly adapted to the Hollywood lifestyle, its social as well as working routines, and his screenplays and later directed movies all patented the glamorous ethereal quality of the studios' output. But crucially too, his private life seemed to be a spur for him to try and bring to life the complexities of human relationships in his movies. He became associated as a director of "women's films" and would extract some of the greatest performances from the leading actresses of the time, notably Bette Davis. But, as Michael Walker demonstrates, it was a concentration on emotion as a galvanizing force for narrative and motivation that could make a film like his re-make of Howard Hawks's *Dawn Patrol* look less like an action picture and more like a meditation on heroism, romance and sacrifice.[38] Film critic C.A. Lejeune in his review for *The Observer* would write of the 1939 version that it was a "Hollywood picture about English people that is as English as a Sussex morning." But he also went on to conclude that the

acute sense of British resolve and unyielding stoicism paid dividends in the movie. "The film's real qualities are the less spectacular ones – the intense sincerity of its study of fine-drawn nerves and wild reactions, the endless round of flight, death, replacement."[39]

Illustration 6 Edmund Goulding directing a scene in 1927.

That later era would mark Goulding out as a filmmaker of especially subtle skill and pacing, but in his early Hollywood career, just like his contemporaries, Goulding was quickly moving from genre to genre and adapting his style and interests along the way. Having first come to the fore in the early 1920s as a scenarist, it was perhaps apt that he should write the screenplay to *The Broadway Melody* (1929) directed by Harry Beaumont, a movie that heralded the arrival of the sound era musical. As Kennedy observes, "it contains the prototypes of musical characters so endearing that they'd be clichés within a few years."[40] The aspiring chorus girls, the chivalrous suitor, the manipulative manager: they

were all in Goulding's story, and Norman Houston's script – a fellow writer who had worked extensively on Broadway in the 1920s and knew the theatrical world inside out – brought out the desperately ambitious motivations of the characters trying to forge fame and stardom for themselves. One could have been forgiven for thinking that Goulding would have been typecast by the assignment, and certainly rehashed versions of the story kept appearing for years afterward. But his repertoire stretched as far and wide at this point, and was as easy to mould, as it would be for much of his career. *Sun-Up* and *Sally, Irene and Mary*, his first two directorial showings for MGM, both from 1925, couldn't have been more different. The former was a romance again in the tradition that Goulding kept returning to, but one set in the backwoods of North Carolina, with Conrad Nagel as a local boy returning from the Great War and intending to marry his sweetheart, Emmy, played by Pauline Stark. The latter was that classic tale of the country girl who makes her way to the big city dreaming of fame and fortune and whose story we see wrapped up in the incidents surrounding her and her two girlfriends, the three showgirls of the title. Adapting Eddie Dowling's play of the same name, Goulding wrote and directed for the exclusive troupe of Constance Bennett, a young Joan Crawford and Sally O'Neil in a tale that was the first for him to flavour its rags to riches story with the glamour and aspiration of Broadway fame and fortune, and paved the way for the successful follow-up 4 years later.

The Bright Shawl on the other hand from 2 years earlier, was an exotic romp located at the heart of a Cuban society battling empire and change in the midst of the Spanish-American War of 1898. What Goulding displayed in all three pieces, as for much of his 1920s output, was an important gift for matching accomplished scenarios with visual flourishes every bit as outlandish and glamorous as his own Hollywood lifestyle had become. If anything the appearance, style and bravado of his writing and directing at this time demonstrated more than most where Hollywood was moving as an industry and why and how the likes of Campbell, Brabin and Barker were becoming increasingly marginalized by a newer, brasher generation.

For Goulding, it was his most famous collaboration of the silent era, *Tol'able David* (1921) that really provided the catalyst for this future reputation as an adaptable scenarist and directorial visionary of differing styles and temperament. Joseph Hergesheimer's short story was set in Virginia about a boy who becomes a reluctant hero taking on a family of nethr'do-wells. When Allen (Warner Richmond), David's older brother, is badly beaten and left crippled for life by the rampaging Hatburn

cousins, and his father then has a fatal heart attack as he prepares to confront them, David (Richard Barthelmess) takes matters into his own hands. Taking a job at the local store, when the cousins try to steal the mail from him, David engages in a vicious hand-to-hand fight with the eldest Hatburn, and manages to kill each one despite suffering severe injuries himself. The David beats Goliath parable was one both recognizable and deeply ingrained on an audience rooting for the underdog constantly.

The film was directed by Henry King who grew up in and around the movie's location. Goulding, by contrast, had never even been to Virginia let alone observed its culture and routines and knew next-to-nothing about the state. But, although he had no idea about the background or sentiment of this southern moral fable, he and King kept thrashing out the key elements of the narrative's themes, and the Virginian colloquialisms that gave the picture an authenticity as well as emotional resonance. King later confessed that he changed such a large amount of Goulding's scenario that the fledgling British writer would just get upset when King presented back to him the corrected piece, but this misreads Goulding's mentality somewhat. He knew already that in order to make a picture successfully, the ingredients had to be right and accepting what worked for a film became an important benchmark of the working practice he maintained for much of his career. *Tol'able David* never quite escaped the tag of "homespun melodrama" but in character and periodization, reviews noted how timeless its qualities remained, and how the historicity of the piece conceptualized a part of the old South that even by the time of release, was quickly fading from the memory.[41] No doubt some of this was in no small part due to King and Goulding actually taking the production to Virginia, a rare excursion in those days, but one that gives an authenticity to the film that King felt no amount of preparation on a soundstage could allow for.[42] The picture proved to be one of the highlights of 1921, and Goulding got equal credit with King for the screenplay, lifting his stock even further in this early Hollywood period.

Goulding's subsequent success might be attributed to a number of things, but a consistent and dedicated work ethic was the least of them; surprising considering how many credits he achieved over the following few years. Encouraged by Fanny Holtzmann who was by now operating as Goulding's manager, lawyer and confidante, she got a book option for a title called *Fury* that Goulding had already pitched successfully for $10,000 as a screen story. Henry King would again finally direct it and the book, when published, was moderately successful. But it was

Holtzmann and her understanding of Goulding's delicate persona that was really the key to keeping him on track as his career took off. Just writing the book involved a survival of all manner of typical lapses in concentration by him that involved women, alcohol and adventure, and usually in a location that was anywhere but the place he was meant to be writing. Goulding was no chance exponent of the new Hollywood ethic but even by the end of the 1920s, he demonstrated how far Hollywood, and in particular how very far British artists had come in their ability to mould and dedicate themselves to the new ideas and cinematic sensibilities.

In 1932, Goulding made the most successful film of the early part of his career. Establishing a relationship with Irving Thalberg that was every bit as crucial to the director's choices and technique as his later partnership with Jack Warner, the two teamed up to conceive of an all-star picture rendition of Broadway hit, *Grand Hotel*. Maintaining the names and setting of Vicki Baum's original Berlin nouvella, Goulding and Thalberg coaxed a classic performance out of Greta Garbo at the height of her fame, with support from Lionel and John Barrymore, Joan Crawford and Wallace Beery. Ethan Mordden's summary of the film points out the early sloppiness in presentation that afflicted Goulding's direction at times. "Some of his cut-ins, didn't match the master shots," suggests Mordden, who also saw the film as doing not much more than demonstrating that film people were bigger than theatre people.[43] But in a way it was the very grandeur of this vision that was crucial to Goulding's filmmaking. He made scenarios larger than life, brought an ersatz eye for detail and taste that camouflaged some of the technical shortcomings of his assembly. Even Mordden acknowledged that *Grand Hotel* was awfully cinematic and in the small vignettes that dotted the overall setting and tale, Goulding was acknowledged to be very sharp at underlining a character's sympathies and prejudices, their ambition but also their weaknesses.

Involving romance, duplicity, diamonds and business deals, *Grand Hotel* was lavish, complex and unashamedly glamorous. "What *Grand Hotel* is about, finally, is the triumph of style," suggests Thomas Schatz.[44] It was also one of MGM's biggest hits of the year contributing to their $8 million profit when most of their competitors were struggling as the Depression bit home. The film further demonstrated why Goulding's career went beyond most of his fellow countrymen in the 1930s and 1940s in reconciling strong British theatrical traditions with integral narrative style. But there were other writer/directors too that had

their own contribution to make and in very different genres and studio regimes.

Much more inconspicuous as a person and director was the Scottish born Frank Lloyd who arrived in Los Angeles in 1913 straight from drama training which had seen him tour the greater part of the British Isles. Immediately he began appearing in burlesque, principally at the Century Theater. Only a year later Hollywood beckoned and Lloyd started acting in silent movies having become a leading man in Universal's stock company.[45] Within a further 2 years, he had already made the move behind the camera and began spreading the British influence with one of his first influential directorial efforts; a biographical portrayal of the British stage actor and impresario, *David Garrick* (1916), played by Dustin Farnum. In the years that followed he worked his way through a long and exhausting apprenticeship, writing scenarios, directing small budget two-reelers, and acting in a number of silent parts. Before the bio-pic of Garrick, Lloyd had already directed some 50 silent pictures over a 3-year period and had acted in more than 60. But *David Garrick* persuaded him that a career behind the camera was the way to go and he appeared in no more films as a player after 1916. Instead, he continued to write and, from the 1920s onwards, increasingly produce movies too.

Lloyd's adaptation of *Oliver Twist* in 1922 was a major triumph with Jackie Coogan as the young Oliver and Lon Chaney playing Fagin. He did a scenario for *A Tale of Two Cities* as early as 1917 and adapted H.B. Somerville's lavish costume drama *Ashes of Vengeance* for the legendary silent actress, Norma Talmadge in 1923. Lloyd made a somewhat more faithful version of Rafael Sabatini's novel *The Sea Hawk* in 1924, certainly more so than the Michael Curtiz version which was nevertheless such a success for Errol Flynn 16 years later. *The Eagle of the Sea* (1926) was another swashbuckling tale; this one set in the early nineteenth century, featuring George Irving as General, later President Andrew Jackson.

All the films and many more besides created an impression of Lloyd as a director of high adventure tales with historical settings, a number of them made under the auspices of Frank Lloyd Productions and produced principally for First National or Paramount Pictures. But, having had a considerable success with *David Garrick* and more recommendations that followed his successive movies, Lloyd's pinnacle as a filmmaker took more than a decade to arrive. It began with his Best Director Oscar triumph for *The Divine Lady* in 1929 and concluded 4 years later with

the Academy Awards for Direction and Picture given to the film that cemented his reputation if not his longevity, *Cavalcade*.

"It was an excellent picture, one of breadth and beauty – all sound pictures will be like this soon." So spoke *The Film Spectator* in 1929 referring to Lloyd's account of Lord Nelson's relationship with Emma Hamilton, the difficulty of making history seem interesting and engaging on screen, and of Lloyd's triumph in handling this task. *The Divine Lady*, remade only 12 years later as *That Hamilton Woman* by Alexander Korda, told the story of Nelson's romantic affair with Lady Hamilton, set against the backdrop of his greatest moment, the Battle of Trafalgar in 1805. With settings in Naples as well as England, Lloyd's ability to capture beautiful compositions on screen was much praised and he was cited as one of "the most capable and artistic directors in the business".[46]

Lloyd himself, delighted by the glowing reviews, was nevertheless always aware of the commercial imperatives of his movies, one reason perhaps why he never quite graduated into the major league of auteurs during the period, although that didn't stop the likes of Frank Capra, John Ford and Billy Wilder who had similar financial acumen but who seemed to acquire far greater artistic merit among industry insiders. But Lloyd did concern himself with financial viability to a far greater degree than his fellow directors it seems and he kept meticulous records of how well all his films did, almost a ledger of profit and loss that increasingly seemed to obsess him. Although successful, the creatively challenging *Cavalcade* and *Wells Fargo* later in the 1930s brought in considerably less box-office receipts in their opening weeks than an overtly entertaining movie like *Berkeley Square*. Some of Lloyd's private papers and correspondence in the Motion Picture Academy Library in Los Angeles for instance, reveal a selection of his calculations with detailed breakdowns of costs for each film, some commentary accompanying the maths and reflections on the potential hazards of spending too much money in the overall budget. The former films had been taking a very respectable $5000 in their opening week in the biggest theatres while *Berkeley Square* was making more than $15,000 "Faced with cold figures, the director has to admit that the world wants make-believe above all else," observed Lloyd plaintively. "This desire to romanticize is not engendered by our own civilization; it is inherent in the human race."[47] In fact that didn't stop Lloyd from citing *Berkeley Square* as one of his favourite films but it once again underscored the practical work ethic and understanding of Hollywood's bottom line that he and many émigrés brought to the task in the movie colony.

Indeed Lloyd's career up until the point of *Cavalcade* nicely contrasted his fellow British practitioners' concentration on American subject material. As the selection above shows, he was a filmmaker far less afraid of scouring far and wide in his search for potential storylines. And the influence of historical pieces with often real-life personalities was a strong facet that continued to dictate Lloyd's fortunes in the 1930s, particularly when he joined Howard Hughes's Caddo Company who he was under long-term contract to after the success of *The Age for Love* (1931), a vehicle for the somewhat temperamental Billie Dove.

Under Hughes, he revelled in the opportunities and freedoms that Hollywood afforded for a successful director and he instinctively felt at home in the atmosphere he found in the movie colony. Lloyd became a naturalized citizen as early as 1921 and although he made pictures that went to the heart of British culture in the 1930s, he rarely hankered after the old country in anything other than cinematic verisimilitude and a fairly defined set of Victorian principles that were sometimes held up as the guiding doctrines of the "Hollywood British" picture.

Cavalcade, perhaps more than any of his other films, bought a degree of filmic realism certainly to Hollywood's reshaping of early twentieth century British history as well as being as close as any of the pioneers got to a "British type" of film in Hollywood. Noël Coward's agent in Hollywood was the same as Edmund Goulding's, Fanny Holtzmann, and she persuaded Fox to stump up $100,000 for the screen rights to the stage play, along with *Hay Fever* and *Bittersweet*, the last of which was eventually made at MGM with Herbert Wilcox. Adaptation to the screen then cost Fox $300,000, and hence the company was reluctant to see the project falter in any way.[48] British screenwriter Reginald Berkeley concocted with Lloyd an upstairs/downstairs scenario of a well-to-do London household – passing for what the Americans might nearly have perceived to be the norm for Brits – traversing the vicissitudes of history from New Year's Eve 1899 until 1932, the year adjacent to the film's release. From the Boar War through the death of Victoria, to the sinking of the Titanic and World War One, the upper-crust Marryots and the down-at-heel Bridges strive to get through it all, even though tragedy emerges at virtually every turn. At the centre of this plunge through history is Jane Marryot, played with over-the-top fortitude by Diana Wynyard, who sees sons and friends killed, crises erupt, but the house maintained and protected as a fortress against the outside world. Anthony Slide compares Wynyard's performance here with her role in another British/Hollywood director's piece, James Whale's *One More River* from 1934, where she plays the wife of a brutalizing husband whom she leaves

while aboard a ship. Both for Slide represent a "symbol of British womanhood" in the 1930s and her rendition of Jane Marryot is the centrepiece of a film he found still "profoundly moving", even in the 1970s.[49] In fact Jane's sometimes rather aloof, class-entangled persona is countered in nice fashion through the picture by her equally aristocratic but far more informal friend, Margaret, played with wit and a modern sensibility by Irene Browne. Bookended by Clive Brook's straight-laced matriarch, Robert Marryot and Herbert Mundin's respectable but ultimately doomed, working-class artisan, Alfred Bridges, Jane and Margaret actually become the conscience of a film that is desperately hoping to enforce the fall of old ways in respect of privilege, class and deference, but which nevertheless feels obliged to do it all in clipped accents. The coming together of the Marryot's son, Joe (Frank Lawton), with Fanny Bridges (Ursula Jeans) is an obvious sort of deconstruction of the barriers and safeguards of social rigidity starting to be challenged in the 1930s. Nevertheless Coward's *20th Century Blues*, a song performed by Fanny towards the close of the piece, is a more biting and morose number than many he ever did. Sheridan Morley described it as "moral finger-wagging at the ways of the modern world" and its sense of doubt and apprehension about the future conveys just the right tone for 1933 and the rise of a new global threat.[50]

The secret to Lloyd's directing of the picture is in recognizing what is ostensibly a sweeping, epic recollection of British development largely contained in a drawing-room drama. While some dramatic shots capture small aspects of London, and a montage sequence mid-way through the picture parades faces and battlefields increasingly deteriorated by the war, Lloyd confines most of the key sequences to tight studio shots of dressing rooms, downstairs kitchens and unappealing east-end public houses. Only on an outing to the seaside does any sense of the society and its social graces illuminate the picture as jovial working families mix with smart, genteel social luminaries in an otherwise awkward conjoining of society enjoying the new "leisure time" afforded them in the early twentieth-century world.

Berkeley as scenarist, on the other hand, had a reputation for converting the lives of the famous and infamous to the screen, having already done a version of *The Dreyfus Affair* and a biography of Robert Burns. Later in the decade he would set to on a dramatic reconstruction of the story of nurse, Edith Cavell. His script for *Cavalcade* contained just the right amount of contrasting dialogue and more informal vernacular that carries the essence of the national character and persuasion. In fact it

carried a little too much of this earthy dialogue for President Will Hays of the Motion Picture Producers & Distributors of America (MPPDA). The Hays Office wrote an official letter of complaint, though one that was full of equanimity. "It is a great picture – a very great picture," wrote Hays who then went on to "regret" the use of the words "damn" and "hell" in the picture, although the "bloody" that was in there also "will be a matter of concern only in England".[51]

It was a reflection of the high esteem that the film was held in that even Hays had to temper his disapproval of certain dialogue, and C.A. Lejeune, knitting together the widespread adulation, ultimately wrote in *The Observer* that *Cavalcade* was "the best British film ever made, and it was made in America".[52] At the 1934 Academy Awards, it took away three Oscars for Art Direction, for Best Picture and for Director. Lloyd was at the height of his popularity and of all the initial pioneers who had made their way to Hollywood, he was the leading exponent of classic studio production fare. In the hands of an on- and off-screen ensemble such as Brook, Berkeley, Coward and Wynyard, how could he fail? The British ability to make Hollywood bend to the old world entanglements and social prejudices that made the movie so captivating and which caught a particular moment in British history that resonated on both sides of the Atlantic, was a feat Lloyd as director could be justly proud of. Two scenes in particular contest the temptation to dismiss the movie as overly sentimental and merely an exercise in nostalgia in its recall to early twentieth-century British society. Rounding off the montage sequence and events surrounding the Great War, Lloyd inserts a church scene where a vicar preaches to a half-full congregation blatantly weary of war and sacrifice. It's a telling moment and one that suggests both faiths – in God and institutional authority – no longer hold the attention of the populace as they once might have. And at the close of the film, Wynyard's Jane effectively looks straight into the camera as New Year 1933 dawns and says, "peace and happiness to us all". Given the turbulence of the decade to follow, it's a striking entreaty to the audience's conscience about their responsibility and part in social change and national history. The line is also a reminder, like Coward's song, that even epic, broad-brush sagas could have reflective and astute moments of insight as almost a call to arms not to forget the traumas of the previous 30 years. Lloyd would make many other interesting pictures through to the 1950s, but he never made another one that resonated so firmly for audiences that straddled the Atlantic.

"I'd rather have a nice cup of cocoa"

Noël Coward's view of Hollywood, that he preferred typically hot British beverages to the politics and hyperbole of the place, divested the British of much of that quintessential understatement that characterized their residence there, for some of the time at least. On his brief visits to Los Angeles, Coward's days and nights were spent "watching films, rough cuts and rushes" and "attending sybaritic dinner parties in palatial homes, after which a screen either rose up from the floor or descended from the ceiling, on which to show yet another brand new film starring (almost inevitably) the hostess".[53] The barbed nature of the commentary would tell one that Coward remained forever aloof from the Hollywood routine and maybe he felt that *Cavalcade* was an exception that broke the rule: a piece of his that did all the things British films did but, as Lejeune's review explained, it just happened to be made in the movie colony under the close influence of a bunch of ex-pats. Certainly the film of his *Private Lives* (1931) by Sidney Franklin (who would later helm some moments of *Goodbye Mr. Chips* which remain un-credited) with Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery, while no means unpalatable, suffered from almost trying *not* to be too British in its conception and outlook.

Coward could also count on like-minded souls who were similarly frustrated and or bored by the environment they found themselves in. Anthony Asquith for one made the relatively unique journey the other way; from Hollywood back to Britain at the end of the 1920s. Having observed and been trained in American film techniques, the son of former Liberal Prime Minister Herbert Asquith then returned home to become a leading light in the British film industry of the 1930s and significant international productions thereafter.

By contrast Alexander Korda, while not British-born of course, was wholly assimilated into British life by the 1920s. He acted with all the airs and graces of one more akin to the Cowards, Arlisses, Aubrey-Smiths and Colmans of the time than his east-European background would attest to, learnt much of his craft in the British industry, and never took easily to the American film culture. "I found working in Hollywood rather difficult," he said much later. "They talk too much shop."[54] Korda's most productive period and greatest liaison between the American and British industries really shaped itself in the 1930s and 1940s, but he was already working in Hollywood by the end of the 1920s. His initial film for First National was a typically engrossing European tale of love and deceit, *The Stolen Bride* (1927). He followed it up with *The Private Lives of Helen of Troy* in the same year, adapting John Erskine's book with

some success. In 1929, however, he left First National and found himself at Fox in the heart of Depression, industry takeovers and a changing of the guard in studio personnel. As Korda's biographer Paul Tabori observes, Fox were in the midst of being taken over by "Wall Street bankers" and the director was "fed up to the teeth with Hollywood".[55] A November 1930 letter saw him pin his colours to the mast. Hollywood was "inferior" he remarked, and a "half-way decent European picture" which could bridge the requirements of the trans-Atlantic markets could have a great chance of success.[56]

Indeed the wider feeling in industry circles was that Korda was just not suited to the Hollywood regime in any case; it didn't have his refinement, it was "too crude and primitive" suggested Karol Kulik.[57] Korda responded by returning to Britain where he worked at Denham Studios and formed London Films to much acclaim and even greater success in the 1930s. But he never lost the desire to conquer Hollywood and to conquer it with a European frame of reference. His historical epics in the 1930s achieved the desired effect to some degree and his later relationship with MGM paved the way for a truly internationalist operation that tried to fulfil his promise of competition for the might of the Hollywood machine.

Korda's outlook, therefore, was always a European's vision of the way Hollywood worked far more than it was a British conception. Rather typically he was more British orientated when he worked back in England and observed America from afar, where he could see its feats and foibles from a greater perspective. In fact he was more often compared to continental directors, a swarm of whom did arrive at roughly the same time on the west coast. Many had more talent than Korda as Kulik asserts, and in the end he was "simply unable to distinguish himself above the 'flock' " hence why producing and coordinating would suit his style that much better later on.[58]

So, while a penetration of the American market didn't appear to work as successfully from within its confines, Korda together with producer Michael Balcon were about to attempt an ambitious counter-offensive against Hollywood in the 1930s from the relative safety of Britain. To some extent it was an ideological but also quite pragmatic battle for the two of them. Preservation of a British way of filmmaking was all and the belief that some kind of equality and dialogue could be had between the two communities was an idealistic, if already unrealistic, sentiment that both Balcon and Korda craved. For the writers and directors already there, however, even if British topics or location came into view with certain projects, a broader relation to their former national

film culture had little resonance for their own positions. Their success or failure was more conditioned by the adaptability and suitability to the regime, to the personnel around them and to the promise of style, craft, narrative storytelling and intimate exposure to genres and ideals that were often distinctly American. Colin Campbell, Reginald Barker, Charles Brabin and even Frank Lloyd are no longer household names today, and with the exception of the last, almost never were other than in their own brief spotlighted time. But they paved the way for a British revolution that was never as brash as continental emigration, yet was much more enduring, adaptable and consistent in its application. Without these figures some of the writers and directors that emerged in the 1930s, including Alfred Hitchcock's much touted move to California, might never have happened in the way it did or with the same success.

It would be disingenuous to claim that the British move across the Atlantic at this time was overwhelming or that it was done without casualties. As already highlighted, some émigrés like Ivor Novello simply didn't fit the bill. They were either too brash, too rhapsodic, or just too British almost in their outlook. By that, one might suggest that the British colony abandoned all pretences to the old country, and yet, as we've seen, that was hardly the fact of the matter. British subject matter might not emerge in any concrete form until the following decade but the 1910s and 1920s exhibited all the cultural and social hallmarks of Victorian upbringing given a new lease of life in the wide expanse of modern twentieth-century America. The British established both a community for themselves and *the* community for Hollywood during these years. If those early exponents have been forgotten, it is because they paved the way for much that followed, and what followed was extraordinary and overwhelming. But among these farsighted innovators there were pioneers and polymaths, as well as artists and artisans. Their common link beyond their national heritage was an understanding of how Hollywood might work for them, and where this revolutionary film industry was taking the medium in the mid-twentieth century.

2

Sound and Vision: British Filmmakers and the Politics of Pre-War Hollywood

The British at home

From the very beginning, producer Michael Balcon knew where the centripetal force of filmmaking lay and was, as Philip Kemp reminds us, far more complex, ambiguous and internationalist than many a recollection of him would allow for.[1] The moment he formed Gainsborough Pictures in 1924 with his partner Victor Saville, Balcon set about giving his pictures the best possible chance of securing a distribution deal in the marketplace that he understood to be the most profitable and expansive in the world: the United States. "Unpalatable as it may be, we must recognise that America produces by far the best pictures," he asserted in an article for the trade paper, *The Film Renter and Moving Picture News*, in 1925.[2] Ironically, while Balcon's commercial sensibilities pointed him across the Atlantic, his technical and industrial focus sent him into Europe, Germany in general, and the studios of Ufa in particular, which he visited for the first time in 1924.

At the Ufa studios in Neubabelsberg, Balcon spent his time soaking up the organisational, creative and artistic energies and talent that abided in every part of the company. He established relations with Eric Pommer and it was here that he encouraged the young Alfred Hitchcock to study the art and technique of German productions, notably F.W. Murnau's work at the studio in the mid-1920s. As Tim Bergefelder asserts, one key to Balcon's education in European cinema was the way he adapted the techniques and stylistic nuances of those working at Ufa without necessarily importing any distinct national identity from the studio. Indeed Bergfelder suggests that what Balcon and Gainsborough were able to translate into their work back in Britain were films that operated as "cultural hybrids".[3] Many of the expressionistic flourishes that

were so much a part of Ufa's output remained intact but the prevalence for story-telling, wit and melodrama remained as latent and unassailable British characteristics.

During Gainsborough's brief reign as the most influential and daring of English studios in the 1920s, it was Balcon's tactic of using European film techniques and personnel but then importing American rather more than German or French actors back to Britain that worked wonders for the reputation of him and the company. Put together with a series of Anglo-German agreements tied up through Ufa to produce features during the decade as well, the final piece in the company's artistic and financial jigsaw seemed to be secured when Balcon was eventually offered the golden opportunity of joining forces with MGM in Hollywood. Meeting with Louis B. Mayer's representative in London, Sam Eckman, Balcon was guaranteed £30,000 a film for production and marketing of a series of pictures featuring Ivor Novello. He thought it over and then turned Eckman down, wanting the company and British films to remain firmly in British hands.[4] The truth of the matter was that whatever he felt about the quality of American movies, he remained deeply suspicious of Hollywood and its growing force as an industry. Balcon was suspicious on a number of levels; not least the threat of commercial takeover, in Britain and elsewhere, in part derived from a feeling in his mind that American-sponsored films – even those made in Britain – were not truly indigenous British products. But he was wary also of the limits of control that might be placed on a producer like himself. He was plainly hands-on, instrumental in every part of a feature's construction, integral to the day-to-day running of a movie set. In the studio system of Hollywood, he wondered, what would he have to do and who would he be responsible to? Balcon worried that with a Hollywood studio in tow that already had the reputation of being more conservative in its tastes than a number of others, the lines of distinction between making pictures and making money would be all too quickly blurred and he wasn't yet ready to sacrifice art over profit. In the later 1930s, Balcon would have to eat his words, but for the time being, he concocted one of the most endearing and enduring collections of British movies made at any time in the industry's history.

But it was still somewhat ironic given Balcon's natural proclivity, to see the state of affairs in the British and American film industries move at the end of the 1920s in the direction they did. A number of American producers in Hollywood, many operating under the same guise as Balcon himself, actually gained *more* power and authority as the silent era passed into talkies, while Balcon found Gainsborough, through a

series of deals, absorbed into the larger Gaumont-British (G-B) franchise by the close of the decade, and a straitjacket of accountability that he could not easily escape from. Originally French-owned itself and then acquired by Isidore Ostrer in 1922, G-B was already a major operation in the 1920s and in its new incarnation Gainsborough's name and a degree of influence over the kind of subject matter it was attracted to as a company remained. But the overall independence that Balcon craved and might still have been his under an American umbrella, should he have accepted Mayer's offer, slowly slipped through his fingers while he remained rooted to British ties and loyalties.

And so it was, from within the confines of G-B where Balcon – admittedly a considerable figure in the organisation as Director of Production – changed tact and instead of inviting the Americans in as co-partners, attempted an assault on their film industry that sought British parity with their transatlantic brethren in production, stars and profits. As John Sedgwick suggests, G-B under Balcon put themselves in a very healthy position vis-à-vis their popularity in the British market, having a 9 per cent share in 1934–35 alone, making the kinds of films audiences were clearly receptive to.[5] G-B demonstrated they could compete on home soil with virtually anybody.

And that success was built on the company's roster of pictures in the early 1930s that quickly cultivated their appeal, a short list of which is impressive enough. From *Rome Express* (1932) to *The Good Companions* (1933) and on through *Jew Süss* to *The Man Who Knew too Much* (both 1934), mystery thrillers were mixed with social melodrama and no little political conviction, even though restrictions on political content were equally as harsh than they were in Production Code Hollywood. All this was good news and a convincing endorsement of Balcon's judgement about British quality. But he knew full well that it was the prospect of gaining access to the lucrative American theatres that would transform modest economic outlays into big investments with the expectation of even bigger profits. Even allowing for the exchange rate of the time, the American box-office was at least three times bigger than Britain's by the mid-1930s.[6] Not surprisingly the temptation to try and infiltrate such lucrative potential revenue was too much to resist.

And as the decade progressed, the film industry continued to be represented, in Sue Harper's words, as something of a "Klondite period" at home. Pioneering certainly and characterized by an opportunistic etiquette with little formal structure, British films were nevertheless emerging out of a process that was at best chaotic. "Studios were acutely prone to market fluctuation … [and] entrepreneurialism was the *raison*

d'être of the industry," suggests Harper.[7] At the heart of British cinema during this time lay two central figures; one was Balcon who survived the pressures and turbulence with remarkable astuteness, and the other was fellow producer Alexander Korda. Under the circumstances it was easy to see why both flirted with Hollywood as the decade progressed, the finances for British film became harder to ascertain, gravitating to California became more tempting, and political tensions at home and abroad worsened. In Hollywood itself it was easy to see the appeal, and as British talent flourished, the drain on home-grown resources dwindled.

Interpreting England

Thousands of miles away on the west coast of America, meanwhile, Hollywood studios were not only engaged in a less than surreptitious attempt to recruit personnel from Britain and elsewhere, they also clearly understood the means by which to convert domestic popularity into international success for their product. Less worried by a British invasion than their own potential takeover of foreign markets, Hollywood could count on an estimated 35% of its overseas revenue coming from Britain in the 1920s, a figure that rose to over 50% a decade later.[8] By this point, as many who travelled round Britain and observed its routines and traditions began to note, the nation was changing and its habits were not necessarily being formed by its European neighbours so much as they were by America. These were the years when the country became, in Andrew Marr's words, "a little more American, a little less British".[9] If that Americanization was still largely confined to industrial and diplomatic relations, it nevertheless began to show itself up in cultural and artistic realms as well, as some of those travellers round the nation such as George Orwell and, a man not averse to dabbling in movies, J.B. Priestley, noted in their writings.

Therefore, with the challenge of the American cinematic production line lapping at its shores, the era mapped out the key economic *and* cultural battles that kept the British film industry alive and, for a time at least, allowed it to prosper. The institution of a "quota system" whereby a percentage of British-made films had to be shown in home theatres was a significant factor in this fight for survival and recognition, as was the counter investment by American studios in British talent and personnel to make films in Europe as well as in California. Hollywood was not so easily going to relinquish a market that was worth $35 million by 1937, and acquiring British actors and filmmakers was an obvious way to solidify its hold.[10]

A further element was the subject matter of the films themselves; and to this end the increasing prevalence of adaptation was crucial. More often than not this pursuit of canonical titles that were judged as attractive and lucrative for potentially large audiences meant literary adaptations of classical British literature. It wasn't that Shakespeare and Dickens had been entirely absent from Hollywood up until the 1930s, but in this decade one producer in particular put classic British adaptation in a new league of ambitious production and large-scale financial returns.

The man who blazed a trail for such acceptance in Hollywood was David O. Selznick, at the time an executive for MGM. Selznick's impressive resume boasted a welter of prominent, unusual and quite challenging production credits, from the teenage romance *The Age of Consent* (1932) to the larger-than-life *King Kong* and the melodramatic *Dinner at Eight* (both 1933). Other than an adaptation of A.E.W. Mason's *The Four Feathers*, however, iconic British literature and or subject matter didn't appear to be his forte. Yet Selznick's campaign for *David Copperfield* to be given the green light at the studio in 1934 was an important measure of the Hollywood fascination with cultivated English culture, as was his conviction that large profits were to be made from this kind of production. Indeed so convinced was Selznick by the idea that he and director George Cukor travelled to London in the spring of 1934 principally to meet the guardians of the great English writer's legacy; the Dickens Fellowship.[11] The studio publicity at MGM described this fact-finding mission as nothing less than the search for authenticity; and Selznick, just for good measure, kept reiterating, nay reassuring his British audience that there was no way on earth Hollywood could make a film of such a great piece of their literary heritage without a principally British cast. Jeffrey Sconce offers the real perspective on the trip. Finding authenticity it may have looked like he suggests, but Selznick and Cukor were really taking a "vital step toward imbuing the production with a sense of credibility" that made them and Hollywood artistic purveyors of all that could be good about film in general, while showing what the cultural might of the Hollywood machine, in particular, could do.[12] Both producer and director returned to California buoyed by their trip and convinced that they were onto a winning formula. The Dickens adaptation had a $1 million budget and an ensemble of players that Selznick knew would guarantee success, including his young discovery, Freddie Bartholomew, in the lead role as the child David. Dutifully joined by a host of other stars that included the obligatory British cohort Selznick had promised in London, the likes of Edna May Oliver, Harry Beresford, Basil Rathbone, Lionel Barrymore, Elsa Lancester and W.C. Fields all gave

George Cukor's direction a pace and verve to it that belied the complexities of an adaptation of this size. Forsaking some elemental moments in the young David's upbringing, the film nevertheless moves swiftly towards adolescence and later life as Frank Lawton takes up the role of the older Copperfield trying to make his way in a harsh Victorian world.

Under Cukor, the strength of Hugh Walpole's adaptation and the screenplay of Howard Estabrook never let the *bildungsroman* become confused over its two-plus hours running time, nor dragged into mawkish stereotype by any overly sentimentalised focus on Copperfield's plight. Estabrook like Selznick had no background in British culture or literary adaptation, having previously won an Oscar for his screenplay for the Western, *Cimarron* in 1931. But, thanks to Walpole's guidance and some un-credited additions to the script by Lenore Coffee, Cukor and Estabrook coaxed some career best performances from their ensemble: not least Rathbone's brutish and unrelenting portrayal of Mr. Murdstone, the man David's mother unwisely marries after the death of his father. "You have a rebellious disposition," he barks at Copperfield in-between beatings and the boy's excommunication from his mother at the harsh Salem House boarding school. "It must be bent, even broken if necessary," he concludes as David is sent "out into the world" to work in London and toil at the wine merchants that bear Murdstone's name.

Selznick's faith in supporting the casting of W.C. Fields as Wilkins Micawber also proved to be an inspirational piece of judgement. Fields bestrides the middle section of the film in a role that utilises his own upbringing as a basis for a serious (though not without its touch of humour and pathos) role, and he draws upon his own poverty-stricken childhood and knowledge of the London stage (where he appeared with Sarah Bernhardt no less at the turn of the century) to create a music-hall rendition of Micawber that is light-hearted but full of humanity. Joined by a bearded Lionel Barrymore as Dan Peggotty and Roland Young doing a suitably venal interpretation of Uriah Heep, Frank Lawton's earnest and morally stable David grounds his character in a production that makes for a thoroughly engaging journey through Dickens's classic.

Selznick had a producer's instinct that was unerringly accurate with material such as this, and *David Copperfield* did indeed become a huge hit for the studio. He told the New York office that the film would "roll up an enormous gross in the British Empire", and he was of course absolutely right.[13] It took $2.8 million gross in worldwide receipts, a quarter of that from British territories, and was nominated at the Academy Awards of 1936 for Best Picture. What Selznick identified, as Sconce

confirms, is that movies were still in a state of flux in the United States between their Nickelodeon, end-of-the-pier like entertainment guise that had seen their stock rise among the mass population in the early part of the century, and their ability to been seen as (middle-class) art. "Many critics believed that movies could bring great literature to the screen relatively 'intact' and thus provide a useful service to the viewing public; a balance of familiar entertainment value and 'classic' cultural capital."[14]

Selznick became convinced that the movies could do even better than this, however. Indeed, MGM as a studio went further than any other in demonstrating their conviction that film was not only great art, but educational too. Steve Wurtzler's fascinating study of the studio's educational pamphlets, for instance, begins with this very production as an ideal template for sending educational packs into schools and colleges for the purposes of enlightening young people not only about Dickens, but also about the experience of movie-making itself. The initiative was then extended into other film titles and subject matter as the 1930s progressed, with great success for the studio. "Dickens's novel offered not only a recognizable narrative commodity for a film, but the novel's status allowed MGM to elevate the prestige of the studio through producing the adaptation," Wurtzler argues.[15] Indeed MGM and Selznick could claim that they were raising the bar in Hollywood in all respects not least the demand for better quality films that encouraged patrons into the theatres who might otherwise have been somewhat reticent about cinema's artistic credibility. Other studios were in fact already under way with their own raft of adaptations. In 1934 director Stuart Walker and writer Gladys Unger teamed up at Universal to make first off *Great Expectations*, then a moody, gothic interpretation (as was the want of the studio best known for horror) of Dickens's unfinished novel, *Mystery of Edwin Drood*, a year later, co-written with Leopold Atlas and John Balderston, and with Claude Rains starring as the opium-addicted and "brilliantly repellent" choirmaster, John Jasper.[16]

But, more than this expansive fascination with one of the English language's greatest writers, the experience of *David Copperfield* at MGM especially demonstrated that Hollywood was starting to corner all facets of the British cinematic résumé. British writers were working in the studios, British actors were appearing in more and more films, there were adaptations of canonical British literature, and it was being passed off as first-rate *American* education and entertainment. The room for artistic manoeuvre back in Britain seemed to be shrinking if this was to be Hollywood's raison d'être from here on in.

A year on from the success of *David Copperfield*, Selznick took almost exactly the same formula, extended his Dickens portfolio, and supervised the adaptation of *A Tale of Two Cities*. Starring Ronald Colman as barrister Sidney Carton caught up in the turbulent violence of the French Revolution, and with Basil Rathbone and Edna May Oliver returning from the previous outing to lend steadfast support, Jack Conway's film is, if anything, given an even more sumptuous treatment than the *Copperfield* adaptation a year before. Selznick was somewhat aware that he was following a well-trodden path here. Unlike Dickens's 1849 serial-then-novel of a young boy's rite of passage, three silent versions of his 1859 tale of French revolt and turmoil had already been made in Hollywood, the 1917 one by no less than Frank Lloyd. Lloyd, who also wrote the scenario, had distinguished star of the day, William Farnum play the dual roles of Carton, and French aristocrat, Charles Darney. The 1922 adaptation starred British actor Clive Brook in the lead role of Carton, the film being directed and adapted by William Courtney Rowden, already a writer on *Fagin* (1922), loosely based on *Oliver Twist* and a biographical portrait of the great eighteenth-century British thespian, David Garrick.

Rather like the use of Walpole in *Copperfield*, the advantage to be had in Selznick and Conway's 1935 version of *A Tale of Two Cities* almost certainly lay in the presence of W.P. Lipscomb as the screenwriter. Born in Surrey in 1887, William Lipscomb had started his writing with Gainsborough as late as the 1920s. When his first screen credit emerged, he was already 41. But that initial assignment essentially defined the rest of Lipscomb's very successful career through to the 1950s when he worked in television. Helping Boyd Cable and Gareth Gundrey to write the story of *Balaclava* (1928) and the heroic recreation of the 'Charge of the Light Brigade', Lipscomb's career rarely wavered after that from historical dramas and/or epic sagas with grand set pieces topping them off. He did contribute to the comedies *Rookery Nook* (1930) and *A Night Like This* (1931), but with *I Was a Spy* (1933) for Victor Saville, and *Colonel Blood* (1934), he set his stall out as a purveyor of sweeping historical vignettes. By 1935, Lipscomb was in Hollywood and had a year of working on picture after picture that prescribed his art down to a tee. *Clive of India* with Colman, a version of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* for Richard Boleslawski at 20th Century Pictures, *Cardinal Richelieu* with the redoubtable George Arliss and then the Dickens adaptation. He even managed to fit in what could only be described as a "historical screwball" comedy for director Saville back at Gainsborough with *Me and Marlborough*.

A Tale of Two Cities was really the pinnacle of this collection, however. Following *David Copperfield*'s Best Picture nomination a year earlier, Selznick's production received the same accolade at the 1937 Academy Awards. Little expense was spared in recreating the imagery of revolutionary Paris, including a reasonably convincing storming of the Bastille. Colman, reciting Carton's story in flashback as he contemplates the guillotine having forsaken his life so that Darney can be happy with the woman he loved, Lucie Manette (Elizabeth Allan), gives one of those understated but dignified performances that he was so reliable with, and Lipscomb's script never mangles the historical context.

Selznick's golden touch was thoroughly endorsed by the film's reception. It automatically generated $2.4 million of ticket sales in August 1935 with nearly a third of that coming from the British Commonwealth, and thus displayed once again what a lucrative export market Hollywood had conceived of and MGM were swiftly tapping into.[17] Selznick's uncanny knack of being able to translate – or rather find the right people to translate – British canonical culture back to itself, was the type of challenge that Michael Balcon and Alexander Korda knew they had to meet and try and consolidate within the British film industry if they were to compete on Hollywood's level. Their dilemma was how to do it without sacrificing independence and ruining what fragile hope the industry had in the 1930s amid depression and enthusiasm for all things "Hollywood-ised".

Between 1934 and 1937 therefore, MGM set itself up as *the* studio dealing in the transference of British literary culture to the screen. Creating what Jeffrey Richards calls a "Dickensian fantasy of goodwill" he goes on to assert that *David Copperfield* and *A Tale of Two Cities* have never been bettered as examples of the heyday of Hollywood screen product. They were "polished, vivid, life-enhancing dramas", he concludes.[18] From transforming Dickens to the adaptation of *Treasure Island*, from *Mutiny on the Bounty*, to *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*; Selznick oversaw it all and in tandem with his fellow mogul, Irving Thalberg. British personnel littered these films and the success of British writer-directors especially was starting to have a profound effect on Hollywood's idea of British culture as well as the realization of America's own society and experience. Amid the excitement of what was uniformly recognized as a male-dominated industry, however, a rather important, British contribution was being made to what was sadly a short-lived social revolution in the studios. For during the 1930s, women were a fundamental part of the Hollywood expansion and takeover of movie culture little recognised or acknowledged for a considerable period of time.

Women and writing

As the Dickens adaptations demonstrated, what David Selznick never wavered from in his time as a production legend in Hollywood was the need for great writers as much as it was the realization of great stories. The formation of the Screen Writers Guild in the early 1930s is often held up as the moment at which the respect and credibility due writers, if not their politicization as a group in the film community, took hold. And indeed the SWG's battle to establish its legitimacy and position within the studios was a crucial element not only in gaining rights for studio employees but in giving ideological vent to the ideas of writers themselves. It also enabled émigrés to make the transition from other film cultures to Hollywood with some sort of confidence behind their work and appreciation for their art; though this was always transitory and remained at the whim of studio heads and production offices still for years to come. But while writers like Lipscomb and Walpole appeared the most visually conspicuous of British proponents successfully embarking on Hollywood careers, it is only recently that women have entered the equation. In fact the impact and influence of gender upon Hollywood screenwriting is considerable and supported by factual evidence that is hard at first to fathom when one considers the content of some past screenwriting histories which have often tended to all but ignore female scribes. Most of these jump almost immediately to the leading male figures in the industry, and yet, as Marsha McCreadie reports in *The Women Who Write the Movies*, from 1900 to the mid-1920s, women outnumbered their male counterparts in the writing departments of Hollywood by as much as 10 to 1.[19] And even beyond this time, and into the 1940s, female writers plied their trade with a degree of confidence and expertise that belied their absence from the annals of screenwriting histories. How this came to be, and indeed why a decline took place as the studio era moved into full swing is worthy of reflection. As Lizzie Francke's account testifies to, the idea of women entering Hollywood simply to write "women's pictures" also needs to be considerably tempered. Women had many different concerns and ideas they wished to impart and in the early days of Hollywood finding a place for those ideas was not as difficult as one might have thought. The studios were more amenable to women scribes and options for a host of alternative stories readily came their way. Indeed as Francke boldly announces: "Women were the making of cinema."[20]

What is also crucial to note is that while it is unquestionable that many of these leading pioneers – June Mathis, Leonore Coffee and Anita Loos to name only three – were Americans trying their luck in

the fledgling industry, the British contribution is not only still noticeable but deserves far more emphasis than has been afforded it in the recent past.

If Britain had a greater presence in the film community of the early 1920s than the novelist and screenwriter Elinor Glyn, one would be hard-pressed to find out who that was. Clara Berenger was a well-known scenarist in the heyday of studio expansion and she later became a lecturer, notably at the innovative and influential early film school of the University of Southern California. In her *Writing for the Screen*, published in 1950, Berenger unveiled some of the female writers working at the studios a generation beforehand, but candidly stated that the only one she felt was any good happened to be Glyn.[21] Glyn herself had reached Hollywood by just as circuitous a route as many of her contemporaries had done. As Elinor Sutherland, she had come from the Canadian backwoods, via schooling in London and Paris, to be a prominent member of the British aristocracy through her marriage to Clayton Glyn in 1892. But the following years were not happy ones for Elinor. Suffering illnesses as well as an insistence on maintaining the society lifestyle she had acquired for herself, she came to realize that Clayton's finances were "not as bottomless as she had thought", and they began to drift apart in a marriage that was acrimonious, if not at times violent.[22]

Immersing herself in a number of not-so-discrete affairs as well as writing short stories, Glyn had already published a couple of books by the time she came up with the plotline for the scandalous novel that was to turn her fortunes around and set her on the path to Hollywood. *Three Weeks* (1907) was pummelled in England for its salacious story, although it sold well; but Glyn found a far more receptive audience in America where her risqué book – "a sensual record of passion" as she described it in the Introduction – enjoyed substantial sales. The narrative follows the journey of an Englishman, Paul Verdayne, sent abroad by his parents so an amorous relationship with a parson's daughter can continue no more. Whilst in Switzerland Paul meets and falls for a mysterious woman in black, embarks on a passionate affair with her – the 3 weeks of the title – before returning to England. Only later does he learn that he has fathered a child and later still that the woman, really a wealthy European countess, has been murdered by her brutish husband who in turn has been killed by the countess's servants. Paul then has to contend with his son becoming a ruler of an unknown European dynasty and his life changing as a result. The book had debonair English gentleman, exotic locations, even more exotic countesses, and caressing and carousing on tiger-skin rugs. Americans lapped it up.

Illustration 7 Elinor Glyn soon after her arrival in Hollywood.

From a position of penury following the absolute breakdown of her marriage, Glyn suddenly found herself very much in vogue and touring the United States in 1907 promoting her sultry story. She was even called upon by no less a literary figure than Mark Twain, who told her

how much he liked the style and structure of the novel.[23] *Three Weeks* revived Glyn's literary fortunes in no uncertain terms even if it didn't make her as financially secure as she might have hoped. Indeed it was 13 years later – now residing in Paris after the Great War – before Glyn received word that a Hollywood studio, Famous Players-Lasky, was at last interested in buying the screen rights to the story. In fact, studio head Jesse Lasky had bolder plans than that and through Glyn's literary agent, Hughes Massie, extended an invitation for her to go to Hollywood and "study" filmmaking for the princely sum of $10,000. For an independent woman whose marriage to the landed gentry had been forever usurped by financial crisis, the offer from Lasky was too good to pass up. Even so, grandson Anthony Glyn's biography of the writer demonstrates how enormous and risky a move this was for Elinor. "At the bottom of the gangway [in New York], she paused for a moment, appalled at what she was doing. She was uprooting herself . . . to live in a strange, utterly different world six thousand miles away where she knew practically no one; she was going to try to master a new medium in severe merciless competition with a crowd of people half her age."[24]

Glyn had other literary commitments to fall back on it was true, including a contract for articles in America published through the Hearst Press. But these paid far less than the movies ever did and Hollywood offered the chance for Elinor to finally live within her means for the first time in years. But Glyn's appraisal of his grandmother's entry into New York was no bold conceit. Elinor really did have few other options to make substantial money and carve a reputation for herself in literary if not cinematic circles. She was 56 years of age and, after landing in New York, arrived some weeks later at the Hollywood Hotel in Los Angeles, almost as if an apparition from a by-gone era had walked through its doors. Luckily, Lasky's recruitment policy for his studio's creative makeover included old friends who would make Glyn's transition to film a far smoother process than it had any right to be. At Famous Players she quickly acquired ex-pat colleagues such as Edward Knoblock, Somerset Maugham and Sir Gilbert Parker for company.

The first script Glyn submitted to the studio as a result of her "research" was *The Great Moment*, a story of deep-seated relationships involving an English diplomat and a wilful Russian gipsy girl. The theme of star-crossed lovers from across national divides lived on, therefore, in the aftermath of *Three Weeks*. Starring Gloria Swanson as the heroine Nadine, Lasky liked the story straight away, though director Sam Wood managed to turn at least a portion of the piece into a "knockabout farce". But, as Anthony Glyn notes, the subtle turning point in

the production that cemented his grandmother's reputation came when Wood lamented on set that he had little idea how to conclude the picture. Present at the time, Glyn suggested that as she was the author, she might have an idea about this. At that very moment, one of Famous Players' most powerful producers, the legendary Cecil B. de Mille, who was walking by, heard the somewhat sarcastic reply, caught Elinor's gaze and laughed out loud.[25] It was a moment that transfixed and concentrated Glyn's mind. In an instant she understood exactly how Hollywood worked, and would continue to work long after her moment had passed. Winning the approval of the powerful and influential as well as being prepared to stand your ground was worth everything in the movie colony.

The Great Moment, even allowing for Wood's tangled directorial style, became a big hit for the studio and Glyn was smart enough to then market the screenplay as a novel. She became one of the first, therefore, as McCreadie points out, to inverse the process to the advantage of the writer.[26] If Glyn really did become "a kind of Hollywood consultant on the manners of the British aristocracy" after that, it shouldn't detract from the further nine scripts, countless re-writes and tidy-ups she did for many a film that oozed her own particular brand of confidence and wit.[27] Wood survived his somewhat embarrassing ordeal at the hands of Glyn and De Mille to direct again for them in 1922, with Swanson once more starring. This time though, *Beyond the Rocks* was no original story but an adaptation of one of Glyn's own earlier novels, from1907; a pot-boiler of swirling tensions and unrequited advances between two married people who were alas not betrothed to each other. Starring opposite Swanson was the incomparable Rudolph Valentino, and with a scenario by Jack Cunningham, Famous Players had an enormous hit on their hands that catapulted Glyn into the first rank of Hollywood writers.

Her ascent to the lead role of Hollywood *bon vivant* also allowed Glyn to construct her own repertoire by delving into production values, as well as scriptwriting. From *How to Educate a Wife* (1924) through *Man and Maid* to *Soul Mates* (both 1925 and the latter a version of her story, "The Reason Why") Glyn scandalized pre-Code Hollywood with romantic stories where sexual tension was never far from the surface. In 1924 *Three Weeks* was finally put up on screen with direction by Alan Crosland, and starring Aileen Pringle and Conrad Nagel as Paul Verdayne. Its success in America paved the way for a British release where it was rather coyly re-titled, *Romance of the Queen*.

Illustration 8 Elinor Glyn and Rudolph Valentino circa 1925.

The Glyn "brand" actually became something of a cottage industry as her fame and notoriety increased. From philosophizing on love and relationships to curing people of their wrinkles, there wasn't much Glyn was unwilling to turn her hand to. *The Elinor Glyn System of Writing* was in effect an early manual for becoming a screenwriter, the inside track on constructing successful scripts as it were. As Lizzie Francke concludes, "Glyn hardly radicalised women" but she did make them more vocal, and much more conspicuous than the studios might otherwise have allowed for.[28] They began to have a wider and more culturally orientated influence on the whole Hollywood routine in fact.

Indeed, as Anne Morey's account of Glyn's influence testifies to, the 'Elinor Glyn touch' was a production tag line that was reserved for some of the best films she was associated with, and these were not always her scripts by any means. "Glyn's most important contributions remained at the level of story conception rather than execution," asserts Morey.[29] It was the Glyn persona, and all that entailed, that found a receptive audience during the decade and enabled her to transcend the rigid confines of mere studio hack. Although, as Morey further suggests, being a literary figure was conceivably a liability in the studios, and critics from Britain and America both raised this spectre, arguing that the treatment was the key, not the writing per se, Glyn marked out a niche for herself that was self-consciously original, sophisticated and really very English.[30] Like her contemporaries in front of the camera, Arliss, Hardwicke and Smith, Glyn knew how to underscore the accent and debonair style of her life as an investment in sophisticated exotica for the studios and Hollywood glitterati; and they couldn't get enough of it.

In fact Glyn had been able to construct this persona for herself precisely because she was associated with an early British wave of literary stalwarts who were going to do for Joseph Lasky and his partner, Adolph Zukor, what Samuel Goldwyn was doing across town with his writing department; in short buying up all the literary talent they could find and using it for the studio's ends. It was the sort of recruitment drive that must have sent Michael Balcon and Alexander Korda scuttling for cover back home in Britain. There was no end it seemed to the literary ambitious, journalistic 'chancers', and budding playwrights who were desperate to join the Hollywood party. Accompanying Glyn at the new Paramount Corporation as it had now become known were the aforementioned Sir Gilbert Parker, Somerset Maugham, and also Arnold Bennett. Maugham was a classic example of the sort of writer who felt suffocated by the system, having to relinquish control and authority for his work. "Since I am a writer, it is perhaps natural that I should

have little patience with the director's claim to be a creative artist," he stated boldly, in fact a little too boldly for Hollywood's tastes, despite several successful adaptations of his work producing hits in the years that followed.[31] In particular, Gloria Swanson and director Raoul Walsh in rather a Glyn-like story of sexuality and repression tested the patience of the Hays Office and its new self-regulatory censorship with their adaptation of Maugham's 'Miss Thompson' re-titled *Sadie Thompson* (1928).[32] As Maugham's private papers show, he had been in the process of negotiating away the rights to the story from as early as 1923, and artistic considerations weren't always the first concern. In the spring of that year, Maugham was on one of his initial tours to the west coast staying at the Hollywood Hotel. He complained of being "pushed from pillar to post" in his bid to sell the 'Miss Thompson' story, although the offer to him amounted to $150,000 "but of course I will only get a quarter of that", he somewhat lamented.[33] Whatever his misgivings about the artistic merit or financial remuneration Hollywood was offering, 5 years later, in Raoul Walsh's adaptation, such was the chemistry and attention that it afforded Lionel Barrymore as the somewhat obsessed priest and Swanson as the less than concealed 'good-time gal' that *Sadie Thompson* won Oscar nominations and financial returns in equal measure.

The sound remake only 4 years later reverted to its theatrical title, *Rain*, appropriately enough given the force-of-nature, relentless presence of the stuff on the island of Pago Pago in Lewis Milestone's version. This featured the ever reliable Walter Huston as Alfred Davidson and Joan Crawford taking on Swanson's role, a touch more cookie and sassy, a little less self-confident and debonair. Huston's priest is also more demonic in his mission than Barrymore's, but Crawford gives Sadie a vulnerability and confusion that, together with the insistent weather (she says at one point "listen to it, doesn't it want to make you scream?" as the rain continues to teem down) only adds to the film's somewhat psychological demeanour. When Sadie finally succumbs to Davidson's ritual moralizing about her behaviour and lifestyle (she's there after all to 'service' the American military personnel on the island), her conversion to a plain woman in black who ultimately rejects her past and the help of the one American soldier who has cared and stood by her, Hodgson (Fred Howard), seems resonant and believable, not strained or subverted for the sake of the plot. Huston's Davidson is convincingly driven to distraction by a desire on the one hand to cure Sadie of her sins, and yet on the other almost by the purity of desire itself; to embrace her affirmation of life, even with all its vices and ills. Both versions in their own ways reflected well on Maugham and John Colton especially, who,

in adapting the later film, gave Maugham's story as much morality and social transgression as it deserved for a screen treatment. But, despite the reception and critical plaudits, Maugham spent his brief time in and out of Hollywood forever fretting about letting his work go and having it transformed in the hands of others. As the above demonstrates, his correspondence with friends and associates through these years demonstrate how little he regarded the movies as art, and how much he thought about money as compensation for his services from the industry. As early as 1921, even before the experience with *Rain*, he wrote to his friend Bert Alanson, acting as his financial manager and agent in America, claiming that he was somewhat disturbed to find a rumour going round that foreign films were being imported into Hollywood at cheap rates, thus squeezing the market for authors wanting to sell stories. "I hear the market is being flooded with German films and since the producers are able to buy them for ten thousand dollars, it is natural that they should not be willing to pay an author fifteen or twenty thousand dollars for a story alone."[34]

Maugham's concerns about an influx of cheap foreign imports amounted to little of course and the rumours soon died away. But over the next 20 years, selling stories like this, negotiating rights and attempting to pen screenplays for Hollywood all consumed him with a barely concealed distain. Writing from Chicago in 1941 he reported to Alanson that he was on the verge of a contract with David Selznick to write a war picture set in Britain. But working for a giant of the industry like Selznick and the prospect of a major war time film seemed to interest Maugham less than the $15,000 he was to get for the script and $5000 a week for a further 12 weeks work.[35]

In the end Maugham's Second World War espionage thriller, *The Hour Before Dawn*, was made into a film by director Frank Tuttle with Franchot Tone and Veronica Lake starring. Selznick meanwhile did produce a war melodrama, the hugely popular *Since You Went Away* in 1944, but this was an adaptation of Margaret Buell Wilder's novel set in America with John Cromwell directing and Jennifer Jones the emotionally torn wife waiting for her middle-aged husband to return from a Front Line he was never required to sign up to in the first place. Neither of these pieces involved Selznick and Maugham at one and the same time and the plan spoken of never materialised in the form the writer laid out to Alanson.

While Maugham forever worried about the industry and what he might lose creatively, Elinor Glyn had no such qualms. Her idea of authorship, as Morey rightly claims, was very much in tune with the studios' concept of the writer.[36] And it was because she felt comfortable

releasing her work from her grasp, that she took it upon herself to infiltrate so many other areas of the process. With consultation on minor re-writes and initiating a presence on set that readied her for the task of stepping in at a moment's notice to comment on an actor's look, presentation or indeed the overall cinematography of a scene, Glyn took such an interest in the performance of others that she virtually subsumed them into her world, preening and manicuring them along the way.[37] In his autobiography, *Moving Pictures*, screenwriter Budd Schulberg relates the tale of his crush on starlet Clara Bow during the 1920s, a ravenous beauty forever out of his reach. He noted too that she was a somewhat vulnerable soul, "but what carried Clara to a peak, far above silent rivals like Colleen Moore and Joan Crawford was a providential meeting that my father (B.P. Schulberg) arranged for her with Elinor Glyn".[38]

It was Glyn who coined Bow the "It" girl, although what that all-encompassing pronoun was meant to be, over and above its sexual provocativeness, was never entirely clear. Glyn herself contradicted the idea saying that "it is *not* sex appeal, why a priest can have it. 'It' comes from the eyes."[39] But by the time their paths did meet, whatever "It" was didn't matter, Glyn bestrode Hollywood society as if the film community had apprehended a member of the British royal family. "She was as generic to the Twenties as Aimee Semple MacPherson, Peaches Browning and – Clara Bow," commented Schulberg, smitten by her in the end almost as much as he had been by Bow.[40]

Glyn may not have been typical of the way screenwriters operated in the early years of Hollywood, or indeed at any time, but to a degree she wasn't completely original either in her on-set advisory capacity and founder of starlets. The influential June Mathis had as much if not more authority and power as writer, producer and discoverer of Rudolph Valentino among others. And if this "finger in all pies" mentality was meant to cover Glyn from the changing tide of fashion and style as the industry evolved, she was to be proved sadly wrong.

Morey attributes Glyn's decline as much as anything to an association with "sex" novels and pictures that her cultish personality could not break away from as tastes changed at the end of the decade, and the Production Code began to enforce its rules and regulations within the industry. But she was significant for being a studio-era prototype of what would later come to be classified as a brand or even product. "We might read her as the sexual Martha Stewart of the 1920s, with all the power and vulnerability that that strategy confers upon a woman who operates as a brand," concludes Morey, really ratifying for us the impression that Glyn's sense of what Hollywood was, stood for and could become

was built on the foundations of façade, personality and bravado.[41] In 1930, Glyn confirmed some of this bravado in an interview with *The Picturegoer* magazine printed back in Britain. Asked what it was like to "create" stars, she proceeded to describe how she had transformed John Gilbert and a young Gary Cooper. Cooper had met her as a fidgety and nervous young actor. He was "twisting the muscles of his face and being in every way gauche and awkward. I knew that he was worth helping and could be made into a star," Glyn asserted, as unselfconsciously as one would imagine her personality to be. The magazine interview had in fact a very particular ulterior motive. It was Glyn's announcement that she was planning on returning to Britain more or less permanently to, in her words, "help the British industry". Among her plans was an intention to make a British movie, start a new troupe with unknown actors working on stage and screen, and of course to find British talent who had "It".[42]

The interview had all the signs of self-promotion and innate belief that characterized Glyn's time in Hollywood. One might describe this as a British, rather caddish sense of the outlandish and a peculiar attachment to the absurd and affected. Nevertheless, if Glyn demonstrated anything in her comparatively brief reign as the purveyor of taste, sexual mores and career progression, it was that a woman from outside of Hollywood, indeed from beyond America, could spot the potential for establishing and having a career that strayed far beyond the boundaries of what would be seen as acceptable in Britain. In fact Glyn's return to her home shores actually paved the way for a retreat from the limelight. She never established herself back in England in the way that Hollywood allowed for and had been keen to embrace from the off. But it mattered little for Glyn's legacy had already been registered. And she was only the first of a number of female British scribes who made their way across the Atlantic as the 1920s moved relentlessly on into the Great Depression of 1930s America.

Claudine West had almost as interesting a pedigree as Glyn while constructing a route for herself that finally led to Hollywood. West was born in Nottingham as Ivy Godber but soon moved to London, at some point changed her name, and reputedly worked as a code breaker for the Admiralty during the First World War. She found herself in Hollywood immediately after the war ended and started working in the Metro Studio's Research Department. Making her way through the system working in continuity and production, West's screenwriting skills came to the attention of a number of producers. She adapted Coward's *Private Lives* for the screen in 1931, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* in 1933, and continued with a string of fine work through the 1930s and early

1940s. From *Goodbye Mr. Chips* (1939) to *Mrs. Miniver* and *Random Harvest* (both 1942 and all scripts for which she was nominated for Oscars, winning for *Mrs. Miniver*), West's career was cut tragically short in 1943 when she died aged just 53 as she began work on *The White Cliffs of Dover*. As the titles suggest, she was adept at creating the British patina for Hollywood movies of the time, though she worked with directors like Ernst Vadja on distinctly non-Anglo material also. It was through the association between Greta Garbo and Spanish born but Austrian and German raised Salka Viertel, for instance, that West as a fellow female scribe, via Irving Thalberg's influence, came to make small but significant contributions to such momentous Garbo pictures as *Queen Christina* (1933). Directed by Rouben Mamoulian, the film also featured notable British character actors in Reginald Owen and C. Aubrey Smith.

The infiltration of European-born directors such as Mamoulian into Hollywood (although coming from a continental theatrical background he admittedly made all his movies in America) was a latent force that was critical in the progression and promotion of women writers. No one was more important in this promotion than Alfred Hitchcock who drew on the work of two famous female collaborators, the most well-known of which, probably because she later became his wife, was Alma Reville. Reville, like her contemporary and later colleague Joan Harrison, began life in the movies as a cutter and editor before she scripted some of Hitchcock's early British movies. After marriage to Hitch, she reputedly worked less and the director himself is believed to have lost some interest in her, though her work in Hollywood merits considerable attention.[43] In England, Reville's input on Hitchcock's films was hugely important and Charles Barr's study of this first phase of the director's career presents in tabular form, Reville's contribution to film after film in the British leg of Hitchcock's filmography. It was not without controversy though and other collaborationists, most famously Charles Bennett, who understood Reville to have worked on continuity and little else during the later British phase at least – from *The 39 Steps* to *Jamaica Inn* – claimed she did next to nothing.[44]

Indeed, Reville's daughter, Pat Hitchcock O'Connell confirms that her mother was an influential, but indistinct figure in the director's British period. Comparing the production of *The Man Who Knew Too Much* in 1934 with *The 39 Steps* a year later, Hitchcock O'Connell acknowledges that continuity was really Alma's role and doesn't contradict the impression that her mother had no reason to be given a credit for the former film, which she did not receive. But she does assert that Reville acted as a constant "presence" at story conferences, and always refers to Hitchcock and Reville making films "together" though Bennett is described

throughout as the "screenwriter" brought on board to bring life to the stories.[45]

What Hitchcock O'Connell does note is that Alma maintained a career distinct from Hitchcock throughout much of the 1930s. Around the time of *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, Reville was working on *Forbidden Territory* for director Phil Rosen, a story of plane-building and the pilfering of jewels, set in Moscow. In 1936, she co-adapted the Jerome K. Jerome play, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, a film that had much of the atmosphere and intent of Hitchcock's earlier *The Lodger* (1929). As the titles and stories suggested, melodramatic thrillers involving espionage, shady characters and exotic locations were every bit the fascination of Reville as much as they were of Hitchcock. But the workload slowly relocated Alma's attentions towards Hitch. Between 1935 and 1938, they collaborated on five pictures, the most productive phase of the director's whole career.[46] Once in Hollywood she co-wrote *The Paradine Case* and *Stage Fright* for her husband as well as the unusual *It's in the Bag* for Richard Wallace, a picture about the ringmaster of a flea circus inheriting a fortune if he can just discover its location within one of a number of chairs. By this time Reville and Hitchcock had been joined by the woman who was to have an even bigger impact on the director's career.

Originally born in Surrey, Joan Harrison's career began first as a secretary to the great director in 1935, just as Hitchcock was embarking upon *The 39 Steps* and realizing that his prodigious workload needed order and planning. But Harrison quickly graduated beyond mere secretarial assistant, first off as an editor, then script reader and finally as writer in her own right on some of her boss's most enduring British and later Hollywood films. From *Jamaica Inn* in 1939, on through *Rebecca* and *Foreign Correspondent* (both 1940), to *Suspicion* (1941) and *Saboteur* (1942 and an original screenplay by Harrison and Peter Viertel), Harrison helped the master of suspense master his craft as he made the transition from Britain to Hollywood. Indeed her worth to Hitchcock if not to David O. Selznick – whose later company after his MGM days, Selznick International Pictures, the director signed for in July 1938 – was such, that Selznick agreed to pay Harrison's $125 a week salary as directorial assistant to Hitchcock as part of the deal.[47] In 1944, the magazine *Screenworld* announced that Harrison was branching out on her own with a move to Universal Pictures and a remit to specialize in mystery films.[48] In the 1940s and 1950s, along with Harriet Parsons and Virginia Van Upp, she was one of only three women producers in Hollywood. Acting then as both writer and producer, Harrison's earliest efforts in this guise were

some of her best and a few of the most potent noir thriller stories of the time, notably *Dark Waters* in 1944 and *Nocturne* 2 years later (this at RKO Pictures) from a story by Rowland Brown and Frank Fenton. The former sees Merle Oberon trying to come to terms with a submarine sinking in which she has been witness to the deaths of the crew members. As she attempts to convalesce at what is presumably a southern plantation home of some relatives, her mental instability becomes worse and darker events begin to close in on her. In *Nocturne*, George Raft is the police detective assigned to investigate the shooting of a womanizing composer, a case at first presumed to be suicide until evidence begins to point to further complicated facts.

Glyn, West, Reville and Harrison blazed a trail for British writers in Hollywood alongside former colleagues like Bennett and together their pioneering efforts laid the groundwork after the war for a number of prestigious counterparts such as Robert Bolt and Graham Greene to stamp their impression upon the Hollywood scene. But these women writers also demonstrated that early Hollywood carried none of the prejudicial feelings that largely dictated the fortunes of women in the British film industry or later in California too. Hollywood offered opportunity and British women took their chances to forge a path for future practitioners.

Journeys to glory

Charles Bennett came to Hitchcock's attention as a result of his successful stage play *Blackmail*, performed in London only months before the director took it on as what is uniformly recognized as the first British sound film in 1929. Incorporating all the classic elements of a Hitchcock text, Bennett's drama concentrates on the disturbing experience of Alice, a flighty young woman who is supposed to be dating a police officer. When she ends up in a stranger's apartment on a night out and nearly gets assaulted, she acts seemingly in self-defence to stab the man, who dies. But a suspicious stranger, who has been lurking and watching the events unfold from the shadows, confronts Alice and policeman Frank with the facts as he sees it and tries to blackmail them both. Frank, knowing that the death of the man could implicate Alice who has left one of her gloves in the apartment, proceeds to undermine his own investigation by concealing the evidence to protect his girlfriend. As the plot unfolds, the suspicious blackmailer Tracy also becomes a suspect, partly due to Frank's concealment, and the action culminates in one of Hitchcock's soon-to-be speciality set-piece finales, here in the Reading Room of the British Museum.

With this one drama alone, Bennett brought the British psychological thriller to the masses in the 1930s, and later in Hollywood provided Hitchcock with the means to lay claim to emerging genres like film noir and the conspiracy thriller. These films were given gloss by virtue of their realistic settings and iconic imagery that defined institutional regimens, but unsettled establishment structures at the same time. It was a concern Bennett brought to many of his best screenplays for Hitchcock, from *The Man who Knew Too Much* (1934), through his adaptation of Buchan's *The 39 Steps* (1935), to *Sabotage* (1936) and later in Hollywood, *Foreign Correspondent* (1940).

Bennett was thus one of several British writers who was aided by the recruitment and influx of a host of fellow countrymen directors during the 1930s. He helped solidify the stranglehold of Hollywood appeal for British writers, and pushed the boundaries of cinematic development like many around him. One who helped consolidate the stylistic touches and ablutions that Bennett commandeered in his work for Hitchcock was James Whale. As James Curtis comments in his authoritative biography of the filmmaker, many who remember him from Hollywood rather than as a British stage producer or impresario regarded the Midlands-born Whale as merely a director of only one brand of genre that he happened to stumble upon: horror. But 80 per cent of his films were nothing of the kind; it was just that everyone's recollection turned to *Frankenstein*, his 1931 masterpiece starring Boris Karloff that virtually wrote the rulebook on the way horror should be constructed on film.[49]

Like the female scribes who were making a name for themselves in the formative Hollywood system, Whale was not unusual in that his break in California came as the result of the attention garnered in the States for a very British production. First staged in the West End, and then in effect co-produced under British and American auspices at Gainsborough and Tiffany, the First World War drama, *Journey's End*, written by R.C. Sherriff, was both a stage and then screen sensation, translated to film by Sherriff and the poet and essayist, Joseph March. And indeed, when the film version opened to critical acclaim in 1930, Whale would follow this up at the Hollywood studio he had been signed to, Universal, with another tale deeply embedded in British culture and society. Robert Sherwood's doomed love story set in war-torn London, *Waterloo Bridge*, starring Mae Clarke, Kent Douglas and a young Bette Davis, turned out to be Whale's less successful, but no less notable follow-up. As Myra and Roy, Clarke and Douglas are lovers caught up in a fledgling air raid over the capital during the 1914–18 conflict. Whale constructed a story that privileged the thorny issues of class, social standing, scandal and

deceit within British life. And these were typical of the pre-concerns and demons that haunted him as a poor boy from Dudley near Birmingham beginning to achieve fame and fortune in Hollywood. But what it also revealed was that in both films, Whale quickly understood in the studio system he found himself in, how to put across those typical British attributes of duty, service and emotional restraint. His central figures in the two films, the nude dancer and then prostitute Myra in *Waterloo Bridge*, and the courageous Captain Stanhope in *Journey's End*, played by Colin Clive, couldn't be more different. Yet they resonated with a certain sensibility that was all too familiar to Whale and the duality of life that he lived in California. Perhaps they also resonated with a man born, as Curtis states, in the Victorian age.[50] Like Hitchcock's own Victorian pre-conceptions, Whale's recall to an age long-forgotten yet not so long gone time-wise allowed the gothic melodrama and innocent mentality of the characters in his films to collide together in a modern world torn apart by war, division and revolution. Within two relatively historical social-melodramas therefore lay the roots of imagery and emotion, pathos and turmoil that would infuse the best of his later horror pictures.

Both of these initial films were prestigious and influential enough to earn re-makes within a decade. *Journey's End* was an early BBC television production in 1937 while director Mervyn LeRoy, together with Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor, re-told *Waterloo Bridge* by setting it in 1940 as the Blitz was taking hold in London. Neither was quite as pertinent or meticulous as Whale's vision nor did they quite hold sway over the ideological realization of a world disappearing from its nineteenth-century certainties. But as Hollywood became ever more fascinated with British topics, the glorification of that Victorian ethos, an against-the-odds spirit of derring-do driven by the expanse of the British Empire, was something that a director like Whale was only too well versed in, and well able to translate onto the screen. It proved to be a characteristic that was enormously popular in Hollywood and with US audiences fascinated by English culture and life. The entanglements and social etiquette that Whale brought to some of these early films, and which seemed to haunt British society, were put into stark relief for Americans in the mid-1930s when constitutional crisis hit Britain with the abdication of King Edward VIII in December 1936, and his subsequent marriage to American divorcee, Wallis Simpson.

And while the nation at home came to terms with what seemed the most unlikely of crises at the centre of its institutional fabric, many of the British living in the movie colony of the 1930s, Whale

included, rarely escaped from the dream-like state of living and working thousands of miles away in the comparative paradise of California. Increasingly detached and yet profoundly influential at the same time, Whale for one observed the way Hollywood was beginning to shape the world around it. What he didn't always appreciate was that, like his contemporaries, Hollywood was also beginning to shape him. Whale's friend Alan Napier commented that the director "was enormously proud of being so rich" because he had of course come from nothing.[51] And with money, seemed to emerge a kind of confidence that allowed him to indulge his belief in being somehow more well-connected, more landed and aristocratic than his background allowed for. Even friends who respected him greatly commented in later years that Whale acquired affectations that were wholly constructed for the benefit of his American colleagues and friends, to impress and emphasize his British superiority. But perhaps this type of behaviour was not surprising, for Hollywood could easily seem like an unreal existence, especially where money was concerned.

Colin Clive, who followed in Whale's footsteps and under his direction from *Journey's End* to *Frankenstein*, and then on to other such definitive Hollywood British films in the 1930s as *Jane Eyre* and *Clive of India* (an illustrious actual ancestor of his, though Clive was here played by Ronald Colman), suffered a similar fate to Whale in the end, but tragically earlier, if no more dramatically. Clive died of pneumonia brought on by complications of alcoholism in 1937, at the age of just 37. While it would be spurious to comment that he fell under the spell of Hollywood's hedonism, its effects shouldn't be dismissed too lightly either. Before Whale gave him his major break in films, Clive had starred for the director in the hugely successful West End production of *Journey's End* where he earned £30 a week, no bad sum at the end of the 1920s. But on acquiring the part of Stanhope in Hollywood for the film version, he was paid the equivalent of £500 a week, an astronomical figure in any other profession.[52] Who wouldn't lose some of their grip on reality in such circumstances, and it was an issue that haunted many who stayed on well past the golden years of the studio era. Whale's own enforced retirement in the 1950s brought on bouts of depression, a greater insularity from the industry, and then from friends and associates that would result in his suicide by drowning in the swimming pool at his home, almost exactly 20 years after Clive's death.

But back in the 1930s, Clive as actor and Whale the director put out a string of hits (and teamed up again for *Bride of Frankenstein* in 1935) that played on the fascination of British and European topics, but also demonstrated the flexibility and versatility of the British in Hollywood.

Whale followed up the enormous success of *Frankenstein* with the somewhat misguided romantic melodrama, *Impatient Maiden*, but then also in 1932, made the classic horror tale, *The Old Dark House*, adapted from J.B. Priestley's story. If the latter film is significant in any way for setting the scene for British infiltration in the fledgling studio era, it is because for many years it remained forgotten and neglected, somewhat akin to Whale's own career. It was W.M.K. Everson in *Films in Review* who first began to re-evaluate Whale's life in films in the 1970s. Everson's interpretation of Whale as "one of Hollywood's major stylists" was based on his awareness of the staging techniques the director used in some of this influential early 1930s material, no more so than in this film. Re-evaluating another picture that had disappeared from view in Britain by the end of that decade, Everson took exception to *Journey's End* being called a mere "anti-war picture" asserting that it was about the human condition, the fear and attitudes created by war that formed a disquisition on physical and mental instability realized in Whale's often moody, expressive direction.[53]

By today's standards and even by 1930s cinematic style, the film seems remarkably pensive, particularly in relation to Lewis Milestone's more action-orientated interpretation of Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*, released only a matter of months after Whale's film had been in cinemas. Really only recreating the majority of its theatrical setting on a soundstage, *Journey's End* centres its narrative around the set of a trench and command post in the centre of the battlefields of France with only brief glimpses of action beyond the trenches at intermittent moments. Whale's impressive ability to create mood and atmosphere, however, was really underlined by low lighting, really decent sound effects for the time, and performances from his characters that merges British grit and rigidity with fear, doubt and apprehension about the war, their lives and the future. Charles Higham comments on Whale's ability to keep his characters moving throughout the film amid the confines of a small set, giving a cinematic quality to the drama that owed much to his immediate grasp of editing for the screen.[54]

Everson's reassessment was based on re-discovered 16 mm and 35 mm prints of Whale's film, but when copies of *Journey's End* together with the horror classics that made his name started reappearing in the 1980s as the video revolution took hold, a clearer picture of Whale's contribution not just to horror as a genre, but Hollywood directing more generally, could be more easily discerned. Gregory Mack described *The Old Dark House* as "elegant gothic comedy" in his revisionist appreciation of the movie in *American Cinematographer* in 1988. Undoubtedly Mack sensed that egomaniacal overtones were beginning to pervade Whale's

work – brought on by the media frenzy over first *Journey's End* and then *Frankenstein* – but here was a meticulous director at work, one who was "most conscious of the shots and performance he wished to coax out of his team", as the actress Gloria Stuart put it.[55]

Ultimately Mack argues that *The Old Dark House* was a slightly "peculiar" work, a "piece of spoffery" as Higham calls it, but one touched by a certain genius for recreating the atmosphere and foreboding that became the signature of what good horror tales could do.[56] Whale engaged Charles Laughton in his first Hollywood role as Sir William Porterhouse, a bluff, Manchester businessman made good who gets caught up in the goings-on in the house against his better judgement. He even entertained the Laughtons (Charles was now married to Elsa Lanchester who would also work with Whale in the next couple of years) on their first evening in Los Angeles, as though welcoming them to a paradise they'd never want to escape from. Whale's now famous remark to Laughton, "you'll love it here, I'm pouring the gold through my hair", says a lot about him as a disciple of Hollywood's ethos and materialism. Laughton and Elsa's somewhat bemused look, as Simon Callow's biography of Laughton testifies to, confers quite a lot on them too, but also a significant amount about some of the Hollywood British more generally who, like Whale, found themselves favourably presented by the studio system now starting to reach its fully-rounded form.[57] Callow prophetically comments that for his first film, Laughton, who made a decent enough impression of a man forever tormented by the suicide of his wife, amid the high camp of this horror spoof, was less hired out to Universal from the studio he signed for, Paramount, than he was lent to the world of James Whale.[58]

And in a way it was the ability to immerse his characters, the story and himself in the mode of the film that was both important for Whale's style, but crucial in many ways to succeeding in Hollywood. Most resonant in this retelling of J.B. Priestley's *Benighted* ghost story is the virtually un-ending cacophony of sounds that represent the storm blowing outside of the house for most of the film, all pulled together by Whale himself running around the set with corrugated iron and the like. Although the picture's setting remained rural Wales, the reality was, like Whale's sense of the wide expanse of his audience, that it could actually be almost anywhere; and that was his gift, an ability to be generic, adaptable, yet wholly in control of the project at one and the same time.

While *The Kiss Before the Mirror* (1933) and the Galsworthy adaptation, *One More River* (1934), didn't seem to do justice to Whale's sense of the outlandish and absurd, *The Invisible Man* (1933) took on H.G. Welles's

novel of science and terror and made it an altogether exhilarating experience. Whale was at a loss at first for the lead role of the un-named scientist, but happened upon a screen test that was done at RKO Pictures by the aspiring British actor, recently arrived from New York: Claude Rains. While he wouldn't be seen for most of the picture, Whale knew he needed a voice that was going to at first captivate audiences, and then terrify them as the scientist loses control of his experiment and then, slowly, his mind. Rains was a revelation as the increasingly deranged individual swathed in bandages so he could at least be seen by the audience some of the time – part egotist, part chancer, somewhat akin to Whale himself – and stole the show as a man trapped by his own genius. The film was a major box-office hit, featured in the *New York Times'* "Top Ten" films of the year, and produced a series of sequels later in the decade and into the 1940s that became major money-spinners for Universal.[59]

And while they were thinking of sequels, by 1935 the studio was looking for a follow-up to *Frankenstein* and pressing Whale hard to commit. The first film had been shot for under $300,000 and had grossed over $12 million. With that kind of return Universal wasted little time in putting out the suggestion that a follow-up was imminent. In 1933 they were already announcing titles such as *Return of Frankenstein* and/or *Frankenstein Lives* as possible sequels that might herald the commencement of a lucrative series.[60] Perhaps unsurprisingly, Whale was initially lukewarm about the idea, not wanting to return to the scene of his triumph. But, with the prospect of a new film slipping out of his hands because Carl Laemmle Jr. knew that the company was in desperate financial straits and so wanted to engage German director Kurt Neumann for next to no money to make the picture, Whale took on the project straight after *The Invisible Man*.

It was a wise decision. While the film went $100,000 over budget plunging Universal into ever more financial calamity, it took in more receipts than the first film and had as many if not more plaudits for its campy, ludicrous and yet terrifying coming together of the monster and his female bride. "*Bride of Frankenstein* picks up where *Frankenstein* left off, but it is an entirely different creation, both in mood and style," argues Alberto Manguel. "*Frankenstein* is tragic; *Bride of Frankenstein* both pathetic and grotesquely comic."[61] While Manguel also added that Frankenstein's wildly imaginary and geographically unspecific landscape was replaced by a film that openly delved into the literary mind of Mary Shelley by having her describe the second coming of the monster at the beginning of the film, the tongue-in-cheek tone was further

elaborated on by Whale casting Elsa Lanchester as both Mary the author, *and* the monster's bride. In the publicity shots for the film, he then had his mainly British cast sit before the cameraman drinking tea.

Illustration 9 Boris Karloff as The Monster in *Bride of Frankenstein* (1935).

It was this deft use of humour, when applied to the film itself that showed how far Whale had come as a Hollywood director in 4 short years. Resisting the temptation to construct the second film as a parody of the first, Whale makes the monster's acquisition of speech and intuition a tragic-comic exercise of pathos and desperation, with his creators – Colin Clive returning as Dr Frankenstein and Ernest Thesiger as the deranged Pretorious – becoming even more consumed by the power of life and death. Adding a new technique of synchronized music score by Franz Waxman, together with an even greater array of electrical charges and mad machinery, *Bride of Frankenstein* lacked for nothing in ambition.[62] Andrew Sarris gets it right in establishing one of those rare sequences in Hollywood movie making that became a "Holy Grail" for filmmakers and studios, especially in later years: here was a sequel that was conceivably better than the original. Even more crucially, suggests Sarris: "With a few exceptions, the *Bride of Frankenstein*

represented the last gasp of the horror film as a serious genre. The creeping disease of facetiousness crippled it as it had the gangster film."[63] Little wonder that Whale wanted to move on and resisted more sequels for this and *The Invisible Man*.

Having got it out of his system, though, Whale proceeded in an entirely different direction. In 1936, Oscar Hammerstein adapted his own stage play and, hoping to emulate the success of the Broadway show, itself a re-working of Edna Ferber's original novel, teamed up with Whale to film the musical *Show Boat* with Irene Dunne, Allan Jones and Paul Robeson. Arguably another great masterstroke by Carl Laemmle Jr. who stuck by his British director when doubts about him taking on such a quintessential American story were raised, Whale plunged himself into the story of the innocent Magnolia Hawks (Dunne) with gusto, producing a film that not only lavishly reconstructed the nineteenth-century South, but also approached the narrative's delicate issue of race relations with subtle denunciation of its contradictions, hypocrisy and divisiveness. For Universal, the gamble to film the story again, following a long and arduous 1929 version, and then to do it with a British director completely oblivious to the way musical cinema might work, seemed initially like a bet too far.

Laemmle had bought the film rights to the novel in 1926 for $65,000, but had to follow this up 3 years later with a $100,000 purchase of Jerome Kern and Hammerstein's musical adaptation in order to put the whole concoction on screen.[64] The 1929 movie was a failure with critics and audiences alike and its partial sound reproduction made it impossible to release again. The project was left for 6 years with only occasional rumours circulating about a new version; one to be directed by Frank Borzage, another with W.C. Fields in the role of Cap'n Andy. When, in 1935, Whale, Universal's great "horror" maker, was announced as the new director for a production now ready to get off the ground, the reaction, it's fair to say, was one of bewilderment. But Laemmle stuck by his man, and Whale stuck by the project, not least because, after various attempts, the film actually had a good script, adapted finally to his satisfaction by Hammerstein sticking closely to his own stage production.

The background to the financial negotiations that surrounded the making of *Show Boat*, as James Curtis notes, is a fine example of the way lavish 1930s Hollywood productions were now almost inevitably a result of monetary and contractual compromises. Even before the delicate handling of a story that had a white woman (even "blackfaced") married to a black man could be ironed out in the offices of censors Joseph Breen and Will Hays, Curtis notes what a terrible financial mess

Universal was in by the mid-1930s even allowing for the *Frankenstein* success. Saved only at this time by some further money that came from "back east" and *Bride*'s receipts during 1935, the studio used the additional collateral to keep a number of productions going, not least *Show Boat*.[65] But Laemmle's faith in Whale's handling of the "southern" mise-en-scene proved to be justified and the gamble of having spent $165,000 just to buy the rights paid off. *The Hollywood Spectator* was effusive in its praise of the film. Laemmle's "effective production" was matched by the "brilliant direction" of James Whale, trumpeted the review, who allowed his cast to talk normally and intimately adding to the natural cause of the story. Paul Robeson was notably singled out for his performance and the key was revealed to be Whale's intimacy and natural ease with his players. The review concluded:

> *Show Boat* is another chapter in the fascinating history the screen is writing for itself. I have no idea what we are headed for with these filmic marathons, but it is a gay course we are traveling.[66]

Show Boat, directly on the heels of *Bride of Frankenstein* made Whale close to the number one director in Hollywood, not just at Universal in 1935–36. Along with actors like Clive who worked closely with him on projects, here was a second generation of émigrés who set up residence in the United States and benefited from the trappings of the new studio system, and were reclining in their comfort long before the murmurings of war took hold and the politics of emigration became more problematic. But as the 1930s rolled on and fascism became an ever greater threat in Europe, as John Russell Taylor reports, other British filmmakers were starting to make the journey across the Atlantic as well. Their "escape" to America was increasingly frowned upon, but the creative and financial writing was on the wall also, no better realized than in the decision of MGM to close down its British operations in the summer of 1939 and prompt the man who was heading up those activities, Victor Saville, to make the move to Hollywood and start producing for Louis B. Mayer.[67] Robert Stevenson, the director of *Tudor Rose*, was another who accepted the hospitality of the studios and a contract with Selznick. He was never put into any employment by the studio, however, only allowed to develop his own material, the best example of which would be his adaptation of *Jane Eyre* 5 years later.

Those that had started their careers earlier in Hollywood and had subsequently become more established and well-known prospered just as much as Whale, Saville and Stevenson during these years. Edmund Goulding had become one of the star turns at Warner Bros as the 1930s

progressed. *Grand Hotel*, *Riptide* and *That Certain Woman* had all consolidated his position at the studio and as one of the industry's great melodramatic filmmakers. By now Goulding's contracts with Warners amounted to substantial payments for screen treatments, for work on preparation of a production and or work directing.[68] Indeed the studio made arrangements to make sure that the director was held on a retainer for them to prevent him from negotiating contracts at other studios. In a position of power at Warners then, 1939 saw Goulding approach a subject matter that had become increasingly popular in the studios through the decade. Following on from *Arrowsmith* (1931) and *The Citadel* (1938), Goulding's new film, *Dark Victory* (1939) was the tale of a somewhat repressed workaholic doctor who takes on the case of a terminally ill, but spoilt patient – a brilliant Bette Davis – and marries her despite the predicament of their time-limited life. Warners were so convinced of the appeal of the movie, and the teaming up of Goulding with Davis, that they declared the budget for the film would be $517,000 with significant publicity for the film to be focussed on Davis and her tragic heroine, Judith Traherne.[69]

Illustration 10 Bette Davis in *Dark Victory* (1939).

In his analysis of this mini-genre during the era, Todd Wider confirms the interesting psychological and philosophical subject matter that Goulding brought to his films by seeing comparisons in this picture with Albert Camus's existential meditation on the medical profession in his contemporary novel of the time, *The Plague*. Wider explicates a path taken by Goulding's Fred Steele (George Brent) that is philosophically engaging with a similar dilemma laid out in Camus' work; namely the exaltation of the life-saving doctor through the act of labour, the actual treatment and convalescence of a patient over and above the medical research needed to cure such terminal diseases.[70]

For Wider, here was a character, endorsed by Steele's friend and associate Dr Parsons (played by Henry Travers) who was the type of heart-warming, reassuring authority figure Hollywood found difficult to let go of in the un-certain times of the 1930s.[71] Nevertheless, the manner with which Goulding deals with the death of Davis's character, Judith Traherne, leaves little room for sentimentality. The dawning realization of approaching mortality is couched not as a tale of martyrdom and sacrifice, but of a woman discovering inner strength and solace after years of frivolity and waste, a commentary perhaps not so far removed from Goulding's own self-awareness of his own outlook.

Screenwriter Casey Robinson's detailed assessment of his involvement in the gestation and realization of *Dark Victory* gives some clue to Goulding's interest in these areas and his working routine overall. Like Whale, he tended to be a controlling force on set but one who was not always exacting in the science of making pictures. Robinson admits to "popping in" most of the line suggestions that Goulding would intersperse into each day's shooting on set; lines that if not written down could disappear as fast as they arrived and be forgotten.[72] Robinson, together with Goulding and the director's assistant, David Lewis, did work hard to tie in Judith's past with this conflicting dilemma of a woman unable to be alone in her life, now confronting a lonely death.[73] But he also tells a significant tale of the scene between Judith and Michael the stable lad (played somewhat against type by Humphrey Bogart) which precipitates Judith's change to a more thoughtful, caring individual with Michael almost declaring his love for her. Robinson liked the scene, producer Hal Wallis did too and so did Davis. Goulding vehemently objected and on the day the scene was to be shot, didn't turn up on set. Robinson shot it for him and no further discussion was ever had. As the screenwriter admitted after this episode and others, Goulding could be charming and wonderful, and he knew his stuff; but he was also "a bit flighty"

occasionally, prone to tantrums, and sometimes not as focused as other directors.[74]

Robinson thus acknowledged Goulding's brilliance but his idiosyncrasies too. He describes the restaurant scene where Judith gets angry and annoyed about her illness and which is then followed by the insertion of a Goulding song, rather than a cut to the crowd scenes of the horse show where Judith is entered, a more dramatic and narratively resonant cut which Robinson pressed for. "Eddy's idiosyncrasy was that he fancied himself as a song writer," explained Robinson. "I didn't want it in but Hal said 'Oh, let him have his way', so we let him have his way."[75] If Robinson's story sounds somewhat grudging, and he himself had his own "agendas" and preconceptions about filmmaking that made him for some a rather "unreliable narrator" at times, it only displays what he came to view as typical in hindsight. That directors in Hollywood by now had to be indulged somewhat and it was often the screenwriter's job to recognize and maximize that indulgence. A nomination for Best Picture and Best Actress for Davis at the 1940 Academy Awards was enough to satisfy the studio and the audience that Goulding remained on top of his game; and the film was another major hit for the director. It was also enough to satisfy the British community in Hollywood that they had arrived as a formative force in the industry, and had significant clout in the increasingly competitive world of studio politics and diplomacy. For Goulding himself, however, the stress and relentless work schedule would pay a price. As the war years approached, and on the back of *Dark Victory*'s success, Goulding struggled to shake off illness and, increasingly, depression.[76]

Writers in residence

P.G. Wodehouse first went to Hollywood in the summer of 1929. He had already worked on a number of British and American silent movies where he had adapted storylines and scenarios, either of his own work or others. As the talkies began to take off, he was enticed by the garish allure of the studio community, by the prospect of collaboration, and most of all by money. As Brian Taves notes, Wodehouse tells the story of being "summoned" to Hollywood by Guy Bolton, the author of many of the books that he wrote lyrics for in his theatrical mode, both in the West End and on Broadway. Ethel Wodehouse was impressed by Bolton's salary as much as anything, and it was she who in the end negotiated a contract for her husband at MGM earning £2000 a week after Wodehouse himself had at first rejected Sam Goldwyn's advances.[77]

Illustration 11 P.G. Wodehouse pictured in 1904.

One might be harsh to question Wodehouse's ethics in retrospect, but nevertheless in blowing the operation wide open in a 1931 *Los Angeles Times* article in which he admitted to be confused as to why Hollywood wasted all this money on second-rate literary rubbish, he seemed to open himself up to a certain double standard. Wodehouse was slightly puzzled as to what it was he did for his $2000 a week, even though

he kept happily taking the money. "They were extremely nice to me, but I feel as if I have cheated them," he confessed.[78] Despite this quaint Wodehousian deprecation, Morley reports that he found sympathy in certain quarters for his stance, not least in the pages of the *New York Herald Tribune* who saw Wodehouse as performing a much needed service for revealing the waste and extravagance of Hollywood in the midst of the Depression.[79] And it didn't seem to put the author off either despite the fact that the studios were less than impressed by his "revelations".

In 1934 Wodehouse was afforded a second opportunity in Hollywood despite the fact that, as Taves acknowledges, the writer was having problems with the Internal Revenue Service (IRS) in America.[80] Paramount offered $1500 a week for his services but Wodehouse contrived to reject this offer also. It would be a further 2 years before his income tax problems were resolved, but when they were, Wodehouse – rather mysteriously given his opinion of the place and the Paramount rebuff – immediately engaged his Hollywood agent Bill Stevens to get him a job at the studios. Stevens obliged, and in October 1936 Wodehouse was back in California with a $2500 a week contract at MGM. He stayed a mere 6 months. He was given the task of re-writing *Rosalie*, an unmade film he had done work on back in 1930 during his first stint on the west coast. But he simply couldn't get along with producer William Anthony who kept re-writing bits of his dialogue and then touted the whole draft as his own work.[81] Wodehouse left the studio in April 1937 while what was still ostensibly *his* film script of *Rosalie* helped the movie become one of the box-office successes of the year.

Wodehouse did some writing for Warner Bros. before moving on to RKO, his only surprise that his stock in Hollywood seemed not to be falling. He worked enthusiastically for producer Pedro Berman where he adapted his own *A Damsel in Distress*. Starring Fred Astaire, Joan Fontaine and George Burns the picture did relatively poor box-office despite Wodehouse's trust in Berman and the director he respected and admired, George Stevens. In November 1937 Wodehouse returned to his home in France with little satisfaction derived from his time in Hollywood. "I don't like doing pictures," he noted. "*A Damsel in Distress* was fun because I was working with the best director here and on my own story, but as rule pictures are a bore."[82] He would never return and recognized even in the confines of this brief sojourn that the studios were already changing. Their trust in personalities from literary circles was beginning to wane, partly because they had plenty of cheap scribes and partly because even they realized that screenwriting was starting to become an art that couldn't be picked up and put down at will, or

adopted simply because one had written a book or a play. Nevertheless many were willing to dabble just to get on the ladder and even Wodehouse's agent became a producer as Hollywood now started to hire efficient contract writers rather than fork out for expensive artists with reputations and, in the mogul's eyes at least, difficult personas.

While Wodehouse made his retreat, one British writer who transcended the easy differentiation between these two positions of established literary name and erstwhile contract writer was Aldous Huxley. Although, as Tom Dardis famously put it, the true professional in Huxley turned to screenwriting when he feared that the level of royalties coming in from his novels was starting to drop, he never obsessed to the point of desperation in the way that other "notable names" like Faulkner and Fitzgerald did.[83] In fact Huxley's relationship with Hollywood was never as torturous as that of many of his famous contemporaries. From early 1937 when he arrived with his first wife, Maria, Huxley spent 25 years of near permanent living in California, never terribly bothered or unduly flustered by the machinations and digressions of the "dream factory", at least until the anticommunist crusade arrived that is. His first contract in the studios owed much to Hollywood's earliest legendary female scribe, Anita Loos. Huxley and Loos had first met in New York in the 1920s and by 1938, having transformed herself into something of a mythical and influential icon at the studios, she acted as a go-between for her friend in the negotiations with MGM. Loos' intentions were somewhat heightened by the fact that she wanted Huxley to write a treatment of a Madame Curie story she was trumpeting and was currently doing the rounds at the studio.

In July, 1938, Huxley finally got to put pen to paper for an initial $15,000 for 8 weeks' work.[84] He set to work and was quite satisfied by the writing done to concoct a screen history for the famous scientist. Huxley's gift, however, was to realize very early on that he was only one part of the process. He commented in a letter to his brother that he feared – correctly – that much of his good dialogue would be lost as further treatments attached themselves to the Curie project, comforting himself with the fact that he was at least receiving a lot of money.[85] And, unlike Wodehouse, Huxley didn't seem to let this process un-nerve him in any manner. He accepted its foibles without too much of the fuss that accompanied other luminaries of the literary world. As Dardis reports, Huxley was right to be cautious because the final screenplay for *Madame Curie* when it was eventually filmed in 1943, smacked of "Mr. and Mrs. Miniver Discover Radium", a hotchpotch of ideas with Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in the lead roles.[86] After this episode

Huxley might not even have carried on in Hollywood were it not for Loos, who pursued him further to negotiate another contract at MGM. The interesting thing about the assignment for which Huxley signed on at the studio again, this time for $1500 a week without any time limit being set as to delivery, is that it was a story again rich in historical, and English, substance – Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*.

Indeed as the 1940s commenced, Huxley's penchant for big historical subjects and big English novels continued un-abated. In 1940–41 he wrote, *Grey Eminence*, his biography of Cardinal Richelieu's advisor, François Leclerc du Tremblay, followed up at Twentieth Century Fox by his adaptation of Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*, this a collaboration with John Houseman and the film's director, Robert Stevenson.[87] Huxley continued to publish and his *Time Must Have a Stop* sold especially well as the war came to a close, but his attempts at full-blown original screenwriting proved less fruitful. In conjunction with his friend, Christopher Isherwood, the pair embarked on a joint project in 1944, entitled, *Jacob's Hands*. The story of a faith healer was to prove anathema to the studios and it remained unsold, only later turned into a radio drama. But Huxley persevered and became enthused about Disney's attempts to merge *Alice in Wonderland* with tales from the life of its creator, the Oxford Don, Charles Dodgson. Although the finished version of *Alice* merely played around with the book's original illustrations in an insipid version, Huxley persevered with the screen by collaborating with Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith on his own adaptation of *Brave New World*.

With his own novel, however, Huxley encountered one of the great ironies of the way the studios worked. All the rights to *Brave New World* had been sold to RKO Pictures in 1932 and they had no intention of making a movie of the book. The trouble was, they weren't about to allow anyone else to do a version either. Ten years later RKO offered to sell the rights back to Huxley for $50,000, a figure almost everyone agreed was too much.[88] *Brave New World* remains un-filmed in Hollywood though a TV version was attempted. It was in this context – the buying and selling of a writer's work as if it were groceries – that English literary critic Cyril Connolly offered the most interesting assessment of Huxley's career in California.

> The California climate and food creates giants but not genius, but Huxley has filled out into a kind of Apollonian majesty; he radiates both intelligence and serene goodness, and is best possible testimony to the simple life he leads and the faith he believes in, the only English writer, I think, to have wholly benefited by his transplantation and whom one feels exquisitely refreshed by meeting.[89]

As the 1930s turned into the dark war years of the 1940s you could be forgiven for thinking that Connolly's powerful endorsement of Huxley would lead on to ever greater things. It wasn't going to work out in quite this manner though for the British exiles' most irascible and interesting personality.

My new career

In 1940, Frank Lloyd had already experienced a decade of success and acclamation. Winning Oscars in 1929 and 1933, Lloyd went on to record a series of hits through the 1930s unmatched by many film-makers outside the likes of Frank Capra and John Ford. In 1940, he turned his attention back to classic American history with *The Howards of Virginia*, the tale of backwoodsman Matt Howard, based on Elizabeth Page's book, *The Tree of Liberty*. With Cary Grant playing Howard, and support from Martha Scott, Cedric Hardwicke and Richard Carlson as Thomas Jefferson, Lloyd's film dealt with the Howards' desire to build a huge plantation in the Shenandoah Valley against the backdrop of the unfolding Revolutionary War.

Like so many of his earlier movies it's a film of sweeping ambition and scope, even if the doubts over Cary Grant's casting in a role of this kind (he was coming off the back of much more suitable and iconic characters for him in *Bringing Up Baby* (1938) and *His Girl Friday* (1940)) lingers on. Grant has that rather ironic twinkle in his eye that had made him such a success in the "screwball" comedies of the 1930s, but delivers all this with a none-too-certain "Yankee" accent and a desire to escape to the wilds of Ohio without any great conviction behind him. Lloyd conceives the first half of the film as a drama of manners and class, Howard forever upsetting the "old money" elite of colonial Richmond and Williamsburg, of which his future wife is a part. But the real trouble with the film begins in the second half and rather dates itself and its era quite badly. The American Dream ambition transplanted to the Revolutionary era might be a fine concept, but its delivery here in the context of a plantation that is going to "employ" thousands of slaves reveals a message that seems at best muddled, and to some degree compromised even for the 1940s. Grant turns into a loud music-hall performer as an example of backwoodsman in his own environment and his new bride, Miss Jane (Scott), must adapt to the rough and tumble of country life away from the class confines of eastern Virginia.

Jane works hard and transforms the family home into a brick-built plantation house of style and imposition. Howard's neglect of his

crippled son is embarrassing however, but the film finally kicks into gear as he becomes part of the Virginia legislature and the events leading to the Revolutionary War begin to take shape. Jane's brother, played imposingly by Hardwicke, maintains a loyalty to the King, partly out of spite to Howard and the now Governor Thomas Jefferson, but as his madness and loathing deepen, so the cause of the revolutionaries is resolved and victory achieved. But the curious ending, with the war not quite won, Jane's brother Fleetwood as angry and aggrieved as ever at what's happened to his estate and Virginia as a whole, and only a partial redemption of family animosities, all serves as an unsure coda to a direction Lloyd too was struggling with by this time.

It was a film that suddenly seemed quite a long way from the mammoth American epics that had been not only well received, but were striking evocations of the nation's past a few years before for Lloyd. In particular *Maid of Salem*, set amongst the witch trials of seventeenth-century Massachusetts, and *Wells Fargo* were two movies of striking cinematic countenance and major successes that had solidified the director's reputation. Lloyd had been at the forefront of the formation of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and through 1934–35 served as its president. Movies like *Mutiny on the Bounty*, *Maid of Salem* and *Wells Fargo* only reinforced the respect he enjoyed in the Hollywood community. The latter, as the title suggested, told the story of the opening up of the west through the postal service and the establishment of a continent with the joining up of San Francisco to communications across America. Constructing a set of the old city, reputedly the largest of its kind ever built in Hollywood at the time, Lloyd's fabled attention to detail doesn't desert him as Ramsey and Justine MacKay (Joel McCrea and Frances Dee respectively) play out their tempestuous relationship against the backdrop of the Civil War and westward expansion, all done with an acute sense of time and place. Lloyd's art directors, Hans Drier and John Goodman were long-time collaborators who knew how richly and evocatively their director wished to draw audiences into the mood of the times and the mis-en-scene is perfectly reproduced here.

"*Wells Fargo* is emphatically Frank Lloyd's picture," declared the *Motion Picture Herald*'s reviewer, William Weaver. He continued in almost euphoric mode: "Buried somewhere beneath the fact that these spectacular personal adventures take place in the foreground, without for a moment taking attention from the great background story, is to be found, perhaps, a clue to Mr Lloyd's acknowledged genius for imparting to a motion picture the thing that is called epic quality."[90]

Weaver noted Lloyd's ability to take from other films as a form of homage rather than impersonation or outright replication, among the "classics" cited here being *The Birth of a Nation*, *The Covered Wagon* and *The Iron Horse*, all notably from the silent era in which Lloyd found so much of his early inspiration and ideas.

Whatever the consistencies of Lloyd's work, he was by any definition a permanent and enduring fixture in the Hollywood community during the 1930s. Lloyd was as ubiquitous at one point as Charlie Chaplin had been as a British filmmaker in Hollywood during the 1920s. In the 1930s, then, the reactions of these two to their art said a lot about Hollywood, its British émigrés and the changing aspirations of film itself. In 1936 Chaplin released what was for many his greatest film, *Modern Times*; a swirling, satirical examination of machinery, modernism and mechanised lifestyles; and it was in effect still a "silent" picture. It had a hugely complex soundtrack to it admittedly, and many of the leading technologically visual innovations of the day were also incorporated. But, as Charles Maland reports, "Chaplin was between a rock and a hard place when he made *Modern Times*."[91] Maland's point underscores Chaplin's artistic and social instincts mirrored against the progression and changes that had taken place in the industry and society at large, even in the 5 years since his previous film, *City Lights* (1931). In other words, directors from his generation who had arrived in Hollywood with nothing but their ambition and imagination, directors like Frank Lloyd, had not only moved on from silent to sound, but from subject matter and structural restrictions too. "Chaplin knew how to make silent comedies," asserts Maland. "And he hated the tyranny of speech, but he knew that it would be professionally and financially suicidal to turn back the clock and refuse speech altogether. The battle between his hatred of talkies and his desire to be heard lies at the core of *Modern Times*."[92]

It wasn't as stark a differentiation, therefore, as one ex-pat director who wanted to keep making silent films, set against another who accepted the routine and financial remuneration that came from sweeping, epic melodramas in the current Hollywood vogue. It was the way assimilation, acculturation and aspiration had all developed among certain members of the "British" community in the 20 years or so that the studio system had really been up and running until the Second World War. Chaplin got to make the picture he did because through United Artists he had the power of control over every last facet of his films, itself a somewhat iniquitous position for most directors at the time. He also made some striking and socially informed comments in the picture about the state of society, if not the film industry overall, as Chaplin's

Tramp figure becomes a recognizable but mildly overhauled assembly-line worker. "I came away stunned at the thought that such a film had been made .... To anyone who has studied the set up, financial and ideological, of Hollywood, *Modern Times* is not so much a fine picture as an historical event," advised Kyle Crichton in *New Masses*.

But, and this was the key element, *Modern Times* had its critics too. Those who praised it appeared to do so from a standpoint of the movie being an almost pristine museum piece, a unique find that reminded them of what a brief golden age the silent era had been, and what a master of it Chaplin was. As Maland reminds us, some critics further pointed out the reflexive irony of the title – was it really modern as a silent film? – and box-office returns needed help from abroad, especially Europe where Chaplin's art was consistently trumpeted above his entertainment value, for the picture to eventually move into profit. Four years later, "Chaplin abandoned the Tramp and his silence for conventional dialogue" with the even more politically charged *The Great Dictator* (1940).[93] Was he bending to the rules and regulations that Hollywood set, or manipulating the agenda for his own ends? Either way, *Modern Times* may have been a commentary on Hollywood for all its emphasis on control and effect, but it was a controlling game that Lloyd, Whale and Goulding, all (former) British subjects, were playing better than most by now, and arguably better than the Briton who had been there longest.

If the example of these filmmakers showed up anything more fascinating and fundamental, it was that they also demonstrated how difficult other film cultures were finding it to adapt, challenge and compete on the same terms as the increasingly dominant American industry. Producer and leading "British" mogul, Michael Balcon was one who finally went off in search of Hollywood in 1934. For much of the next 2 years he tried to shape a marriage of the two systems that tied up British talent and expertise with Hollywood intuition for the finance and publicity necessary to build a permanent and successful industry in both countries. As John Sedgwick's even-handed commentary on Balcon's tactics and success surmises, G-B films did make inroads into the independent distribution market in the mid-1930s. The success of some pictures like *The Private Lives of Henry VIII* and *The Scarlet Pimpernel* showed that a British company could compete on a level playing field with larger American counterparts and offer back to the US market what British audiences were lapping up with their diet of Hollywood films at home. But, as Sedgwick soberly concludes, relative to other titles being shown at large independent theatres, like the Roxy in

New York, G-B's returns were comparatively moderate. It was a far cry from the state of British film at the beginning of the decade for sure, when any hope of infiltration across the Atlantic was remote. However, the crushing reality was that outside of the independents, the major theatre chains, owned by the studios, "had no incentive to make room" for G-B's movies which lacked for them the wherewithal to succeed in markets beyond a few select cities.[94] What Balcon belatedly discovered, if he didn't already know it, was that Britain needed Hollywood long before Hollywood needed it. In 1936, he went off to work for MGM's British operation and changed tact, by seeking to make an impact from within the studio empire as it were. If this was to be only partially successful it was because the émigrés who had now firmly established themselves in Hollywood were not just making good British movies that happen to have been transplanted to America, nor were they simply churning out standard studio fare for American markets. They were making transatlantic, trans-national pictures that appealed everywhere and made the most of the British origins and upbringing that Balcon thought he was in a fight to preserve.

3
Movies for the Masses: The British in the Second World War

In Jeffrey Richards' account of British movies made during the Second World War he begins by defining the Ministry of Information's idea of what constituted the archetypal British films of the era, and by implication what sort of fare the public should be watching during the conflict to bolster their spirits. Richards states that, in highlighting Robert Donat's performance as a retiring school master in *Goodbye Mr. Chips*, and Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne's personification of two archetypal Englishmen abroad in Hitchcock's *The Lady Vanishes*, even Whitehall officialdom was pointing to classic elements of British stoicism and resolve, as well as a considerable amount of humour, in order to deflect from the ongoing threat of totalitarian takeover. And "evidence of the British ability to laugh at themselves in a basically admiring way" is a facet rarely lost in the home-based pictures of the 1939–45 period, he observes.[1] In the case of the former film at least, the mandarins at the ministry might also have been forgetting that this "British" film, while having an English lead in the guise of Donat, was directed by an American, Sam Wood, made by MGM and financed out of Hollywood, even if a portion of it was filmed at Repton School in Derbyshire. But the British locations and cast were possibly reasons in and of themselves as to why *Goodbye Mr. Chips* still managed to display all the hallmarks of a nostalgic glow emanating from a picture of yet another bygone England. In fact this visual construction was as much the creation of cinematographer Freddie Young – famed for his later visual flourishes in *Lawrence of Arabia* (1962) – as it was Wood whose interest remained with the actors rather more than the imagery of the picture.

Carrying on a tradition established by other Hollywood impersonations of the country like *Cavalcade* and *Waterloo Bridge*, *Mr. Chips*

follows a character's rite of passage that acts as a metaphor for the changing dimensions of the nation itself; in this case from the later nineteenth century all the way through to the inter-war years. Donat's lead character Charles Chipping, who ages the best part of 60 years in the film, isn't the entirely uncomplicated person that the ministry might have liked its audiences to believe. As a young man entering Brookfield School in the heart of the Victorian period, his Latin classes are drab but efficient, his reputation in the school solid but rather cold. His desire to be a housemaster is thwarted by his reputation for getting boys to excel at a subject that each generation has increasing contempt for. So he remains stagnant in his classroom and neglected by the Head rather than progressing with a career that was once clearly full of ambition. This is an interesting commentary itself then on reactions to tradition and assimilation in the film's early, class-defining days, of a man thinking he was moving ahead of his station only to be rebuffed and rejected. But in befriending the German language teacher Max (Paul Henreid) who, feeling sorry for him after the failure to land the housemaster's job, takes Chipping away from his stuffy Harrogate digs that he hires each summer, to the mountains of Austria for a walking holiday, life changes for the dour school master. Meeting a feisty young woman of more definite opinions and persuasion halfway up a mountain when he at least is lost, Chipping falls unexpectedly in love with Kathy Ellis (Greer Garson) and, much to the shock of the school, they're married. Kathy completely changes Chipping and by implication his outlook on life and the somewhat reticent association he has always had with his pupils. They start coming round for tea, he begins telling them jokes in class, and, before anyone knows it, Kathy's affectionate nickname for her husband, Chips, has stuck with the whole school.

It is the film's last act though that stands out as a lesson in British resolve and Hollywood genuflection. Kathy dies in childbirth, and the school has to absorb the increasingly desperate traumas of the First World War, with the roll-call of ex-boys dying at the Front getting longer as each year slips by. While thinking that his chance to be headmaster of Brookfield had long since passed, Chips suddenly finds that he is offered the role of temporary leader while many of the younger teachers join the exodus to France. As moral compass and custodian of all the school's traditions as well as much of its history, Chips has a new lease of life as headmaster until the war ends. But when his friend Max dies fighting on the side of the Germans not long before the Armistice is signed, the picture emphasizes less a patriotic re-engagement with the fervour of war as the propaganda might suggest, than a reflective,

ambivalent tone to the courses and tragedies that life takes. Brookfield is middle-class England in all but name yet Wood, Young and screenwriters R.C. Sherriff, Eric Maschwitz and especially Claudine West add a certain pathos that isn't detrimental or sentimental but somewhat realistic and portentous of life to come. West's abilities as a screenwriter in the heart of the female contingent who were so influential during the decade in Hollywood here gets a valuable airing with Greer Garson's engaging, progressive portrayal of a woman looking at the opportunities the twentieth century might present for the female sex. At the same time Kathy builds bridges to a fading, patriarchal world through her devotion to Chips and his school. A Hollywood ambiance of old world tradition is apparent throughout; certainly portrayed through Young's atmospheric photography of the school, but so too are slightly more radical ideas. West gives Kathy a kind of independent free-spirited nature, with her calls for female suffrage and mockery of other schools less visionary than Brookfield. Garson's London background and upbringing seemed ideal training then in giving her a brittle yet eternally optimistic outlook on life, and this portrayal proved to be an easy template for her to follow. In 1942, with a similar sort of part and like-minded notions written into it by West again, Garson would enchant and encourage wartime audiences even more, and win an Oscar into the bargain, for her upstanding rendition of the eponymous Mrs. Miniver in William Wyler's tale and West's screenplay of middle-class resolve at the height of the Blitz.

The criticism of many of these films was that evocative as they might be, and undoubtedly popular as they were at the time during the war, they seemed to condition British audiences into accepting a tainted American view of the old country, a reverential and certainly admiring view, but nevertheless one that was precipitated by the modes of Hollywood structures and demands. But then, as Charles Drazin writes in his introduction to British filmmakers in the 1940s, "the number one reality – then as ever – was Hollywood".[2] Hollywood accounted for 80 per cent of films shown in Britain during the decade, and that was a figure that had actually been reduced somewhat, thanks to a series of Quota Acts passed by Parliament which had slowly raised the requirement of home-based product to be shown in domestic theatres since the late 1920s. But the response was a company like MGM producing films in and for Britain like *Goodbye Mr. Chips* and *Mrs. Miniver*.

And it is this American vision of Britain which home audiences appeared perfectly amenable to, that has been well documented in, for example H. Mark Glancy's *When Hollywood Loved Britain*. Just a short selection of the most well-known titles that Glancy dwells upon, *A Yank*

in the RAF and *The White Cliffs of Dover*, as well as *Mrs. Miniver* testifies to the rather strained appreciation of transatlantic culture at work in the American examples, popular though many of them continued to be. What Glancy highlights is that the Second World War era films, starting more or less with *Goodbye Mr. Chips*, were not solely based on a propaganda remit to keep British 'chins up' in their frontline campaign against fascism. Many of the patriotic signals and stereotypical personification had grown out of the movies already mentioned in the previous chapter that littered Hollywood rosters throughout the 1930s. Glancy notes that these films also shared a fascination for recreating, like *Mr. Chips*, not a contemporary war-torn Britain, but some mythologized pre-twentieth century appropriation of what Britain was once like; all dark satanic mills, pea soup fogs, games of cricket and rigid class indulgence. "American audiences could revel in images of the old country, and at the same time be thankful that their forefathers had embarked for a new and more egalitarian world," he suggests.[3] Hollywood pursued the 'Hollywood British' film with a commercial force that was insatiable for most of the war, and certainly British filmmakers in Hollywood ably and dutifully followed that path; none more so than Alfred Hitchcock. The result was that Britain herself, in Drazin's words, "was for all practical purposes, part of Hollywood's home market".[4]

In so far as *The Lady Vanishes* is concerned, Hitchcock's brilliant 1938 thriller, made at Gainsborough, actually moves in a slightly different direction from both the director's more sinister Hollywood fare in the war – discussed below – and the American penchant for British nostalgia in the mode of *Goodbye Mr. Chips*. Often credited with being Hitchcock's most accomplished British film, here the traditions of Agatha Christie meet the tension, suspense and intrigue of Joseph Conrad in *The Secret Agent*, a story that Hitchcock had in fact already filmed as *Sabotage* in 1936. As Charles Higham has commented, the secret to his increasing success as the 1930s went on was that Hitchcock's scripts and stories often seemed an excuse just to make the camera do the work and tell the story. Although praised for their realism, Higham rightly suggests that the films were incredibly stylized, very much in the German tradition that Hitchcock had of course observed at first hand in the 1920s, and *The Lady Vanishes* doesn't disappoint in this respect.[5] The aforementioned English archetypes, Caldicott and Charters (Wayne and Radford), are two gentlemen travelling through Europe in the hope of returning back to England to find out how a cricket match in Manchester is going. Charters intercepts a call from London while they remain stranded in their hotel of the fictitious country in which they're staying, waiting for

a train. "Cricket man, cricket," he pleads. "You can't be in England and not know the test score."

This sort of banter made the offbeat pairing so successful with audiences that they would endure even through other people's films, notably Carol Reed's *Night Train to Munich* (1940) and *Millions Like Us* (1943), where they crop up in almost exactly the same pose. But their insertion into the Hitchcock film really highlights where that source of offbeat comedy deflects, for just a moment or so, from the gripping tension at large. Humour suffuses Hitchcock's other films naturally, but it never seems quite as playful as here, nor as endearing in its matching of British eccentricity with resolve and purpose. Caldicott and Charters' interludes let the audience breathe a sigh for a second, and while the cricket-obsessed duo pursues the state of play in the test throughout much of the film, murder and deceit are then left to Michael Redgrave and Margaret Lockwood's ill-matched pair of amateur sleuths to seek out. And in a series of twists and turns they slowly unlock the answer to the mysterious disappearing woman on the train as it finally gets under way for London. As Anthony Lane observes, noting the genius of Hitchcock's pull on his audience and why the Ministry was as interested in the movie then as the director's fans remain today. "You cannot tune to *The Lady Vanishes* – even on TV, and even if you happen upon it halfway through – and not stay with it to the end. No wonder David Selznick wanted Hitchcock for himself."[6]

The Lady Vanishes was clearly a defining moment in Hitchcock's career then because, as Lane intimates, it did as much as anything to convince David Selznick of the necessity of bringing the director to Hollywood. And it was this move that really separated and defined the way the British and American industries were shaping up as war came and cinema in the two countries evolved still further. Charles Barr's fascinating comparison of Hitchcock and his contemporary, Michael Powell, is thus very much an object lesson in the way the two film industries operated as war pressed down on them. Hitchcock was the auteur, a man who was "very much shrewder in managing his career"; while Powell, the purist, remained open to experimentation as his docu-drama *The Edge of the World* (1938) revealed, and was ever the collaborationist, at least as soon as he had found his common cinematic bond and link in Emeric Pressburger that is.[7]

As Barr concludes, in adopting different management strategies for their respective careers, Hitchcock and Powell really served to define the characteristics as well as the types of films that those making the transition were willing and able to commit to the American market.

"Hitchcock went to Hollywood when he had the chance and Powell did not," asserts Barr. "In a sense he was the Hitchcock who didn't go to Hollywood."[8] Barr speculates that Powell might have prospered in America, but he may just as easily have ended up in dispute with the studios, and at odds with personnel who didn't share his vision or approach. Nevertheless, whether Powell could have had the same success as Hitchcock is less significant than the recognition of this defining crossroad for British cinema. It was a moment too that would be replicated in the separation of individuals going to, and trying their hand at, Hollywood in the 1960s, when other pressures and expectations were brought to bear and the British industry faced new crises and challenges. The moment seems significant not least because even Powell and Pressburger, after a series of successful and later iconic British films through the 1940s, found it hard to sustain an output and commercial return for their pictures. Barr quotes Powell as being in agreement with Hitchcock over the financiers and moguls of the film industry who they both felt lacked the necessary foresight and energy to transform the British studio system in ways that were critically essential if it was to compete with the lean and efficient Hollywood machine.

But most crucial in this appreciation of two great practitioners is Barr's identification of *The Lady Vanishes* – like the Ministry of Information's own branding of the picture during the war – as being one of the quintessential British films of the decade and therefore ripe for refilling the minds of wartime audiences about the common values and principles that the British people shared. But, he also suggests, "In its setting, its range of characters, and in the nature of its challenge to national complacency" the film was not so much parochially British as it was thoroughly *international*. Hitchcock therefore very clearly understood the mantra that his producer through the 1930s Michael Balcon used: "we shall become international by being national."[9] This philosophy was the one that allowed Hitchcock to prosper and the one which identified him more closely with the generation of émigrés that had preceded him in Hollywood than one might think. They were not the national figures Hitchcock was by the time of his arrival in Los Angeles at Selznick's door. Indeed a number had no experience at all when they first arrived in the fledgling Hollywood boomtown. But the international ethos stuck with these British cinematic adventurers as much as it clung to Hitchcock a decade or two later. It was the wider perspective and inventive strain in their work that Hollywood receptively acknowledged and Hitchcock embraced in his own directing.

It would be wrong of course to assert that the British film industry was heading for decline and that Hitchcock's flight to America accelerated the course of events. The cause and effect were not that simple. In fact British films prospered and were well regarded throughout the war, even the immediately transparent propagandist ones. But Michael Balcon had what could only be described as a tetchy relationship with the Ministry of Information and the Film Unit that operated out of that bureaucratic regime. He rather reluctantly joined forces with the government through his direction of Ealing Studios. However, on more than one occasion as producer, he threatened to pull the plug on the whole operation of making propaganda films with government departments, so frustrated was he at the amount of bureaucratic red tape, and delays over production schedules that kept occurring. Indeed Balcon's most incisive intervention in the whole war, over and above the films he made, was arguably his rancour and pressing of the Board of Trade not to dismantle the machinery that handled the quota system of distribution and exhibition for films around the country. Without such a system Balcon knew full well that the British industry could have been killed off altogether during the war, in the face of Hollywood saturation.[10]

But, quota system or not, home-based films themselves had an admiring pull on audiences wishing to lap up their escapist escapades and take time away from the realties of war. The same pairing that had come together to help make *The Lady Vanishes* such a memorable piece, for instance, Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat, then went on to script and direct the aforementioned and hugely successful *Millions Like Us* in 1943 (complete with the Charters and Caldicott characters), which does a similar job to Hitchcock's film of uncoupling the seriousness of its message – the role of women in an aircraft factory – by peppering the story with light-hearted wit and observation. In fact, while Hitchcock went on to plough a furrow of espionage and duplicity as he made the transition across the Atlantic in *Foreign Correspondent* (1940) and *Saboteur* (1942), a sort of self-imposed irreverence took hold in parts of the British film industry. *Pimpernel Smith* from 1941, directed by and starring Leslie Howard, features a scene with a Gestapo officer reciting his way through P.G. Wodehouse, Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll to his staff without the first sign of a smile, exemplifying for Jeffrey Richards not only the humorlessness of the enemy but also that laughter and jokes were the "secret weapon separating out the civilized society from the uncivilized one".[11] That Northern "cheeky chappie" George Formby fought the war singlehandedly in a serious of hugely popular comedies. He finds himself, ukulele in hand, in occupied Norway in *Let George Do*

It! (1940), helps form the Home Guard to defend the villages of Minor and Major Wallop in *Get Cracking* (1943), and finally returns home to try and run his local pub in the aptly named *George in Civvy Street* (1946).

Away from the light-hearted pretence of comedians, however, Richards proceeds to unveil a list of movies that over the years have passed into folklore as guardians of the national consciousness during wartime. Both heroic and stoic, as well as cornerstones of the pride and sensibility that British conduct during the war has long come to represent, the likes of *In Which We Serve*, *The First of the Few* (both 1942), *This Happy Breed* (1944) and *The Way to the Stars* (1945) as well as more gritty, edgy productions like *Went the Day Well?* (1943), the quirky *A Canterbury Tale* (1944), and the classically reserved *Brief Encounter* (released just after the end of the fighting in November 1945), all embody a spirit and approach to the times that few British film eras at least have ever come to match. Richards' excellent overview of David Lean's tale of doomed (potential) lovers meeting at a provincial railway station is all the better for bursting the clichéd, stereotypical bubble of the film as a repressed, dowdy, comedic parody. The middle-class normality at the heart of the picture is, as Richards suggests, very true to its cultural and social roots. The pervading sense of duty, of acceptable paradigms that must be observed and followed, represents a society that would be unrecognizable 20 years later, but which at the time still dictated patterns of social interaction as wartime necessity retreated back into peacetime normality.[12] As David Kynaston confirms, accounting for the film's extraordinary popularity, it resonated with women in particular because Laura (Celia Johnson) "does not have an affair and returns to her dull husband: a vindication of restraint, domesticity and pre-war values".[13]

All of the pictures above then characterized British life extraordinarily well, because they were made in Britain, at British studios, with a largely British cast. If the camaraderie and sense of knuckling down to defeat a common enemy against the odds was defiantly apparent on-screen, it was also because off-screen the effort taken into getting pictures like this made against the backdrop of falling bombs, declining resources and little money, mirrored the shoestring existence of the nation for 6 years. Michael Balcon for one had been convinced of the inevitability of war long before September 1939, indeed before the Munich agreement a year earlier. In Monica Danischewsky's early profile, she claims that the producer almost ambled around at Ealing until war broke out before engaging in a prolific era of activity with and without government assistance. "He became at once tremendously active," claims Danischewsky.

"The declared policy was that Ealing Studios would go on producing films come hell, come high water, and indeed the studio had the best wartime record for continuous production."[14]

But other producers had both a mixed reaction to their wartime output and a rather strained relationship with the British film industry as a whole. Alexander Korda already had a reciprocal arrangement with Sam Goldwyn and MGM by the time war broke out in Europe. In 1939, Korda was at Denham Studios making what was going to prove to be one of the most successful films of his career, *The Thief of Baghdad*. Co-directed with his brother Zoltan and Michael Powell, among a number of others, and with cinematography by Charles Crichton, the lavishness of Korda's Technicolor spectacular which starred Conrad Veidt as Jaffar would prove an immediate hit when it was finally released in Christmas 1940.

The difficulty was that in 1939 the film didn't look like it ever would get finished. Korda was intent on making the picture as realistic as possible and in its original production schedule, time and space had been freed up to go shooting on location in North Africa and Arabia. The war now made that impossible. Despite what seemed a two-tier system in operation with respect to these famous British moguls, with one knuckling down to make cheap, potent war propaganda, and the other intent on finishing lavishing spectaculars, the experience for Balcon and Korda was very similar in one respect – that of British government requisitioning of the studios as the war got underway. Only two film companies out of 16 in fact escaped state regulation during the entire conflict. So, sensing the writing was on the wall for the industry, *The Thief of Baghdad* opened the way for Korda to not only continue his reciprocal arrangement with MGM but start making a place for himself in the Hollywood community by using the completion of the picture as leverage. Declaring that he was going to set up a production company with his brother Zoltan called Legeran Films, Korda smoothed the path for a semi-permanent move to the United States in late 1939 and early 1940. Zoltan's health (he suffered from tuberculosis) was cited as one reason for the move, completing *The Thief of Baghdad* another, and raising further funds for wartime productions a third cause. However, as Karol Kulik offers, "these were all reasons for Korda's *going* to Hollywood. Did he need to *stay* there?"[15]

According to John Russell Taylor, Korda also had financial difficulties and therefore as he found it increasingly hard to get funding for the projects he wanted to pursue, he actually saw himself as being forced into a corner and the United States seemed the logical way out. So Korda

travelled to America in 1940 not only in search of backers for future projects, but also logistically to set in train the transference of the rest of *The Thief of Baghdad* production where he arranged some scenes to be shot in and around the Grand Canyon. At the same time, he was offered $3.6 million for future films as a result of loans from banks in New York and Los Angeles, secured against the receipts being generated for the successful *Four Feathers* film. But the deal came with a clause. Most of the money had to be spent in the United States.[16] The overwhelming majority of finance was to be specifically devoted to four productions to be made in America and that only left Korda with $400,000 to spend on two small films that could be shot exclusively in Britain.[17]

But it was this revenue that provided the potential "get-out clause" for Korda *not* to abandon Britain altogether as the war intensified. He could stay and make moderately resourced propaganda dramas, what were termed "bread-and-butter films" was the argument; indeed it was perceived in some quarters as crucial that he did, for the sake of the industry, and for the morale of the British people.[18] Those weren't Korda's type of movies however; and it seems reasonable to surmise that he simply feared for his safety and the state of Britain in that summer of 1940, just before the commencement of the country's defining battle over the skies of southern England in August and September.

Korda's decision immediately turned him into the most controversial and high-profile figure at the heart of a spat that served to pull the British industry apart in the first couple of years of the war. He was right to sense how difficult it was likely to be, with the restrictions starting to be imposed, to go on making the kind of movies he wanted to make in a country hunkering down for the prospect of invasion. *The Thief of Baghdad* as an example was somewhat more lavish than any British studio could afford; indeed it was more of a financial commitment than MGM or any other Hollywood studio was happy at making in the austere conditions starting to be enforced across the Atlantic, but they were committed to finishing it now. Korda thus decided to use his Hollywood connections to not only fund but make pictures there as well. As a naturalized British subject, his emigration to Hollywood in 1940, just as the Battle of Britain and the worst effects of the Blitz were about to commence, provoked more than a little disquiet at home.

To his critics, and there were many, Korda's various explanations for an exodus that would last in effect from the summer of 1940 until early 1942 were excuses and simple opportunism. But he discovered belatedly (after the move to Hollywood) that he had intuitively sensed a problem that might be greater for him than for other native-born Britons. Korda,

born in Hungary into a Jewish family, was in fact on a Gestapo list of notable figures that were to be "interrogated" by the Germans once they had invaded Britain. That very real prospect in 1940 left him with no choice he thought, but it didn't stop the arguments raging in the British press and elsewhere. The *London Evening Standard* carried on a vitriolic campaign against those deserting their home shores, and making for America. The press reports almost made Korda public enemy number one and it culminated in a very high-profile argument with Balcon who wrote vehemently against the exodus. To compound matters and only confuse things still further, Korda was then awarded a knighthood in 1942. It didn't seem to make any sense.

Korda made three prominent films in Hollywood between 1941 and 1943, two of which were *Lydia* and *Jungle Book*. But if he were hoping that he could quieten the furore down and work on his projects with his brother as he pleased, he was in for a severe shock. Korda found himself in Hollywood, along with Chaplin and Hitchcock, getting "named" by politicians in Washington uneasy about what they termed "premature anti-fascist" films being made by British directors. Worse still, rumours persisted that Korda along with Victor Saville who worked with Balcon at Gainsborough and G-B and who'd also made for the west coast were British spies operating in America. Those of a conspiratorial disposition pointed to the fact that Korda's name had cropped up in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings of 1941 and that Senators Nye and Vandenburg had actually discussed the possibility of Alexander Korda Productions being some sort of front for a spy ring intent on urging the United States into war on the side of the Allies. The conspiracists could then extend their story by claiming that it was this rumoured "service" for the government that could be floated as the explanation for Korda receiving an honorary British title, the knighthood.

There was another more plausible reason, however, and one that dated back to Korda's first film of the war at home in England. For amid the later claim and counter-claim it was easily forgotten that Korda right at the outset of the war had made one of the most effective propaganda films of the entire campaign with *The Lion Has Wings* (1939), a movie so quick off the mark that the documentary element that follows in the footsteps of the loose romantic narrative plot between an RAF pilot and his wife (Ralph Richardson and Merle Oberon) was riddled with errors concerning the Nazi conquest of central Europe. Nevertheless, from a story by Ian Dalrymple, the picture was made in 5 weeks, cost little more than £30,000 and did as much as any film to convince of the need to keep the British Film Industry in service during the war. More than

that, as Paul Tabori points out, the Germans were so angry about the film they threatened to "bomb Denham Studios out of existence".[19]

So, despite the clamour and protest, the evidence pointed to the fact that Korda's loyalty and commitment to his adopted country was steadfast. But in addition, the exile in Hollywood and the "mere" $400,000 Korda had to spend in Britain did not tell the whole tale of the next 2 years in the producer's life. For spend the money in Britain Korda most certainly did, and in a very open and self-conscious manner. Although only one feature came to pass, the satisfactory *Perfect Strangers* (re-titled *Holiday from Marriage* in the US) with Deborah Kerr, Korda additionally financed operations for the Ministry of Information, inspired by the kind of propaganda filmmaking his friend John Ford was doing for the American governmental equivalent. He then bought Elstree Studios as the new home for productions once the war had ended; and in 1944, he paid $1 million into the Treasury producing a windfall the government most urgently needed with hard currency at a premium. Perhaps most surprising of all to his critics, Korda didn't actually emigrate and stay in Los Angeles despite the fact that he had a residence there. For 2 years he did in fact manage miraculously to work back and forth across the Atlantic, some days turning up at his office in London when his secretary thought she was communicating with him by cable to America.[20] Despite the rumours, complaints and testimony against Korda's character, therefore, he carried on in rather a debonair and self-deprecating fashion. And in America, where he was coming under ever closer scrutiny, at least up until December 1941, he appeared to relish the uproar he was creating with the content of some of his films

The third of that triumvirate of movies that Korda made in the United States happened to be the film that really sparked the ire of congressman hunting down Anglo-propagandists before America's entry into the Second World War: the1941 historical drama, *That Hamilton Woman*, with the classic pairing of Lawrence Olivier and Vivien Leigh.

Along with William Wyler's adaptation of *Wuthering Heights* (1939), both *Pride and Prejudice* and *That Hamilton Woman* were perceived as brash examples of pro-English sentiment as well as an encouragement within America for a plunge into the war effort.[21] Those involved were seen as torchbearers of this desire to have the US line herself up with Britain against the fascist onslaught. Laurence Olivier, who starred in all three productions, Merle Oberon and David Niven as well as Aldous Huxley, were all active members of the British community desperately hoping and agitating for American support and assistance. Olivier, together with his co-star and now partner in real life, Leigh, were the

highly public face of Robert Stevenson's film and at the forefront of such a move. *That Hamilton Woman* (1941), with an original screenplay by Walter Reisch and R.C. Sherriff, takes up where Frank Lloyd's *The Divine Lady* left off in 1929, and re-tells the story of Lord Nelson's doomed love affair with Lady Hamilton. In many ways a bigger scale of production than Lloyd's film, much of the narrative takes place against a backdrop of sumptuous Neapolitan settings, with a heroic finale at Trafalgar. As Ellen Draper concludes, "self-consciousness about how the melodrama is representing an historical incident is the last thing a melodrama can afford," and *That Hamilton Woman* never succumbs to this temptation, she suggests. Indeed, in its denouement, as the story finishes its flash-back account of Emma's life and returns to the Calais prison scene of the prologue where she has been dumped for the evening, drunk, depressed and dishevelled, her new found companion asks what happens then, after this, after Nelson's death, after she is excommunicated from society? "There is no then, there is no after," replies Emma mournfully. For the likes of Draper this "a historical" narrative virtually dislocates itself from the "vague" history it is purporting to tell, the story goes nowhere, there is no "historical aftermath" on which the audience can draw for their own experience.[22] What there is instead are scenes like the New Year's Eve ball of 1799 where Nelson and Emma meet on a balcony as the old year fades and the nineteenth century begins. The sense that the world is slowly being torn apart by Napoleon's mad dash for conquest has unmistakeable parallels to events of the contemporary time, and it was precisely this kind of scene that rattled the cages of the isolationist politicians in America who thought this was all cloaked and collusive propaganda.[23]

Regardless of the perceived message, however, the film had already run into trouble even before the shoot had ended, but this time with the censors rather than the politicians. Having allegedly forgotten to take the shooting script to their office before filming commenced, Korda sent co-writer Sherriff to the head of the Production Code Administration, Joseph Breen, who was obliged to check over the script. Breen read it and then told Sherriff that not only was he unhappy with certain parts of it, but he couldn't approve the film at all. When asked why, Breen had no doubts about the film's moral contemptuousness, as he saw it. "He's a man living in sin with another man's wife, while his own wife is still alive . . . impossible!" The only solution was for Sherriff and fellow writer Reisch to go away and do some more research, to try and assuage Breen and the audience that the immoral nature of the piece was unfounded. Their investigations threw up one interesting fact: Nelson's father had

been a parson. So they subsequently inserted a scene of the father decrying the son's love life and in effect telling him to sort out his tangled affairs.[24] It became one of the best scenes in the film and placated the censors enough to approve the release and let the film to become one of Korda and Stevenson's biggest hits in America and Britain.

Pride and Prejudice was a different kind of production altogether. From the very moment the preamble declares that it "happened in old England" the film deals in literary costume drama of the most Hollywood kind. Directed by Robert Leonard, who had previously worked on *A Tale of Two Cities* for Selznick and had brought a sparkling version of Wodehouse's *Piccadilly Jim* to the screen in 1936, Lawrence Olivier and Greer Garson seem to be having tremendous fun as the romantic duo Elizabeth Bennett and Mr. Darcy. But the quality of the script and the dry, sardonic humour of the leading characters are really brought to life by Aldous Huxley whose work up until this point in Hollywood had not yet showed the same sensitivities he brought to this adaptation. No doubt helped by un-credited additions from Jane Murfin, another of Hollywood's scribes whose work on "women's pictures" of the quality of *The Women* (1939, re-made in 2008) for George Cukor, added flourishes of independence and attitude to the realization of the Bennett sisters and the modern, almost contemporary outlook of Elizabeth in Garson's hands.

Winning an Oscar for Art Direction, Cedric Gibbons pushed Leonard to set the film in a slightly later historical era, adding more extravagant costumes to the characters than the rather plainer attire of Austen's day. And surprisingly perhaps it works, as characters glide around the set in puffed up dresses and morning suits of the later Victorian age, adding grandeur to the film and concealing the lower-class origins of the Bennett family, all of which makes for a syrupy cocktail of social etiquette and wry humour.

The other side of life

The historical costume dramas that defined Alexander Korda's move across the Atlantic in 1940 and 1941, and which continued to capture the imagination of American audiences weaned on the success of David Selznick's Dickens films of the 1930s, through *Victoria the Great* (1937) and *Sixty Glorious Years* (1938) to *That Hamilton Woman*, helped characterize an apparition of Britain's past that was never less than regal, dignified and well-mannered in its scope. If anything conveyed the stereotypical personification of the British position to Americans, these

films did their utmost to reinforce the view. But after these movies, the success of *Mrs. Miniver* and the ensemble treatment of British and American fortitude in *Forever and a Day* (1943), pictures and personnel began to change and a harder-edged, more serious and melodramatic force began to take shape as a newer generation of Brits began to influence film production.

For writers too, the politics and structure of the studio system was starting to alter in the war years. Agreement between writers and producers in 1940–41 paved the way for what were already being characteristically called "hyphenates" within the system: that is writer-directors, although producer-directors were nearly as common. Preston Sturges was a good example of a writer-director at Paramount who was getting increasing amounts of control over his scripts and stories, while Dore Schary rose to become producer-director at MGM.[25]

Thomas Schatz refers to David Bordwell's assertion that the classic prewar system was increasingly shaped by the centrality of the director, the auteur theory of filmmaking as it became known in Europe in the 1950s and Hollywood, thanks to the pioneering work of Andrew Sarris, in the 1960s. But what remains explicit in the contrast of writing experiences from directing ones is the amount of leverage, power and even respect afforded directors in comparison to writers, and how even hyphenates like Sturges were almost always applauded for their ability to guide and direct the camera far more than they were for writing the dialogue in the film. Fox was a good example of the way the trust and integration of writers could and did work in the studios. In production supervision, Darryl Zanuck brought in leading contract writers like Nunnally Johnson, Lamar Trotti and Phillip Dunne who were pushing towards another hyphenate status, that of writer-producers.[26] In fact the not inconsiderable presence of June Mathis had, in the silent era, like her rival Elinor Glyn, already paved the way for this state of affairs. It was Mathis's cultivated relationships with directors, authors and stars that allowed her creativity and influence to bloom, most notably perhaps, in her adaptation of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* (1921), the film that made a huge star of Rudolph Valentino. But her early prototype writer-producer status was also enhanced by her editing for a host of émigré filmmakers also, most striking of which was her work on Erich von Stroheim's masterpiece, *Greed* (1923).[27] Paramount's reorganization at the end of the 1930s hastened the departure of some of its biggest stars of the decade, but also re-assigned control over to filmmakers who had direction of overall production. Filmmakers like Mitchell Leisen become mentors to rising writer-directors like Sturges and Billy Wilder at the studio.[28] In

both cases, however, Sturges and Wilder regarded the studio's esteemed production supervisor as a liability if not obstacle to their work and respect for him ran very low indeed. It was the reach for autonomy by filmmakers like these that was a strategy many hoped, wished and grappled to establish as the naïve, innocent era of Hollywood came to an end and reputations were either made legendary or broken.[29]

While these powerful forces began to consolidate their position in the industry, a British literary newcomer like Graham Greene was the type of writer who never more than dabbled with Hollywood and screenwriting more generally during his life, but whose reputation and influence was one that demanded to be taken increasingly seriously. Like Aldous Huxley, he was an author with wanderlust for adventure and exotic locales around the world, and Greene moved from the academic halls of Oxford, via journalism and an association with MI6, to become one of Britain's most successful and enduring novelists. The film adaptations of his books, certainly in Hollywood, are often criticized for missing some sense of the human condition that his stories frequently concentrated on; whether it be examinations of evil, psychosis or personal reflection and loss.

But when adaptations of his books found their way into the right hands, the brilliant espionage plots, noir-like atmospheres and human dilemmas that come from conspiracy and intrigue were rarely done better by other authors. So it transpired with what was in effect a first screen outing for one of Green's stories in Hollywood with 1944's *Ministry of Fear*. Scripted by Seton Miller whose background in gangster pictures was a perfect foil for the tight, sharp dialogue required, and directed by Fritz Lang with all the menace that his career had instilled into his pictures up to this point, the film is as good as anything Hitchcock was making at the time, including his similarly conceived *Saboteur* (1942), both about Nazi spy rings, but here situated in London in Greene's tale rather than Los Angeles in Joan Harrison's.

Welsh-born but naturalized American Ray Milland plays Stephen Neale, released from a mental asylum having been inadvertently caught up in the strange death of his wife. While waiting for his train back to London on his first night of release, Neale stumbles upon a typically unassuming British scene of a village fete. Before he knows it he is strangely winning cakes in a guess-the-weight competition and being offered decidedly unappealing advice from a spiritualist. Once on the train to London a blind man who turns out not to be blind at all attacks and robs him of the cake, jumps the train while it's stopped on the outskirts of the capital during a bombing raid, only to shelter in an old

outhouse in the marshes with Neale in pursuit, whereupon a stray German bomb blows the man, the cake and what turns out to be significant evidence to smithereens.

After this first 20 minutes, the film continues in a similar breathless vein with all sorts of shady plots, red herrings, and typically Lang-ian characters. Female protagonist Carla (Marjorie Reynolds) is one among them who we at first believe to be far too innocent to be caught up in anything as dastardly as Nazi infiltration, and who will surely be the female foil to Neale's heroic man-on-the-run, only for the audience to be sorely disappointed as the film hurtles towards its conclusion. Mrs. Bellane (Hillary Brooke) meanwhile is a femme fatale with a penchant for séances (where incidentally Neale observes a fake murder) who seems like the prime suspect in the conspiracy unfolding, before she disappears from the scene altogether.

Official "government" people, at first on the trail of Neale as though he were the enemy and then protecting him as the evidence is slowly – and literally – pieced together, are integrated into a seamless direction from a master of the art in Lang. Even giving a nod to the classic character from his unparalleled German period of filmmaking at UFA – Commissioner Lohmann from the *Dr. Mabuse* films as well as *M* – Lang has his Scotland Yard men dress in similar garb. Ultimately Neale uncovers the very British conspiracy in what else but a tailoring shop and is aided by the somewhat suspicious but lugubrious Inspector Prentice (Percey Waram). The sense of pace and verve that Lang brings to the film is infectious and the fact that he was making a picture where his German countrymen are the enemy only adds to the fascination.

As it happens, Lang's obsession with the genre and Nazi demonizing stretched as far as making four similar types of pictures in a 5-year period. As well as the Greene adaptation, *Man Hunt* (1941), *Hangmen Also Die!* (1943) and the post-war *Cloak and Dagger* (1946) all delved into spies, spying and subterfuge from a variety of standpoints. The first adapted British novelist Geoffrey Household's book, the second was a collaboration with Bertolt Brecht and the last film had a series of book suggestions and original story writers that resulted in a finished screenplay by Albert Maltz and Ring Lardner Jr. But it is in *Ministry of Fear* more than the other pictures that Lang, as he always insisted, both exposes the stark contradictions of Nazi ideology and its almost absurd indoctrinations that drove him to abandon the country in the mid-1930s, and references the stylistic forces that made him such a profound filmmaker within German expressionism. Especially with the opening scenes at the fair, as Tom Gunning observes, "[these] are among Lang's most uncanny

sequences, reviving the sinister associations that a fairground can have, that Kracuaer discovered in Weimar cinema".[30] The "improvised everydayness" of the scene, and the almost forced jollity of the fairground milieu that Gunning refers to in Kracuaer as being a lament for the times, is contrasted with inadvertent actions that play on paranoia and self-doubt, a visual coda to Neale's own state of being in the outside world.[31] And so at the close of the movie, in a similarly confused state Carla is given the choice between helping Neale or her Nazi contact, and seems almost dumbfounded by the options that have got her to this point. She appears as if asking why she would have ever got caught up in such a plot; a perfect piece of propaganda conditioning by Lang and Greene for anyone in the slightest bit fixated on collaboration from within during the war.

If *Ministry of Fear* is worth pursuing in any particular way for the impression of British work in Hollywood, therefore, it is surely as a contrast between a German filmmaker making a British novelist's espionage story set in London, but filmed in Hollywood, set against a British director making a similar espionage narrative in Hollywood, but set in Los Angeles. With Joan Harrison having written *Foreign Correspondent* with Charles Bennett in 1940 for Hitchcock, she then went on to pen *Saboteur* with Peter Viertel in 1942 for him as well. In the former movie, Joel McCrea is the American investigative reporter sent to cover a story on a Peace organization in London opposing the coming war. What he finds is undercover agents and assassination plots as he falls for the daughter of one of the activists. Two years later *Saboteur* is equally as breakneck in its pace and intensity but also brilliantly encapsulates the nuances of an America falling into war and unsure of its task, almost as brilliant as Lang's interpretation of British understatement in *Ministry*.

Hitchcock's film sees innocent aircraft factory worker Barry Kane (Robert Cummings) accused of arson, and also therefore implicated in the murder of his friend Ken Mason, caught up in the inferno that engulfs the hanger because the fire extinguisher Barry gives him is filled with gasoline. Barry knows it was foul play and that the mysterious Frank Fry (Norman Lloyd) who he and Ken bump into only moments before the fire has disappeared altogether having never been registered as working at the factory. The authorities track Barry down thinking he is the obvious culprit and he, in true Hitchcockian fashion, goes on the run across America, coming across truck drivers, blind men and even a travelling circus. It is only when he gets to New York with a love interest in tow, Pat Martin (Priscilla Lane), that Barry gets to confront the real arsonist Fry, and an all-enveloping conspiracy, atop the Statue of Liberty

in one of the first American examples of the director's iconic set-piece denouements.

Hitchcock's effortless style with material like this was finely tuned by now, while Viertel and Harrison's script gives just the right amount of detail and believability to a wide-sweeping plot that is as entertaining as *The Lady Vanishes* and as fully aware of its political and historical implications as the similar and later *North by Northwest* (1959) is in its accentuation of post-war international politics, the influence of the United Nations and the sinister conspiracies built up across borders and continents. In *Saboteur*, Kane's initial journey and escape from the clutches of the authorities in Los Angeles takes him to the house of a blind man, Philip Martin (Vaughan Glaser), and it is his daughter that accompanies Kane. "Man could get lost in a country this size," exclaims Martin, "That's one of its attractions." Hitchcock's entreaty to a different kind of Manifest Destiny, one where the West and its wide-open spaces conceal all the imperfections of the nation is confirmed by the mysterious abandoned town, Soda City, a motley place of shacks that nobody seems to have inhabited since 1923, and yet which still has a working telephone and two strangers wandering around it who represent an underground organization. It is here that Kane couches a ride to New York with members of the group including the erstwhile leader, Freeman (Alan Baxter) but he's still unclear about what it is they do or represent.

On arrival in New York, things become even more strained as Kane is led to a society heiress Mrs. Sutton (Alma Kruger) who appears to be the matriarch of the group, while Pat is there and already detained. Businessman Charles Tobin (Otto Kruger), whose house Kane had already visited out West, then appears and is revealed as the real mastermind behind a plot to overthrow America from within. Kane and Pat escape from the mansion they are held in, only to make for the shipyards where a new vessel is to be blown up as part of the diabolical plot to unhinge America before its war effort can even take off. The plot is half-foiled, Fry captures Kane for a moment only to walk into a police trap and then make for Liberty Island with Pat trailing him. The patriotic sentiment and setting of the climatic scene is reinforced by Pat reading the statue's inscription to Fry about the "poor and huddled masses" as they gaze out across New York from Liberty's viewing gallery, only for Kane to show up just in time for a final confrontation.

Hitchcock is keen to represent the villains, and especially Kruger, with a kind of "old world diabolical spirit", as Andrew Sarris calls it and the film entertains and idealizes in a more than satisfactory manner.[32]

Shadow of a Doubt (1943) and *Lifeboat* (1944) followed with the popular, expressionist, but somewhat contrived *Spellbound* (1945) hot on their heels, and then *Notorious* (1946), filmed in the months after the end of the war and returning back to Nazi agents, here in South America. The last of these pictures topped-and-tailed Hitchcock's interest in the preservation of democracy and the rooting out of German sympathizers during the war. With a script by Ben Hecht and un-credited additions from Clifford Odets, Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman show what a remarkable chemistry they had, and Hitchcock mixes Hollywood glamour with the kind of serious intent and comic timing that marked the strength and popularity of his British era movies that culminated in *The Lady Vanishes*. Selznick knew Hitchcock was capable of this duality of course; the power of British narrative set against the style of Hollywood imagery. Indeed the relationship the two established was really built upon a very similar need for control and vision that wouldn't be deflected. As Anthony Lane notes, quoting Otto Freidrich in *City of Nets*, what was so unusual about the Hitchcock–Selznick relationship was that the director could "out-Selznick Selznick". He tells the story of Selznick doing his usual thing; turning up on set to tinker with the production and offer advice to the director about multiple shots that could be spliced together in the editing room. But when he did it on the set of *Notorious* in 1945, the camera inexplicably broke and was suddenly fixed again, once Selznick left the set.[33]

Hitchcock's later and more celebrated Hollywood films became as much the preserve of analysts and theorists who were almost as obsessive as Hitch himself about their nefarious treats and fetishes. The somewhat-akin-to necrophilia plot of *Vertigo* (1958) for instance, was debated and scoured for meaning and intent as much as anything he filmed. Some of this cinematic and rather self-conscious bravado, as it was for other British exponents such as Goulding, Whale and Coward even, was no more than "foibles dressed up for the sake of PR".[34] But in the early Hollywood years, Hitchcock took his role of British émigré seriously enough to expand and develop the British corpus in the movie colony in daring and audacious ways. The British Hollywood community invented spy thrillers and political movies, and brought ideological menace and avant-garde suspense to pictures. They showed that Hollywood was not afraid of tackling the big subjects and post-war generations would return to their films for inspiration and answers to how their own intervention into the movie colony should and might work.

4

Post-War Directions: Ealing Escapism and the Menace of McCarthy

The Second World War was coming to a close, and the Hollywood studios could rest easy in the knowledge that their efforts had aided the Allied effort in the defeat of fascism and totalitarianism over the previous 4 years. In countless movies, documentaries and special events dedicated to either propaganda or raising money, the studios and the film community in general had made a major contribution to the war effort. In Britain a like-minded attitude prevailed, and Michael Balcon was not only satisfied with the nation's studio output of documentary and propaganda features but actively encouraged their pursuit as the studios returned to peacetime production schedules. In claiming that the documentary approach had been vindicated as both an ideological weapon and a cinematic form that was appreciated and devoured by audiences during the war, Balcon went on to assert that, "this is only the beginning of a new trend in the British industry but I am convinced that it is spreading. Already a number of the better known documentarists are working in feature films."[1]

The leading figures in the field that Balcon was referring to, like John Grierson, were indeed already producing films such as *Judgement Deferred* (1952) for director John Baxter and *You're Only Young Twice* (1952) for Terry Bishop, later a stalwart of British television. Filmmaker Paul Rotha had further contributed to the British documentary tradition immediately after the war with the informative and yet immensely engaging short, *Total War in Britain* (1946). Narrated by John Mills, the film was a recasting of the 6 years of conflict that the nation had just been through but with statistics, assertions and no little patriotism along the way. By 1951, however, *No Resting Place* and later *Cat and Mouse* (1958) were more earthy narrative thrillers that Rotha became interested in; all about murder, desperate men and people on the run. What Balcon

spotted in these filmmakers was a desire to recapture the naturalism and persistent undertow of reality in their feature films; "making drama from our daily events and poetry of our problems" as he succinctly put it.[2] It surely would have pleased him no end to see that it was a tone and trend that would remain embedded in British film and be carried through the industry in one form or another for the next half century and more.

Yet while Balcon spent a good deal of time extolling the virtues of Britain's aesthetic film practitioners, his studio, Ealing, was embarking on a series of pictures from the end of the war to the mid-1950s that would collectively define an era, genre and character of British life in these more austere days. Starting with *Hue and Cry* in 1947 and incorporating *Whiskey Galore!*, *Passport to Pimlico*, *Kind Hearts and Coronets* (all 1949), *The Lavender Hill Mob*, *The Man in the White Suit* (both 1951), *The Titfield Thunderbolt* (1953) and *The Ladykillers* (1955), the Ealing comedies were unashamedly populist, somewhat sentimental, and hilariously funny. Whether it was complicated family in-fighting (*Kind Hearts*), London boroughs declaring independence (*Passport to Pimlico*), motley collections of bank robbers (*Lavender Hill Mob*) or comically inept criminal masterminds (*The Ladykillers*), under the direction of men like Alexander MacKendrick, with writers like William Rose and often, but not exclusively starring Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway and Margaret Rutherford, Ealing tapped into a zeitgeist that craved escapism and some of that quirky, particular kind of British humour.

The films held up a minor kind of class-war to scrutiny which involved little old ladies outthinking criminal minds and small boys revealing illegal plots, but the class prejudices were often tongue-in-cheek and mostly conservative in outlook. Really they were about traditional British attributes of fair play and the underdog triumphing against the odds. Most of all, reflecting Balcon's call for the industry to define itself and its product and self-referentially assert its independence, "it was all very non-Hollywood".[3] The films were hugely popular at the box-office and gave an unexpected post-war lift to film revenues. Despite these progressive ideals and eternal optimism for the chances of the movie business in Britain, however, the state of industrial relations between Hollywood and the British film industry immediately after the war remained fundamentally clear. Britain was the chief client for Hollywood and remained so post-1945.

Hollywood's total revenues in the country after the war stood at over $90 million, half the industry's overseas income. Some studios

had already established production units in England or had signed co-production deals. Most significant of these continuing arrangements was the 1946 merger of Universal and International Pictures that provided a distribution outlet for J. Arthur Rank. While that alliance faltered in time, as both markets went into decline in the following years, the Hollywood infiltration was there to stay. By 1949, income out of Britain had fallen to only £17 million, barely a fifth of what it had been just 3 years before. But while the post-war blip in fortunes affected all parts of the industry, Hollywood product (with notable exceptions such as patriotic war films like *The Cruel Sea* (1953) and *The Dambusters* (1955)) would remain largely dominant in the British market from that moment on.[4] As the government's own policy and planning unit reported as late as 1952, when television was starting to make some inroads into domestic households as alternative entertainment, over £100 million was still being spent annually on cinema attendance and that worked out at four in ten adults attending movies each week; many, though not all, attracted by the continuing glamour and larger-than-life imposition of Hollywood's offerings.[5]

While Michael Balcon applauded the daring innovation in British movies straight after the war, and concocted a classic comedy template, the British in Hollywood, meanwhile, based little of their post-war repertoire on one genre or style. But, in seeking finance and support for their projects through the studios, they did find a community increasingly in turmoil. That turmoil came over money, manifest in the declining revenues that Britain was experiencing too; but it also emerged in the quality and depth of studio output; the similar early threat of television to movie audiences, and the attacks that came the film industry's way from political institutions reacting against post-war ideological shifts and causes. Yet having faced mounting pressure in 1940 and 1941 to return home and pitch in with the desperate struggle to repress Nazi invasion, British residents in the movie colony in 1945 now saw themselves as being in a more comfortable and somewhat venerated position.

Aldous Huxley was one such exile who had permanently settled in California and had gone so far as to apply for US citizenship. The fact that he was turned down because he had repeatedly refused to swear that he would take up arms to defend the United States, a position that left him understandably at odds with institutional and popular opinion in 1942, now seemed of little consequence to anyone with the war won and life starting to return to normal. Indeed by 1945, Huxley's reputation as a screenwriter of classic fables and literary adaptations

had improved considerably since his pre-war arrival in California. Having written a screen version of *Pride and Prejudice* for director Robert Leonard in 1940, he added dialogue to *Madame Curie* (1943) without credit and then worked on another British classic, *Jane Eyre* (1944), with John Houseman, Orson Welles and Robert Stevenson.

Arguably the most complete film Huxley was ever involved in, he was no doubt guided along the way by Houseman and Welles. The two of them were now at the height of their powers having variously starred, scripted, produced and directed both *Citizen Kane* and *The Magnificent Ambersons* over the previous 3 years. Following on the tradition established by David Selznick in the 1930s, here was an English classic with all the dramatic, gothic intensity kept in, not to mention a fluidity of direction and concision of plot that is a revelation to behold. Indeed Selznick had been part of the initial project before he'd sold the rights on to Fox. The film had thus been in some deal of gestation dating back to 1940 while Huxley tinkered with the script. It must have been quite a sobering jolt, therefore, to learn that Houseman and Welles had converted the story for a radio play back in 1938 in only a week.[6] And it's this confident density of plotting that makes it hard to believe that the film is barely 100 minutes long given its progression and complexity. Colin Clive's 1934 version for Monogram is admittedly shorter, but to say that it's torn to pieces by virtue of brevity and miscasting is something of an understatement. It was a scale of the task at hand for Huxley and Houseman that in condensing the novel, up to six subsequent productions over the years on both sides of the Atlantic have been TV mini-series progressing over several hours. Only Franco Zeffirelli's 1996 version with Anna Paquin and Charlotte Gainsbourg playing the young and older Jane respectively comes close to matching the mood, reverence and length of Stevenson's film.

It is also some tribute to Welles, Houseman, Stevenson and Huxley that they seemed to conceive of a style and structure that no less a figure than David Lean, for instance, absorbed into his immediate post-war adaptations of Dickens in Britain. For although Lean used some locations, especially for *Great Expectations* (1946), much of that film and 1948's *Oliver Twist* was shot on a soundstage, like Jane Eyre, the latter of the two at Pinewood Studios in Buckinghamshire. And it is this tightness of framing and almost acknowledged use of a constructed landscape and buildings that is prefaced by Stevenson in his dramatic sets for *Jane Eyre* and the gothic intensity of Thornfield Hall that fills much of the second half of the picture. As David Thomson observes, "*Jane Eyre* is

often engraved in a Dickensian way [and] the feeling for Yorkshire is better done than in William Wyler's more celebrated *Wuthering Heights*."[7] Welles's performance, meanwhile, appears to draw more from Shakespeare than he does from Dickens in his all-enveloping portrayal of Edward Rochester, a brooding, taut interpretation that he would carry through to film versions of *Macbeth* and *Othello* only a few years later.

Joan Fontaine is almost angelic as Jane; indeed a little too angelic for some who saw in her younger incarnation, played almost flawlessly and in a feisty and determined manner by Peggy Ann Garner, many of the pent-up frustrations that her life was guided by in the novel's rendering of her character. But Henry Daniell's portrayal of Henry Brocklehurst and the institution he presides over, Lowood School, is brilliantly conceived and all its grinding poverty and desperation is wrapped up in the shadowy corridors, bare classrooms, and pitiful dormitories that Stevenson had constructed at the Fox studio on what is now the site of Century City.

Ultimately the secret of Thornfield Hall, and the relationship between the elder Jane and landed but secretive Rochester is revealed in all its spectacular intensity at the close of the picture and the satisfying résumé is never mishandled or forced. Even more than David Selznick and Fox's efforts a decade earlier, *Jane Eyre* remains a supreme example of Hollywood adaptation at its most sublime. For Huxley it was at least some reflective glory and the film took nearly $2 million in box-office receipts becoming a worldwide hit.

After the war Huxley was emboldened enough to want to adapt his own short story, *The Giaconda Smile*, eventually filmed in 1948 as *A Woman's Vengeance*. It was here that he found a link back into the British film industry via his partnership on the project with Zoltan Korda who, along with his brother, had been a leading figure in consolidating the impact of British cinema at home and abroad during the 1930s. Korda's major mid-decade hit, *Sanders of the River* (1935), starring Paul Robeson and Leslie Banks, confirmed the ongoing success of London Films, started by Alex in the previous decade, and was further reinforced by his version of *The Four Feathers* in 1939, a major hit on both sides of the Atlantic, starring Ralph Richardson.

It was Alex who had come to Hollywood first, however, in 1927. But then as a reunited partnership on the west coast, they spent the war years directing and producing such mainstream pictures as *The Jungle Book* (1942) and *Sahara* (1943), all the while adding class and style to

even these wildly different assignments. But the Kordas, and Zoltan in particular, were also very struck by Huxley's writing, his attention to detail, the somewhat rebellious and irreverent streak in him when it came to producing scripts in the manner that Hollywood invariably required, and Huxley was somewhat loathe to copy. Impressed by such an attitude, it was the younger Korda who was instrumental in making sure that Huxley was put on Universal's payroll at the rather precise sum of $1560 a week.[8]

So it was in early 1948 that their partnership on *A Woman's Vengeance* brought pressure and expectation in equal measure as Hollywood finally cottoned on to the idea of Huxley as a major player. As David Dunaway puts it, Huxley "had again become famous", thanks in no small measure to a host of feature stories in *Vogue*, *Life* and *Time* magazines.[9] *Time*, in particular, penned its feature to coincide with the release of Korda and Huxley's film that January, the type of publicity many filmmakers, let alone scriptwriters, could only dream of in the insatiable drive for recognition in Hollywood. The attraction of his own adaptation and the added bonus of having Korda on board seemed to be a perfect recipe for Huxley to consolidate his position in the film community and finally gain acclamation for his own scriptwriting. With a cast that included Charles Boyer, Ann Blyth – coming off her Academy Award nomination for Best Supporting Actress in *Mildred Pierce* in 1946 – and Jessica Tandy as well as fellow Brit, Cedric Hardwicke as a psychological doctor musing on the relationships between the central protagonists, the story of a neurotic invalid who dies in mysterious circumstances only for her husband to marry a younger and more beautiful woman that comes into his life, and then get accused of his wife's murder, seemed to have all the right ingredients for a confident follow-up to the Brontë adaptation a few years before. Culminating in a courtroom drama of skill and intensity Huxley's script was literate, intelligent and geared towards entertainment as well as drama.

But the film stalled on its American release. Having written a major piece on Huxley describing him as one of Hollywood's most important recruits from the literary world, *Time* then proceeded to give *A Woman's Vengeance* a very moderate review. And when Bosley Crowther of the *New York Times* wrote negatively about the film, pointedly criticizing the pace and tension of Huxley's script which moved more subtly and less swiftly than expected, these were reviews which could, in Dunaway's words, "chill a film career overnight".[10]

"*A Woman's Vengeance* was as literate a film as *Pride and Prejudice* and *Jane Eyre* had been, but it somehow lacks their glitter and polish," observed Tom Dardis much later.[11] And Dardis's point was well-taken for what Zoltan Korda saw in Huxley and admired, was a talent that was unique and exceptional, but never quite right for the needs of Hollywood, or at least the needs of the projects Huxley found himself involved in and enthusiastic about. Hollywood in the 1940s was virtually defined by glitter and polish, its films reaching the apotheosis of the studio system production routine: handsomely made, achingly stylish and smooth, but never as intellectual as Huxley liked to deliver. "The vast richness and variety of forties films was extraordinary," comments Charles Higham. "Their lack of intellectual content [was] compensated for by their polished execution and the sheer sense of exuberance that marked the era."[12]

In 1945, Huxley was living and working amid the ballyhoo of Hollywood where prestigious productions like *Meet Me in St Louis* and *Anchors Aweigh* (both of them rich musical theatre adaptations for the technicolored big screen) were the order of the day when he might have been more appreciative of movies such as *The Man Who Came to Dinner* or *The Great Dictator*. Nevertheless he was a novelist, critic and scholar-turned scriptwriter with a burgeoning reputation on the back of *Pride and Prejudice* and *Jane Eyre*. And films of his ilk were popular at the time as well, as the latter's box-office reception had testified to. Stevenson had remade *Back Street* in 1941 from the famous Fannie Hurst novel, before *Jane Eyre*, and German émigré Max Ophüls would adapt *Letter from an Unknown Woman* with Joan Fontaine to become a surprise smash in 1948. Huxley took these successes to heart and, learning his craft for screenwriting as well as the diplomacy required to survive the studio machine, had even accepted the need to work the Hollywood system by doing contributions that wouldn't necessarily put his name in lights. His work on the script of *Madame Curie* for Mervyn LeRoy, for instance, was a project he'd originally begun back in 1938 with George Cukor and for a time it looked like it would never materialize as a film. Only after further re-writes by Paul Rameau and, notably, Paul Osborn (who went on to script *East of Eden* for Elia Kazan) did the film come to fruition in 1943. It went on to be nominated for 7 Oscars though predictably perhaps, none of these were for writing and Huxley's name never appeared on the credits. Five years later, following the release of *A Woman's Vengeance*, Hollywood had quickly grown lukewarm over their star literary name and Huxley turned

his attention elsewhere, finally becoming resigned to his fate in the Hollywood colony and growing wary of the post-war politics springing up in the community.

Later in 1948 both Alexander and Zoltan Korda were looking to produce their version of Huxley's rambling tale of 1920s society, *Point Counter Point* at one of the studios with Huxley possibly writing the script, but nothing came of the move. Even at this point he was growing distrustful of the way the studios did business, no doubt stung by the backlash that hit *A Woman's Vengeance* when it had seemed so unexpected; and besides which he was already getting nervous and disenchanted by the anticommunist atmosphere that was quickly gripping Hollywood.[13] As Dunaway observes: "Looking down on these events from his woodland perch at 6000 feet (the Huxleys had been living in the Sierra Madres), Huxley may have felt the urge to flee."[14] But even with the unedifying prospect of the House Un-American Activities Committee moving into town, he knew he had to maintain an income somehow and the best way to do that was stay involved in movies in some capacity.

As a result Huxley came up with his own plan and one which entailed taking a sojourn from the movie colony. Huxley's idea and engagement to adapt his own "The Rest Cure", a short story from the 1920s, produced a comfortable Italian holiday and a convenient chance to return to Europe and escape the inquisition arriving in California. His expenses for the trip were taken care of by the Kordas who bought up the rights to the story with Huxley supposedly investing time on his journey round Europe by writing a screen treatment. But the script never materialized and the Kordas never produced the film. *A Woman of Vengeance* was to be the last screen credit that Huxley obtained even though, in the spring of 1950, he teamed up once more with fellow ex-pat Christopher Isherwood to work on an original treatment called *Below the Equator*, a story of revolutionary uprisings in Latin America. Again the project produced no end result and by 1951, the House Un-American Activities Committee was returning to Hollywood and Huxley had no foreign jaunt to take him away from the inquiries at hand. Ironically enough, in a parallel with Miller's allegorical writing of *The Crucible* at nearly the same moment in time, and just as HUAC began their second set of hearings under chairman John Wood, Huxley was holed up writing *The Devils of Loudun*, a tale of witchcraft, seduction and power set in seventeenth-century France not dissimilar in its conception to Miller's drama, and later brilliantly and extravagantly retold in Ken Russell's 1971 film, *The Devils*.

Illustration 12 Aldous Huxley and Christopher Isherwood in Hollywood in the late 1940s.

In truth by the early 1950s, Isherwood and Huxley's long-lasting friendship was also deteriorating somewhat. "Huxley was most likely to run into Isherwood at the Stravinskys' – on the floor drunk," as Dunaway describes it.[15] Isherwood's lifestyle and political affiliations were attracting the attention of a number of authorities, not just HUAC, and producing substantial amounts of gossip. He was accused of knowing and consorting with the exposed Soviet spies, Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean; and sympathy for him in Britain, which he had left before the war and subsequently snubbed by taking out American citizenship, ran very low indeed.

Despite the fact that Isherwood had contributed a piece to the ensemble film, *Forever and a Day* in 1943, his adaptation of the James Hilton novel *Rage in Heaven* (1941) and later *The Great Sinner* (1949) with a somewhat miscast, and apparently second choice, Gregory Peck, were

sluggish, moderate efforts that barely raised Isherwood's capital in Hollywood. Only with John Van Druten's Broadway adaptation of Isherwood's "Berlin Stories" did fortunes begin to change. After a successful run, Henry Cornelius filmed *I am a Camera* in 1955, starring Julie Harris as the inimitable Sally Bowles and, with Lawrence Harvey playing Isherwood himself. Suddenly he became a name again in the Hollywood social circle by resorting to his best story of all: the one about Christopher Isherwood. The semi-autobiographical tale of his life in 1930s Berlin subsequently became a career-defining moment and more so when Bob Fosse's musical, *Cabaret* (1972), swept the boards as a critical and commercial triumph 17 years later.

As David Wallace reveals, Isherwood only dabbled in film writing after that, notably *Diane* in 1956 with Lana Turner and *The Loved One* (1965) nearly a decade later, a treatment of Evelyn Waugh's scathing and satirical novel of an aspiring Hollywood screenwriter from Britain and his resulting job in a funeral parlour. But the majority of his film work went un-credited and he seemed not to mind. "Isherwood did it for the income," reports Wallace as though that was all that need be said.[16] Back in 1951, however, Isherwood's career was nowhere and the mood of the times demanded that groups like the FBI and HUAC root out undesirables, whether they had taken out American citizenship – as Isherwood had – or not. His later life, one of writing and teaching as he gained several academic posts, seemed a long way away in the midst of the anticommunist furore.

While Isherwood rode the storm of investigation and insinuation out from within the community itself, Huxley tried to stay away from Hollywood though not for too long. He returned, after the tide of accusation and innuendo had died down with HUAC, in the temporary belief at least, that he could reinvigorate his screenwriting career and rekindle the success that he seemed destined for a decade earlier. So it was in 1952, that Huxley attempted a screenplay dealing with the life of Ghandi, 30 years before Richard Attenborough's award-winning dramatization. His life-long commitment to pacifism no doubt drove him to the subject. But during his years in Hollywood, Huxley had also become a devoted follower of Swami Prabhavananda who founded the Vedanta Society of Southern California, based on Hinduism.[17] With such influences, and the aftermath of Ghandi's death still resonant, the subject could have made for a fascinating bio-pic. No Hollywood studio was willing to touch it, however. A further abortive project was for an animated version of *Don Quixote*. Even in his final year, 1963, discussions were ongoing with director George Cukor about a film of Sir William

Crookes, the Cook Family and spiritualism in Victorian England. All failed to take off.

To say Huxley was typical of the British who came to Hollywood in this era would be to badly misjudge the decidedly offbeat lifestyle he engaged in, as even his most sympathetic biographers attest to. If he never quite felt a part of the Hollywood scene it was because "he felt out-of-place everywhere, not just amid the high-pressure salesmanship of Hollywood".[18] Huxley's intellect had, by his own admission, carried him to countries far and wide and to nowhere he had ever felt truly settled. To add to certain irascibility, if not impatience with the world, Huxley's persistent health problems that ended up as near blindness and cancer would have tested the patience of any mere mortal. But his conviction in the use and power of a number of hallucinogens and other drugs, together with his writings and opinions on communal living and open sexuality, went beyond even the experimentalism of Hollywood at the time. Of course his visions for society caught up with the place eventually. The forward-thinking Huxley, dead by 1963, would just miss out on the conclusion of a decade where these ideas, and California's hosting of them, would become much more commonplace.

In the end Huxley's writings in Hollywood, particularly his two California novels, *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan* and *Ape and Essence*, outlasted his contributions in screenwriting by some distance. But this should not dent Huxley's involvement nor his literary value and influence upon the studios. Here was a man who produced scripts for Hollywood but who at the same time lectured at MIT and the University of California's Santa Barbara campus; who wrote poetry, biography and novels, but who also dabbled in science, spiritualism, philosophy and much more. Huxley's relationship with Hollywood was nearly on his own terms and there were few who could say that with any conviction. He was always worried about approval but then Hollywood did that to all its patrons and much like any other British expeditionary before him, Huxley came to cope with those demands and rivalries in ways that were equally as sanguine and considered as his fellow countrymen and women that came before and after him.

Post-War anxieties

British attitudes and sensibilities about Hollywood and the film community after the Second World War are perhaps best summed up in Edmund Goulding's most notable post-war film, *The Razor's Edge*. Goulding had

become a major Hollywood director by the outbreak of the War, but one who was becoming increasingly pre-concerned with his reputation and a rather lax attitude to preparation and work that was starting to earn rumours about his reliability. *Grand Hotel* and *Riptide* in the early 1930s had been joined by his most accomplished film, and one that garnered the most complete performance by any of his leading actresses; Bette Davis's tragic socialite in 1939's *Dark Victory*.

But increasing anxiety and a kind of darkness was entering Goulding's career too. As early as 1938, officials at Warners were noting some of the problems that were beginning to be constantly associated with him. "Eddie called last night, and as usual, he is in financial difficulties, particularly with respect to federal taxes," wrote studio manager Roy Obringer to Jack Warner in the summer of that year.[19] This, despite the fact that Goulding was on a contract paying him $50,000 a picture for directing as well as $15,000 for any literary adaptation and $25,000 for any original work he cared to deliver at the door of a Warners' producer.[20] On the back of exhaustion and illness from the completion of *Dark Victory* that actually plagued him for nearly 2 years, Goulding tested the loyalty and patience of those around him as he seemed to fret about the prospect of continuing his run of hits into the next decade. In 1940, he felt obliged to write to Jack Warner and offer reassurance that a Louella Parsons article claiming he was trying to break his contract with Warners was nothing but rumour and gossip.[21] Warner replied in a telegraph the same day that he understood the idle gossip was nothing more than that and he cajoled Goulding into thinking about taking on a new Bette Davis picture, tentatively titled at the time as *Far Horizon*.[22] There is no record of Goulding taking the bait however, or being in any way remotely interested in the project at this time or later. Indeed his mind seemed to be elsewhere for much of that year. Earlier that summer, an undisclosed amount of money was forwarded to Goulding to pay off his "creditors"; a euphemism for the belief that he had run up debts living the lifestyle he did as well as having tax problems with the IRS.[23] Warners' legal files reveal that Goulding owed various amounts to five leading financial institutions adding up to a total of more than $15,000 that the studio, Warner personally indeed, were happy enough to write off against the promise of their star director committing to a new movie.

The studio's consistent support for Goulding thus inevitably began to bring pressure back on him to repay some of that loyalty in due course. Roy Obringer subsequently received a note from his boss in early 1941, covertly stating that as Goulding was on the payroll at $2000 a week, he might look at some prospective scripts that would be appropriate to take

on as his next assignment. Both Jack Warner and Obringer agreed that one of those appropriate scripts was the Julius and Philip Epstein penned comedy, *The Man Who Came to Dinner*.[24] In the end, however, Goulding declined and the film, starring Bette Davis once again and Monty Woolley as a lecturer and radio critic stuck in a stranger's house with a broken leg, where upon he interjects and invades the privacy of all around him with witty and unusual consequences, was left to Warner contract director, William Keighley. Keighley, a veteran of Warners' 1930s gangster series of pictures – including *'G' Men* (1935) and *Bullets or Ballots* (1936) – did a solid job of producing another hit for Davis and the studio, but he didn't really have the pizzazz of Goulding and the eye for melodrama that Davis's movies in particular, seemed to warrant.

It was Goulding's agent Fanny Holtzmann who sorted him out during 1941 and 1942. Persuading Warner to pay off yet further debts on top of the 1940 advance from the studio, Holtzmann got Goulding to lay off his increasing reliance on alcohol and accept one of the scripts flagged up by Warner and Obringer over the previous few months.[25]

It was a good job Holtzmann intervened when she did. Warner's cajoling of his increasingly temperamental star had taken a more serious tone by the beginning of that year. A personal telegraph from Warner to Goulding at the El Mirador Hotel in Palm Springs where he was continuing to convalesce implicitly conveyed more frustration that Goulding was not yet ready to fulfil his obligations of the contracts and money advanced him to settle the financial debts. "Hope you get a good rest," Warner signed off with, in none too convincing a fashion.[26] A newly revised contract was finally drawn up though in August 1942 with Holtzmann overseeing it and which explicitly stated that Goulding would set to imminently, directing two photoplays of his choosing.[27] The first story Goulding went to work on as a result of the newly revised agreement was Englishwoman Margaret Kennedy's novel, *The Constant Nymph*, a love triangle between two sisters and a handsome composer, Lewis Dodd, played admirably by Charles Boyer. It was a fine picture in many ways and critics praised its attempts to grapple with the spiritual and material uncertainties of life.[28] But spirituality and materialism were the last things on most people's minds in the midst of the war going on around them. They wanted to know whether they were going to win, and for that they needed to be reassured by patriotic propaganda. Goulding did that with his contribution to the collective, *Forever and a Day* (1943), in which his short story was the tale of an American First World War 'doughboy' played by Robert Cummings, who falls in love with Merle Oberon's hotel desk clerk while in France. But his appetite for

this kind of national sentiment, and even militaristic cinema, that was certainly required and craved by audiences at the time, quickly waned. It wasn't his kind of filmmaking; it was almost too earnest, too literal and deterministic for the director. *The Constant Nymph* found itself buried in a sea of patriotic wartime fervour and it wasn't a great success. It didn't help the director's relations with the studio either, and Goulding resolved to go back to what Matthew Kennedy describes as his forte: "nurturing female talent for the screen".[29]

He directed Dorothy McGuire in her first major screen role in *Claudia* (1943), a version of Rose Franken's play about a child bride adapting to married life. Strangely enough, its success was due in no small part to the fact that it became an intrinsic aspect of the propaganda exercise that was educating and enriching movie audiences during wartime; here by virtue of the film's resonant human goodness and generosity. If Goulding himself seemed unsure how he managed to create such a bond with his audience through his lead players then, like *Dark Victory*, his ability to cope with the promise of expectation and optimism strangled by tragedy and disappointment in this movie was a conversion his films still seemed effortlessly able to reproduce. The tragedy of both denouements is never maudlin and that was a gift he managed to instil in his female stars. But it was a feat only matched by an increasing restlessness and self-doubt that was constantly creeping into Goulding's work. If a writer such as Aldous Huxley had other openings in which to jettison his bouts of depression and self-loathing, Goulding's all began to end up on screen.

But *Claudia* was important for a further reason. The film was made at Fox with Darryl Zanuck, not for Jack Warner; and the movie signalled that the mogul's patience with Goulding's temperamental outbursts had finally run out. Goulding wrote a letter to Warner from his suite at the Beverly Wiltshire accusing the legendary mogul of not backing him and supporting his efforts for the studio.[30] He was responding to a memo written by Warner to him, suggesting that the studio head was unhappy about Goulding signing even a short-term deal with Zanuck, although it may well have been that Warner was using this as a reason to pave the way for Goulding's departure. Despite Fanny Holtzmann's best efforts to keep her client in check, the director's letter smacked of the kind of paranoia that Hollywood's edgy, pressure-cooker atmosphere could engender. The British sensibility and carefree abandonment of the inter-war years, therefore, was giving way to the fears and prejudices that began to haunt the entire Hollywood community in the 1940s and 1950s. Goulding constantly felt his "carefully balanced creative life would come

crashing down".[31] Before it did though, and against the odds, he managed to produce some of his best and most intense personal work at the end of the 1940s, starting with the first of his two Somerset Maugham adaptations in as many years, *Of Human Bondage*.

Maugham's tale of a fragile relationship between a cockney London girl and an aspiring medical student who puts up with the woman's indiscretion and vaguely psychotic episodes had already been filmed by John Cromwell in 1934 with Bette Davis (complete with East-End accent) and Leslie Howard in the lead parts. Made by RKO it was also partly filmed on location in London itself, adding a reasonably grimy atmosphere to a sorry, downbeat story. Goulding debated his casting for some time and had Catherine Turney doing the writing for him. Turney, a contracted scribe at Warners rarely got the credit she deserved for some striking women's films of the 1940s, her contribution to *My Reputation* with Barbara Stanwyck in 1946 being often neglected and her work on *Mildred Pierce* with Joan Crawford the year before being entirely un-credited.

With Eleanor Parker as lead character Mildred Rogers, Paul Henreid as the somewhat old-looking student Philip Carey and back-up from Alexis Smith and Edmund Gwenn, Goulding's version, which remained faithful to the Victorian London and Paris settings of Maugham's book, was a plausible imitation. But the production ran into problems. With Goulding running the gauntlet of Henreid's desire to have the film match his vision more than the director's, and his relationship with producer Henry Blanke breaking down halfway through, the film ran over budget.[32]

As a result of these trials and tribulations, *Of Human Bondage* was actually completed by Goulding in 1944 but didn't see the light of day for nearly 2 years. Having returned from his brief sojourn at Fox, he agreed to a $75,000 flat fee for directing the movie.[33] But Warners took their time editing it. Jack Warner, having enjoyed such a cordial relationship with Goulding since he arrived at the studio as a director in 1937 (after he'd worked briefly there as a writer in the 1920s), had subsequently grown frustrated with the often petulant attitude as he saw it, and merely days after the film was finished, so too was Goulding. The truth of the matter was that Warner saw himself as funding Goulding's lifestyle and his notoriously unreliable working practices. As Holtzmann had promised, and as was the case with *Of Human Bondage*, when he found his way onto a set, he usually became the consummate professional. But it wasn't always enough. Most of the "advances" of the last 4 years were undisclosed and rarely known even by the gossip

columnists of Hollywood, but Goulding's somewhat wild lifestyle did circulate among the rumour-mill. It was all too much of a liability for Warner and he cancelled his contract after the set wrapped up filming.

It was ironic then, given Goulding's further dabbling as a writer on Broadway at the close of the war and some abortive attempts at new movie projects, that Darryl Zanuck should step forward, and offered the director a lifeline. On the back of his impressive delivery of *Claudia*, Zanuck presented Goulding with a potentially even more fascinating project than *Of Human Bondage*. The film was to be another story written by Somerset Maugham.

Of even greater irony than this was that while this Maugham adaptation tells us something of Hollywood, a fair bit about the source novelist, and an extraordinary amount about Goulding, the film it produced that went on to be a major critical and fair commercial success wasn't even something that should have come Goulding's way. Having briefly gone back to the theatre, Goulding's efforts to kickstart his Broadway career after the fall-out with Warner had disastrous results. He directed the quickly curtailed *The Ryan Girl* in New York, while over in Hollywood, Darryl Zanuck had meanwhile purchased Maugham's *The Razor's Edge* as a vehicle for George Cukor and writer Lamar Trotti. But Cukor and Trotti could never establish a working relationship; Trotti was interested in the psychology of the central character, while Cukor wanted to make an action film. Maugham happily agreed to intercede, coming on board to do his own treatment for free – he'd after all received $275,000 already for the rights to the story – but Cukor and Maugham then concocted a story Zanuck as producer was lukewarm about. Finally, when stars Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney, as well as Cukor himself, couldn't bend their schedules to fit the shooting of the film, Zanuck changed tack all over again. Pursuing the more serious intent of the story and getting to the heart of post-war alienation and uncertainty, he dropped Cukor and Maugham's script, brought in Goulding and restored Trotti.[34] Maugham was a "good sport" about the changes and new direction that resulted in little of his script being used in the final version. But Zanuck was feeling guilty about engaging the writer for so long without paying him for his time – over and above the story rights – and turned to Cukor asking what he could do. Within a matter of days Maugham had his reward. Courtesy of 20th Century Fox and Darryl Zanuck, he received an original Monet painting.[35]

More important for Goulding in this merry-go-round of personnel and impressionist art was the fact that, in the aftermath of the aforementioned *Claudia* with McGuire and Robert Young which had proved

to be a surprise hit for Fox, Zanuck was taken enough with Goulding's work to offer him a six-picture deal worth $175,000 each on the basis that he'd achieve an even bigger success with *The Razor's Edge*. The casting, arrangement, stars and ultimately storyline may have arrived through a series of serendipitous events, but the tone and outlook of *The Razor's Edge* said everything in the end about Maugham and Goulding's relationship with Hollywood, and British perceptions of the west-coast movie world.

First of all the film has its author narrating and wandering through half of the story as a sage English gentleman observing the foibles, discoveries and disintegration of his own characters. Herbert Marshall gives Maugham a languid, not entirely unconvincing aura of one who, between writing assignments, catches up with his protagonists in various locales around the world where they all happen to be – usually at the same time. Apart from the somewhat tortured last line of the film, in which Maugham informs the social-climbing Isabel, prominently played by Tierney, that the love of her life Larry (Power) has the ultimate power in the world, goodness – as we see him in the final shot manning a tramp's steamer back to America – Marshall's restrained performance and examination of American social and moral etiquette is often acute and informed. His voice-over narration at the very beginning of the film, where his friend Elliot Templeton (Clifton Webb) has invited Maugham to a Chicago party "at one of those sprawling country clubs that were so much a part of the American scene in the early days of the post-war boom", is almost a mandate in itself for the rather wry, detached and sometimes disapproving English observance of American ways and manners. In fact, as Matthew Kennedy observes, this opening and extended party scene at the county club was never in Maugham's story and it is Goulding's eye for establishing character and mood that makes the observance of national character and attitude so rich and pronounced.[36] Indeed, one has to be reminded mid-way through the film that Maugham's fictional friend Elliot (something of an incarnation of Goulding himself perhaps) is in fact an American citizen, though he has all the class hang-ups and snobbish tendencies of a Brit decrying the end of Empire. Maugham catches up with him in one scene at a tailors' shop in Paris, only to guffaw at Templeton's absurd insistence on having a crown above his initials on his clothes because, he claims, he's descended from Spanish aristocracy.

But Maugham's presence is really there to initiate, condition and encourage the audience to follow the machinations of central protagonist, Larry Darrell, as he adjusts to life after the First World War and goes

off around the world in search of meaning and knowledge. Kennedy is right when he says that the film, "decorous as it is, doesn't shy from existentialism" and that alone made it something of an exception even in Goulding's canon of human interaction and observance – certainly for his male characters – if not in Hollywood itself.[37] The film also really belies its setting. Ostensibly a story that carries us through the inter-war years, everything about it looks and smacks of the immediate post-Second World War era in which it was made. In this respect Larry is not a million miles removed from Dana Andrews's character, Fred Derry, also a returning veteran in William Wyler's *The Best Years of our Lives*, it too released in 1946.

Larry can't escape the fact that he should and would have died in the final days of the Great War if it hadn't been for a comrade who was willing to sacrifice himself instead. He returns, confused and embittered, but is heartened by the fact that he has his sweetheart and potentially clear future wife, Isabel to comfort him. But she is a part of the post-First World War breed that wants comfort, material goods and the good life. "By 1930, America will be the greatest country in the whole world," she informs Larry rather poignantly given the date. "Isn't that terribly exciting?" Isabel asks, almost rhetorically aware that the land of opportunity is about to become the foremost nation on earth and she wants her share of it.

But Larry can't escape the feeling that his life was destined for something more. He works in Paris, the German coalfields and eventually finds himself in the spiritual sanctity of Tibet. He gives up on Isabel and ultimately regrets the tragedy that befalls his friend Sophie whose life is wrecked by death and alcohol, her demise recklessly and spitefully accelerated by Isabel. Returning to America by the cheapest means possible, Larry's future remains uncertain at the end of the film, but Marshall as Maugham reminds the audience that his life *is* clearly destined for something more.

Zanuck as producer thought he had the film of the year on his hands and indeed Anne Baxter was richly rewarded for her portrayal of the accursed Sophie with a deserved Oscar for Supporting Actress. Unlike with *The Constant Nymph*, the movie found a more receptive audience, and it had some success with critics. Ultimately taking $5 million in rentals from a $1.2 million budget, Zanuck could be pleased with the results but it never seemed to quite live up to his expectations and he realized his instinct for stories and producing was built on the success of more entertaining and dramatic *noir* films like the following *Laura*, again with Gene Tierney. Maugham, on the other hand, would turn his hand to writing and adapting his stories for television, and Goulding

would have one more shot at providing Tyrone Power with his finest acting hour.

International collaboration

While cinema on both sides of the Atlantic started to battle with the effects of post-war economic downturn and political uproar, various protagonists found it in their interests to finally unite aspects of British and American cinematic expertise and pool their resources for the betterment of both parties. The series of tie-ups had begun during the war, and Alexander Korda and Michael Balcon kept the channels of communication between the two industries as fluid as they dare during the 1940–45 period. A more specific relationship was being cultivated though in a chance meeting that took place in the midst of this time at Gatwick airport while Korda was trying to get across to America and director Carol Reed was travelling on un-named business. Reed had a story being developed by Graham Greene about a post-war film set in Europe. They agreed to meet and talk more. In the meantime Korda developed further relations with David Selznick in Hollywood. When they finally joined together, Korda, Selznick, Reed and Greene made one of the defining films of the immediate post-war era and one of the best international collaborations in history: *The Third Man*.

First off though, Reed was interested in directing a version of Greene's short story, "The Basement Room" which he finally adapted in 1948. Far more British in its orientation than the celebrated film of the following year, *The Fallen Idol* (as the film was re-named) was a picture Korda supported unequivocally under the banner of London Films. It was also the project where he really cultivated Reed and Greene's relationship. Seeing a complementary series of tendencies in each of their work, Korda brought together a film that is rich in Reed-like cinematography and filled with Greene's constant search for ambiguity, doubt and complexity in adult behaviour.[38] Thanks to Korda's encouragement in instigating creative freedom that he wanted engendered throughout London's operations, Reed and Greene worked to fashion a story that moved from a tale about a young boy who reports his best friend to the police, into one where the boy believes that he is witness to a murder, and one committed by an adult he has come to trust and respect. But that simple tale of innocence exposed and corrupted by dark motives is only half of the themes at work. Ralph Richardson's butler working at the French Embassy, Baines, is carrying on an affair with one of the secretaries; the French Ambassador's wife is a fearful woman; and the young

Ambassador's son, Phillipe, is an impressionable young man whose story goes unheard and who is manipulated and yet at the same time manipulative of the adult characters around him. As Peter Evans's appraisal of the film confirms, the tensions, schisms and fractures at work within the Embassy played on the metaphor of a new world order that was suddenly unsure of its destiny little more than 3 years after the end of war[39] A first-rate cast including Sonia Dresdel as Mrs. Baines and Bobby Henrey as Phillipe contributed to a very successful venture for Korda's London Films and the Selznick Corporation in Hollywood. The film took over $9 million in the United States alone and both Reed and Greene were nominated for Oscars, while BAFTA made it their film of the year for 1949. In many respects its relative obscurity today can only be the result of its striking proximity to the movie that made all four participants post-war connoisseurs of a new transatlantic film culture and industry-wide understanding.

A year later, Selznick ostensibly offered no more than two components to *The Third Man*; and they were his contracted players, Joseph Cotton and Alida Valli. However, having invited Greene and Reed to Hollywood to see what his stars and money were actually buying, Selznick went on ultimately to intervene in almost every part of the script and filming. Reed resisted him, and Greene's psychosis and tangled interpretation of the politics and underworld goings-on in post-war Vienna, where the new Cold War was starting to be fought with goods rather than guns, were left as dark and neo-realist as European cinema demanded. But in Cotton, and especially the friend he believes is dead, Orson Welles' Harry Lime, the mysterious sewers of Vienna that serve as such a rich backdrop to the key moments of the film, especially the denouement, were a perfect rejoinder to Americans lost in a maze of old world diplomacy supposedly ripped up by the war. Greene used Lime's black-market racketeering of penicillin (straight out of press reports of such goings-on) as the moral debasement of a character loosely constructed around recently "outed" Soviet spy, Kim Philby; Philby's real first name being Harry. In addition, Cotton's character Holly Martins, despite being invited as a distinguished guest to give a literary talk in the city at the same time as he is trying to discover what happened to his "dead" friend, is routinely dismissed by people who've never heard of his typically American, Western "dime store" novels that he writes back home. Indeed, when he finally arrives for his seminar, he's asked whether he believes in the "stream of consciousness" state as though his intellectual standing will not sustain such a question; and is further embarrassed by scolding laughter for citing his favourite writer as Zane Grey.

But in a conclusion to the scene, when pressed as to what his new book is about, Martins' lax, almost dismissive attitude to the literature he has been trying to derivatively copy, is replaced with a story of murder and deceit, blackmail and power relations that reveals how much his eyes have been opened to the complications of post-war Europe since his arrival in Vienna. When asked by a mysterious individual who enters the talk at the last moment what this new work is to be called, Martin replies: *The Third Man*.

In one sense Greene was attacking the somewhat impressionistic, willingly optimistic outlook of Americans towards Europe directly after the war. The idealism of 1945–46 has been quickly shattered in *The Third Man*, and it's an optimism that Reed and Greene tried to stifle in Selznick who always sought something redemptive in a picture. But here, even the nod to a possibly romantic epilogue between Holly and Anna, Lime's former girlfriend, can't escape practicalities. "I can't just leave her," professes Martins to Major Calloway (Trevor Howard) as they make their way out of the cemetery at the close following Lime's funeral. It's an excuse to stay, but also a reminder of pragmatism that is at the mainstay of the society all around them. Anna will be associated with a black marketeer and child killer whose drugs have caused suffering and so will possibly face retribution, while Calloway says to Martins in the jeep that he'll "do what he can for her" which Martins is wise enough to know that in Vienna now means little.

The Third Man built on the success of *The Fallen Idol* a year earlier and, like its predecessor, took the Film of the Year at the BAFTA ceremony of 1950. While the movie wasn't nominated for Best Picture at the Oscars that year, Reed was for Best Director; and Robert Krasker won for his cinematography of the bombed-out city that, shot at low down angles, and with subtle lighting and moody atmospherics, even outdid the noir stylists working in Hollywood at the time. The film's brilliance, however, was in really inventing the Cold War thriller. And Greene imitators, from Len Deighton through John Le Carré to Martin Cruz Smith, went away and matched the dialectics and paranoia of the film for the next 40 years, with the politics of East–West relations in a true homage to a perfect piece of cinema.

"Only Faces Count"

Frank Lloyd, James Whale and Edmund Goulding all carried forward their successes, reputations and character from the inter-war years into the uncharted territory of Hollywood after the war. Lloyd's *Blood on the*

Sun (1945) was a typical piece of wartime propaganda that has James Cagney as a reporter in Tokyo refusing to accept the official government line of benevolent expansion and pious peace in the lead up to war. Almost an espionage thriller in the vein of Hitchcock and Greene, with touches of *Casablanca* thrown in for good measure, Cagney's Nick Condon goes in search of imperial Japan's secrets and falls in love with Sylvia Sidney's Iris along the way. Although a fair hit for Lloyd, the director was by this time nearly 60 and had been at the forefront of Hollywood filmmaking for nearly three decades. His output diminished very quickly as a result; indeed it would be 9 years before he directed again, with the slight and disappointing *The Shanghai Story*. Lloyd followed this with what turned out to be his last film, a perhaps prophetic return to the Western genre. *The Last Command* (1955) starred Stirling Hayden as the rebellious Texan Jim Bowie, holed up at the Alamo. As a final fling, it was certainly symbolic stuff but also relatively moderate cinema compared to Lloyd's heyday. Five years later, he passed away at the age of 74. Lloyd was one of the 36 original founders of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and one of the last British connections directly back to that formative era. His appreciation of the need to entertain as well as inform and his ambition to put up on screen that which would excite and detain audiences for the length of his pictures said everything about the persuasion of the early British exponents of American film. Lloyd never really attained a cult status nor achieved much in the way of academic, let alone popular, reappraisal that might have collectively knit his career together. His films continue to be shown on television especially, but never portrayed as a Frank Lloyd film, more as a "classic" Hollywood movie. In a way, he liked that anonymity and was as unassuming in real life as his reputation continues to be in histories of the industry from those times. The background persona probably displayed how complete his inculcation into the culture was, but it also continues to obscure a prodigious British-inspired talent.

For James Whale and Edmund Goulding, the post-war years were ones of stereotypical decline; for as much as their rise through the ranks had typified the Hollywood machine, so their fade to obscurity provided the counterpoint to Hollywood's necessary narrative of its contributors. Whale made only one post-war picture, an adaptation of William Saroyan's play, *Hello Out There* (1949), which was something of a vehicle for millionaire producer Huntington Hartford's wife, Marjorie Steele. The film was really a quite marginal production costing a mere $41,000 and running only 32 minutes in length. The producer had the idea of putting it together with a Joseph Conrad short story, *The Secret Sharer*,

which was filmed in 1951, and running them as a double bill. But, either because Hartford disliked Whale's finished product, which over the years has become the accepted wisdom, or because as James Curtis states, no distribution company seemed willing to take the two on as a going concern, the films were shelved and Whale went away to work in theatre for a few years.[40] The New Gallery of Modern Art in New York would uncover a disintegrating copy of *Hello Out There* and run it for several weeks in 1967; a coda in many ways to the fragmentary reputation of Whale in later years, whereby snippets of his career and relocated prints of his films would pop up at times reminding future generations what an innovative and exhaustively inventive filmmaker he'd been.

In the 1950s, as he retreated from the limelight and only occasionally saw friends, associates and enthusiasts, Whale speculated that his films had begun to date and so, he rhetorically asked, who would be interested in them? But those in the know saw his constant technical proficiencies and subtle humour for what they were; a genuine if somewhat affected artist at work. In 1956, Whale suffered the first of a series of strokes and his debilitation, the mood swings that followed, and his life increasingly distant now from movies, affected his outlook and self-reflection considerably. Finally, depression brought tragedy when he took his own life in May 1957. Writing to his partner and colleague David Lewis, Whale stated that what he desired was simply peace, and this was the only way.

One of the few British publications to print an appreciation of Whale at the time of his death was the film magazine, *Sight and Sound*. Its editor, Roy Edwards suggested that: "As a director working in a large commercial studio, Whale's films stand less chance of survival over a period of years than might have been the case had they been made in more exotic circumstances."[41] For a time at least, Edwards seemed to have got it right. Whale's credit fell sharply, but ironically it was his very presence at Universal, and the lasting reinvention of studio work, which couldn't be predicted in 1957, first through television, then video and DVD, that actually enabled Whale to transcend his environment and ultimately become one of the doyens of the studio era, and begin to be recognized as one of its greatest importations.

Edmund Goulding, surprisingly given the roller coaster ride his career had been on for much of the time in Hollywood, fared better than either Lloyd or Whale after the war. Following on from *The Razor's Edge* in 1946 all the way to the goofy fun of music film, *Mardi Gras*, starring crooning sensation Pat Boone, in 1958, Goulding had his disappointments for sure, but some notable successes too. *Nightmare Alley* (1947) re-united the director with Tyrone Power in a tough, offbeat tale of scams and

deception set in the world of night clubs and hard-knock characters. It's all colloquial dialogue and reckless ambition, while Power, so sensitive and considered in the former film gave the performance of his life here against type, fighting enemies and most of the world in his battle to get to the top.

Everybody Does It (1949) from a story by James M. Cain kept Goulding's credit high at Fox, and in 1950 he made a considerably underrated film when teaming up with legendary screenwriter Robert Riskin (who had spent many years at Columbia Pictures in tandem with Frank Capra before the war) for *Mister 880*. Starring Edmund Gwenn as a counterfeiter, Goulding took his cue from Zanuck's canny joining together of an acute scriptwriting talent in Riskin with the director's skill for teasing character and humanity out of his players. Dorothy McGuire from *Claudia* plays Ann Winslow, a modern post-war woman working at the modern post-war United Nations in New York who gets caught up in a scam involving dollar bills that her charming old-man neighbour, Skipper Miller (Gwenn), is passing around the neighbourhood. When Treasury agent Steve Buchanan (Burt Lancaster) becomes involved in a case that has been ongoing for years, Winslow falls for Steve's charms and he takes pity on the old man who is uncovered but benevolently dealt with. Gwenn won a Golden Globe for his portrayal and the trade paper *Variety* described the film as "full of humour, pathos and entertainment".[42]

Mister 880 was a fitting tribute to a career that would be cut short by illness in Riskin's case, but it was also a clear statement of the abilities Goulding still had as a filmmaker guided by a quality producer and writer. The following *We're Not Married* (1952) which inevitably brought Goulding into contact with one of the defining female stars of the era and one that he understandably felt destined to work with, Marilyn Monroe, was pretty good comic fare, helped this time by the talented Nunnally Johnson's script. But comedy musical *Down Among the Sheltering Palms* (1953) and the more interesting character study, *Teenage Rebel* (1956) which Goulding actually co-wrote with Charles Brackett and which starred Ginger Rogers, failed to ignite audiences in the way of old. *Mardi Gras*, like his previous title, was a not-so-subtle pitch to get into the teen movie market occupied by a star like James Dean.

But Goulding had little in common with this collection of aspiring wannabes in what ended up being his final film. He turned his attention to possibly producing or going back to writing. Neither came to fruition and in the late 1950s Goulding felt the cold wind of Hollywood's dismissal as he faded from view. Adding insult to injury, as

Matthew Kennedy intimates, was a Louella Parsons column of 1959 suggesting that Goulding's finest moment, *Dark Victory*, had actually been directed by Vincent Sherman, only confirming the short-term memory Hollywood liked to employ about its living ghosts; still hanging around the community but fading like the celluloid their art was made on.[43] At the end of that year, with his health fading too, Goulding gambled on a heart operation that might revive his energy and weary body. He knew there was a chance of not making it and on Christmas Eve, 1959, he died on the operating table at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles at the age of 68.

The early generation of British émigrés to Hollywood had their place in the sun long before the 1950s faded away, and Frank Lloyd, James Whale and Edmund Goulding could all count themselves as responsible for helping to create an industry that sustained their talent and enthusiasm for as long as it did. But they didn't just fade away because they themselves ran of energy. Hollywood too didn't have the means to carry on as it once had; nor the wherewithal to stop change and commercialism that was starting to re-condition the industry in a way few could identify with.

Darryl Zanuck had brought Edmund Goulding back from the brink in the late 1940s at Fox and in the process had extended his career by a few short years at least. But for Zanuck also, the "salad days" were over in Hollywood. "Everyone was becoming a corporation," he wearily pointed out. "They have their own lawyers, their own managers, their own agents; you can't deal with individuals any longer."[44] His astute reading of the situation was that a decade before it truly happened, the studio environment was being dismantled. As Zanuck's biographer George Custen concludes, one of the last of the great studio heads was only 53 when he gave up on Hollywood altogether and moved to France in March 1956.[45] For moguls, the studios, and the British in Hollywood, the times were very definitely changing.

5
Atlantic Crossing

William Mann begins his biography of director John Schlesinger with a prologue that commences in April 1970. It's the scene of Schlesinger's greatest moment as a filmmaker; his Oscars for Best Director and Best Picture for his 1969 film, *Midnight Cowboy*, with Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman. "Astoundingly", writes Mann "The Academy had nominated *Cowboy* [for both awards]. Old Hollywood rationalised away these nominations as simply bones thrown to the counter culture."[1] Mann's argument is that not only was this a pivotal moment for Schlesinger's career, it was also a turning point in the history of American cinema. The film was an off-beat down-at-heel tale of two losers on the margins of contemporary American society; Voight plays Texan Joe Buck, recently arrived in New York and intent on hustling his way to money and a change of fortune in his life. When he meets outcast Ratso Rizzo (Hoffman), the two forge an odd but enduring partnership that carries them through the vicissitudes of a city and country changing dramatically at the end of the 1960s.

Even as a potted summary and excluding the lewd and grim reality of the encounters that Buck and Rizzo endure, Schlesinger's film seemed entirely at odds with the Academy's, and the industry's, prevailing taste for safe, respectable, "cinematic" movies. While it was true that preceding *Midnight Cowboy* had been Norman Jewison's *In the Heat of the Night* in 1967, other Best Picture winners surrounding these two had included films of a more family-orientated nature such as *Oliver!* (1968), *The Sound of Music* (1965) and *My Fair Lady* (1964). And although this slice of New York life had every bit as iconic a piece of music in the guise of John Barry's haunting score, as well as a somewhat uplifting spirit to it undoubtedly, it was hardly redemptive and the ending was anything but conclusive or happy. Yet here was *Midnight Cowboy*, as Mann points out, up against industry standards such as *Hello Dolly!* And *Anne of a Thousand Days* at the 1970 awards ceremony, with only George Roy

Hill's film, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* bridging the gap between what has subsequently been identified as a moment when "Old Hollywood" came face-to-face with "New" and began to give way to its brash younger sibling.

That changing of the guard had arguably been set in motion at the Academy Awards 2 years earlier as Mark Harris's intuitive *Scenes from a Revolution* intimately documents. Following the conception, emergence, making and reception of the five pictures that were nominated for the top award, and the various characters associated with them, Harris constructs a parable of an empire coming to a close. For in the shape of *Doctor Doolittle*, *The Graduate*, *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, *Bonnie and Clyde* and *In the Heat of the Night*, he claims Hollywood was the architect of its own foretelling; a dying culture industry defined by two of these pictures certainly, up against a brash, impatient, upstart collection of "young turks" highlighted by Mike Nichols, Arthur Penn and Norman Jewison. "Dragons" against "dragonflies" the *Los Angeles Times* called it and the "dragonflies" – the above together with Warren Beatty, Faye Dunaway, Rod Steiger and Dustin Hoffman – were hipper, cooler and more ambitious. "In Hollywood, by the time the 1967 Best Picture nominees were made public, it was increasingly clear that something was dying and something was being created," suggests Harris.[2]

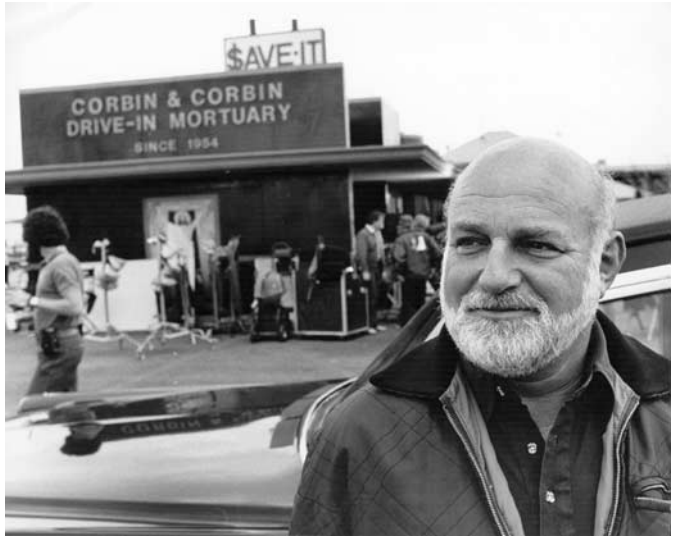


Illustration 13 John Schlesinger.

Schlesinger himself could have been part of that earlier revolt if he'd found a way to work with Warren Beatty and make *Bonnie and Clyde*. Director and star met up around the time of Schlesinger's major art house hit of the mid-1960s, *Darling*; but discussions amounted to little and Beatty passed as he went in search of the right person to work on his idea for a radical overhaul of the gangster film.[3] But 4 years on from that meeting and 2 years after the fateful awards ceremony of 1968, the irony of the situation and the man at the centre of the continuing revolution now fully unfolding was not lost in Mann's account either. For here within this 1970 triumph "was an Englishman, who was feted as a man who had brought American cinema – finally – in tune with the times".[4] The prologue, like the rest of Mann's excellent book, spends its time accounting for the reasons why Schlesinger could never quite reproduce the impact and success of *Midnight Cowboy*, but it also rightly lauds him as a filmmaker who straddled the radicalism of the British New Wave from the end of the 1950s, and the New Hollywood that emerged on the west coast in the 1970s, and for that alone his contribution to filmmaking will remain remarkable and vital.

But the really interesting thing about the recollection of Oscar night 1970, and the adulation that Schlesinger received for his first truly Hollywood-based hit, was that he wasn't there at all. Although the by now staid announcement of "away filming his next project" was true enough in this instance – Schlesinger was making *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* in London – his absence was actually the sign of a further marker, a latent shift, in the relationship between the British and Hollywood as the 1960s ground to a halt and "Old" Hollywood faded away. Schlesinger had achieved his first big hit and become a success in "tinseltown" really at the second time of asking. But, unlike almost all the fellow country men and women who had gone before him who'd sought that kind of fame and the promise of that kind of career, he didn't reside there in any real manner. Later on in the 1970s and 1980s Schlesinger did set up home in Los Angeles and enjoyed some further success, critically with *The Falcon and the Snowman* (1985), commercially with *Pacific Heights* (1990), and in both ways to great acclaim with what is for many his best film, *Marathon Man* (1976). But he did gradually became more of a director for hire as the radicalism of 1970s Hollywood turned to a more harsh commercial sensibility in 1980s movies that Schlesinger hated, but felt compelled to try and work with. *Yanks* (1979), a film that really culminated the bridging of the British and American film worlds he'd worked in for 15 years, was generally well-received though some critics thought it too sentimental, while *Madame Sousatazka* (1988) was

somewhat unfairly dismissed for its examination of cultural clashes and trans-nationalism at a time when those concerns had yet to become popular as cinematic subject matter.

But back in the 1960s, he made movies in Britain for American studios (*Far from the Madding Crowd* for MGM, which he did then help to market in America – the aforementioned first foray into Hollywood – but somewhat disastrously given that its failure at the box-office almost scuppered his chances of making *Cowboy*), British movies for small-scale companies (*Darling* for Joseph Janni Productions) and films for a conglomerate of US and UK interests (*Billy Liar*). In other words, Schlesinger demonstrated where the internationalism and globalizing instinct of filmmaking was started to make its impression. *Darling* had been nominated for the Academy's Best Picture in 1965 even though it was a moderately financed British production, but it came on the back of similar well-publicized hits in the States that had been nominated in 1962 and 1963 respectively. *Lawrence of Arabia* was typecast as an "American" production somewhat confusingly, while the following year Tony Richardson's bawdy period piece, *Tom Jones*, became the first wholly British Best Picture winner since 1948 and was a film that challenged Hollywood convention on several levels; the self-consciousness of its cinematic style as well as the more overt sexual references vis-à-vis the coming liberal era at large as the decade progressed.[5]

So Schlesinger and his approach to cinema had precedents to draw upon even if 1960s Hollywood continued to hanker after conservative tastes and seek films that would appeal across demographically and generationally different constituencies. Despite this, he became more and more allied to American studios for philosophical as much as practical reasons. He felt he could generate more money for his projects and tap into even more talent in California, while the heads of British studios and the hang-ups they had about subject matter emerging in the 1960s threatened to contain his aspirations, he thought. Nevertheless, Schlesinger's early exchanges with studio personnel in Los Angeles were not easy. MGM started re-editing *Far from the Madding Crowd* without his prior knowledge let alone consent, and the publicity for the film was jettisoned almost from the moment he arrived in Hollywood for the premiere. "MGM didn't want any part of it. They were advising me to run," he later recalled.[6] Schlesinger felt his experience was so poor that by the time he picked himself up and dusted himself down, the relationship he drew from United Artists was such a breath of fresh air, it only kindled that belief in freedom and independence out in Hollywood which first impressions had seemingly been quick to dismiss.

Schlesinger thus cut a deal with United Artists for *Midnight Cowboy* despite the poor showing in America of the Hardy adaptation – a paean to those earlier canonical versions of British literature in the studio era perhaps? – that he long regretted making. In fact it took some convincing of the UA executives themselves before they handed over the reins to a British director making a very demonstrative statement about contemporary American society. James Leo Herlihy's novel had been evaluated a few years before and rejected as too negative for audiences to appreciate. By 1969, however, it was seen as right in keeping with the times, and Schlesinger delivered its message in subtle but strident terms. "A statement about our time and people that doesn't have to stand back and orate," suggested the *New York Post*.[7] Audiences seemed to agree and turned up in droves. Schlesinger himself, despite the pitch he had to make to the studio, was hugely complimentary of their bravery and belief in the directors working for them. "United Artists was a very extraordinary organisation," he insisted. "Once they had agreed on the director, they believed in letting him have his way. They trusted me, and that doesn't often happen."[8] "As 1969 turned over into 1970," asserts William Mann. "Even as he returned to England to make a new film, [Schlesinger] felt very much a part of the new movement in America where, for a brief glorious moment, directors would reign and individual style and statement would come to define the cinema."[9]

Mann's description shows how much the page was really turning for the British in Hollywood. In the aftermath of this late 1960s upheaval, UK-based directors who turned up in Los Angeles during the 1970s and 1980s – the likes of Alan Parker, Ridley and Tony Scott, Michael Apted and many more – became less a part of the studio furniture that tied them into a system and controlled the industry from within the studio confines, than directors who increasingly brought "projects" to the studios and worked across continents and time zones on shooting schedules often of their own determining. As Sheridan Morley reminds us, it was also true that in a desperate bid by the studios themselves to keep costs at respectable levels, shooting anywhere but Hollywood also made you liable to tax breaks and incentives that promoted this exodus to exotic and not so exotic locales around the world.[10] What had once been an exception, in the 1960s and 1970s now became the norm. Why? Because as has been well-documented elsewhere, the studio system had effectively ended, the Production Code era had collapsed, and Hollywood was never going to be quite the same again.

That didn't mean the British didn't pick up habits their counterparts had initiated all those years before though. Schlesinger, as *Midnight Cowboy* demonstrated so admirably on a very mild budget of $2.8 million,

carried on a tradition for particularly American imagery and characters that had been established way back by Reginald Barker, Charles Brabin, Frank Lloyd and others.[11] In the 1970s and 1980s, he also continued to work with very distinctive American subject matter. Whether it was adaptations of classic American literature (*The Day of the Locust*), original screenplays (*Honky Tonk Freeway*) or re-workings of contemporary visions of the United States seen through the eyes of outsiders or loners (*The Falcon and the Snowman*), his instinct for assessing the nation's features and foibles rarely wavered, and the British penchant for replaying America back to itself had reliable and dedicated practitioners all around Schlesinger. If anything, British filmmakers helped shape the new world for Hollywood from the 1970s onwards, and did it by doing what many had always done; playing by their own rules, moulding the system and the movies they wished to make to their own design. Hollywood was changing radically but the British ethos was very much alive and still discernible from previous generations.

New wave

At the beginning of the 1960s Hollywood was beginning to be consumed by the nagging fear of failure and doubt. National film cultures around the world seemed to be making more interesting, provocative and enticing pictures than Hollywood and a number of these were making their way into the American market and doing particularly well. François Truffaut, Federico Fellini and Jean-Luc Godard were all inspiring a new generation of writers and directors, particularly in the cultural centres of New York, Boston and Washington, with stylish and provocative movies like *Jules et Jim*, *La Dolce Vita* and *Breathless*. "Exploding flashbulbs of movies", Harris calls them, and their offbeat, effortlessly cool, sometimes elliptical manner was perfect for a younger cinema-going generation.[12] They were perfect also because that younger generation who were going to local art houses and independent theatres really were student disciples of film: the new era of aficionados had arrived, who were not just watching, but actively studying and writing about movies; at university, for small magazines and in bigger publishing houses. And they also had a history to tap into dating back over half-a-century that made the study of film relevant, historical and cultural.

As well as those above getting screen time in America, directors like Sergio Leone, Milos Forman, Louis Malle and Roman Polanski were European filmmakers who had already begun to make a name for themselves actually inside the disintegrating studio system. Some of their films had won distribution deals in America and sometimes they had

studio money and facilities to shoot on the backlots, though generally many chose to stay outside of the United States. All of these practitioners from beyond America's shores now brought the confidence and intuition of earlier émigrés without necessarily having to commit themselves into the studio community. With these new and established names came the next wave of Anglo-filmmakers. As Peter Biskind asserts, "The revolution also facilitated ready access to Hollywood and/or studio distribution for Brits like John Schlesinger, John Boorman, Ken Russell and Nic Roeg."[13]

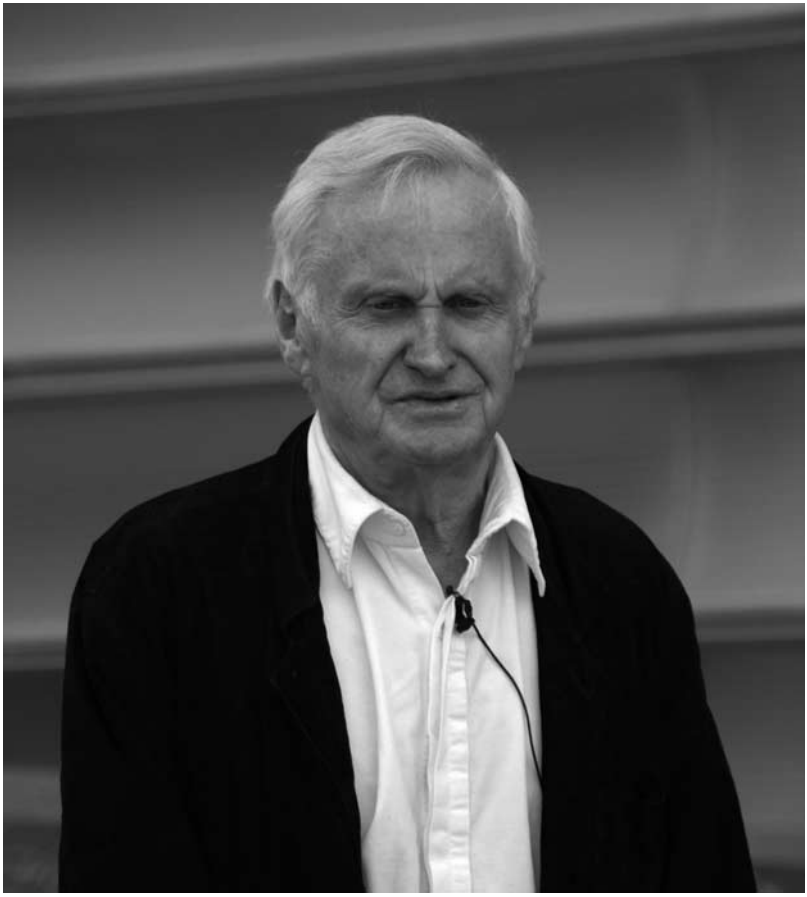


Illustration 14 John Boorman at the 2006 San Sebastian International Film Festival.

Boorman, in particular, was one British director who had taken advantage of the "revolution" in the flagging studios, their lack of direction and response to new cinematic visionaries therein, and of desperate companies looking for new and innovative talent from out of these alternative film cultures. As with many of his contemporaries he began work in documentaries. Boorman started at the local BBC unit in Bristol before taking charge of his first production and attempting to do for the Dave Clark 5 what Richard Lester had been doing with The Beatles by making a "music film", *Catch Us If You Can* (1965, re-titled *Having a Wild Weekend* in the United States). It wasn't a big hit, and certainly not on the scale of *Help!* or *A Hard Day's Night*. But, in 1967 Boorman moved to Hollywood and met up with a pair of young agents, Bob Chartoff and Irwin Winkler. Chartoff and Winker's British connection was established by them buying up UK movies and organizing distribution deals for them in America. It was this strategy that had enabled the two to sell Schlesinger's *Darling* in 1965 first to MGM and then on to Joe Levine and his independent Embassy Pictures operation that then contrived to make the Julie Christie film a hit in the States. It was Chartoff, Winkler and press agent Judd Bernard who sparked Boorman's interest in a pseudo-noir movie, arranged for the director to meet and sell the project to star Lee Marvin, and all this resulted in a first-time success. The complex and appropriately named *Point Blank* was a tough crime thriller with Marvin as old-style hit man, Walker, double-crossed in an elaborate game of bluff and counter-bluff, and with Angie Dickenson in a supporting role. Bringing all the style and craft of European cinema to a tale that gives a sheen and alternative hue to the landscape of California as the plot shifts from San Francisco to the impersonal and forbidding streets of Los Angeles – a presentation Michael Mann would appropriate for the city two decades later – Boorman mixed this visual style with west-coast noir characters and an organized underworld not unlike the movies which inspired him, such as Marvin and Dickenson's own turn in Don Siegel's *The Killers* from only 3 years before; and, further back, *The Big Heat* (1953), where Marvin had played a similar character for Fritz Lang.

By all accounts Boorman was in awe of Marvin who lived up to his hard-drinking, fast-living lifestyle on set. While he was in the actor's debt for endorsing him to the studio, however, Marvin proceeded to infiltrate every part of the production, questioning the motivation for certain scenes, wanting different actors in certain roles, not sure about the lighting set-up for some moments. By his own admission, Boorman conceded at the end of the shoot that; "In one sense *Point Blank* was

a study of Marvin, and I saw it as an extension of my documentary work, the studies I had made of individuals."[14] If the karma between the two of them sustained the vision of the film, then it was perhaps more by accident than design. Boorman's account of the production involved slightly unhinged producers, unimpressed studio executives, and lukewarm actors on set. He was right that upon release the film was anything but a blockbuster (it just about reclaimed its production budget in rentals in the United States), but its positive endorsement in Europe and word-of-mouth in the art house journals and hip magazines ensured that it became something of a cult classic very quickly and acquired a reputation for its director that made him a troubadour of the New Hollywood ethic. Boorman was always gracious enough to thank Marvin and producer Judd Bernard for teaching him a very smart lesson about Hollywood and it was enough of a respect that Marvin was keen to continue working with his British protégé on a project he had been hankering after for some while.[15]

Like Schlesinger, Boorman's directorial efforts following this initial success were sometimes patchy and also like his contemporary he never permanently settled in California, even though he made "Hollywood" films there for a decade. His follow-up to *Point Blank* was ambitious and daring, however, at the very least. *Hell in the Pacific* (1968) was a two-handed acting effort that Marvin had sold to Boorman as an idea towards the end of the previous film's production. Marvin wanted to star with his acting hero, Toshiro Mifune, as American and Japanese adversaries stuck on an unknown Pacific island during the war. It was a well-regarded picture and did reasonable business but if anything seemed to be even more exhaustive than the shoot for *Point Blank*. Mifune was "un-directorble" by Boorman's account and as the title of the picture became ever more apt, he recalls that, "we dragged ourselves through to the end, [shooting] pretty much in sequence".[16] *Hell in the Pacific* didn't keep Boorman's profile entirely at the top of the Hollywood list and he was keen to retreat back to England for a time after the wild experiences of his first two Hollywood pictures.

When he returned, with *Deliverance* in 1972, Boorman found himself with his equivalent of Schlesinger's *Midnight Cowboy*; a tour-de-force piece that was part adventure, part psychological thriller and part horror film, and which received Academy Award nominations for Best Picture and Director. It was his crowning moment in the Hollywood firmament and reflected just how tenuous and brief careers could be at the very pinnacle of the industry by this time; a far cry from

the extended directorial life of predecessors like Frank Lloyd, or even Edmund Goulding.

Boorman didn't disappear from view though; far from it. Indeed he arguably made more interesting and more personal films in the years that followed away from Hollywood; notably his retelling of the Arthurian legend with *Excalibur* (1981); a semi-autobiographical tale of life in the war, *Hope and Glory* (1987), and a back-to-nature story of lost tribes and Westerners gone native in *The Emerald Forest* (1985). His films were nominated for further awards but his career showed that Hollywood didn't necessarily have the pull and allure of past years, and that you didn't really have to work there at all to get films made, however easy or difficult that might be. Boorman often recalled the story of him pitching a new project to a Paramount executive who asked what the 30-second TV commercial for the finished film would look like. When Boorman said he couldn't really conceptualize it in that fashion, the executive replied that, well he couldn't make the movie then if he couldn't see how it would be sold.[17]

It was a further reflection of the changes occurring in Hollywood by the mid-1960s that considerable fanfare and attention could finally be paid to screenwriters alone, those who weren't necessarily writer-directors in the guise of the earlier generation, and who were now pitching up in a movie colony ready to finally acknowledge their contributions. None were more prestigious than Robert Bolt whose career up until this point had mainly resided in British theatre, but who in the middle of the decade wrote two scripts for what might still be considered American (they were really transatlantic) productions. Both *Dr. Zhivago* (1965) and *A Man for All Seasons* (1966) were enormous box-office successes around the world. And, having already done the screenplay for David Lean's earlier *Lawrence of Arabia* (1962) – considered a genuinely co-British/American production on one side of the pond at least, rather than outright Hollywood produced and funded – Bolt was not only successful but commanded a level of respect in L.A. every bit as deferential as that he received in Britain, where it was built on his considerable stage career. Nevertheless, while all three films had something of the Hollywood epic about them, none could be said to be embodying the studio patina that once would have been their hallmark even a decade earlier, and the differing conceptions about filmmaking and the British–American connection and practices were tied up in the respective backgrounds of their two directors: Englishman David Lean and Austrian born, but Hollywood-based, Fred Zinnemann.

In fact the difference in the careers of the two filmmakers Bolt worked for here, transgressed the mere biographical facts of their CVs. In their own allegorical ways, Lean and Zinnemann represented what continental European and British émigrés into Hollywood had become differentiated by, primarily because Lean was never really an émigré at all. *Dr. Zhivago* was as close as any of his films would come to being a "Hollywood production", certainly after *Hobson's Choice* in 1954 when he started making ever more lavish international projects. And yet he never showed up in Los Angeles to make even a part of one of his films, though he did journey to MGM for the editing of *Zhivago*. Lean's philosophy was simple. You go to Los Angeles and you end up with a swimming pool that has to be paid for. So to pay for it you have to make movies you're not very interested in. "In England", he said. "We have nothing but rain and austerity, so the only thing left is to make good films."[18]

From that moment on in the mid-1950s, however, while he resisted stepping foot on Hollywood soil, few of Lean's movies were made without American money to support them. *Summertime* (1955) had backing from United Artists; *The Bridge on the River Kwai* (1957) was partly produced and distributed by Columbia, as was *Lawrence of Arabia* in 1962, hence its claim to be "American". *Dr. Zhivago* was solely funded by MGM, so could have been seen as even more in the Hollywood "camp". Whatever the provenance, the money put upfront for this panoramic re-telling of the Russian Revolution made the MGM executives keen to see the end product; and their relief was tangible once the cut had been delivered to the studio by Lean who did all the things they hoped he would do to make a commercially successful historical epic. His film at the end of the 1960s and on the cusp of a new decade and era in the studios, *Ryan's Daughter*, used both Columbia and MGM as financiers and distributors for the picture's various releases around the world.

Zinnemann, on the other hand, in the best possible way, was an "old school" director of the classic mould. Having become a naturalized citizen in 1936, he always referred to himself as an "American" director and by that he meant a stylist and entertainer in the Hollywood vein. And from his Second World War drama *The Search* (1948) which he received an Oscar nomination for, to his oft-perceived anti-communist allegory western *High Noon* (1952), and through more war drama in the multi-award winning *From Here to Eternity* (1953) to the classic American musical *Oklahoma!* (1955), it's not hard to see why

Hollywood suited Zinnemann's style and persuasion, and he its requisite features. In fact, the adaptation of Bolt's play was really the first to begin to take him away from the geographical confines of Hollywood studio films. The picture was shot almost entirely on location in England, while one of his later films, *The Day of the Jackal* (1973), saw him direct much of Frederick Forsyth's political assassination thriller in the France of its setting. Lean and Zinnemann offered alternative perspectives on émigré filmmaking in the last years of the studio system, therefore. Zinnemann, inculcated and absorbed into the old studio routines, nevertheless continued to make intriguing and successful films in an increasingly international, global-hopping culture. Lean did all that too but managed to have a relationship with Hollywood without ever going there. The two films each adapted from Robert Bolt's writing conferred much of the independent streak that British practitioners like Lean clung to; first as a rebellion against what they perceived to be the constraints of old-style studio films, and second against the turmoil of a collapsing system that produced a new industry at this time.

The fact that, as Larry Langman comments, Zinnemann had a remarkable six decade career, but six decades that saw him direct just 22 features, told you everything about the working routine of Hollywood and its major players in the post-war period.[19] Fifteen of those features had actually arrived by 1955, and he made only seven films after that in 20 years, a clear sign of the changing approaches to filmmaking and the kind of elongated timescales that projects emerged out of. Lean, however, was even slower. From *Hobson's Choice* in 1954 to his last film, *A Passage to India* (1984) 30 years later, he directed only seven features in the intervening time. With no studio contracts as such, without the same pressure of subject material and product to fill screens year-on-year, filmmaking had finally become the domain of the artist even in Hollywood; and for artists, time and reflection was everything. Many who greatly admired Lean's cinematic style, among them Stanley Kubrick and Terrence Malick, would take the working routine of a director and gestation of a project to its logical conclusion in the 1970s and 1980s and end up not making a film for years on end. In 1947, despite his often lax working routines, Edmund Goulding worried that he might not have a film out that year if he didn't hurry up and finish *Nightmare Alley*. Forty years later Kubrick took most of the decade after his last film, *The Shining* (1980) to conceptualize, film and edit his Vietnam epic, *Full Metal Jacket* (1987).

So it was that a filmmaker like David Lean could make pictures with Hollywood help and not go there and Fred Zinnemann persisted in Hollywood and yet found he was able to break its confines and go and shoot pretty much anywhere in the world he wished. In 1965, he found himself in Hampshire most of the time, and then at Shepperton Studios. The transference of Bolt's play about Sir Thomas Moore to the screen was filmed with an almost entirely British cast except for Orson Welles playing Cardinal Wolsey. By contrast, Lean's adaptation of Boris Pasternak's sprawling novel of the Tsarist overthrow – not only was Bolt a common denominator but other technicians too were involved in both productions that virtually over-lapped each other – found filming locations in Spain, Finland and Canada, the last of which was the nearest anyone got to Hollywood. His cast included notable British actors of course, in Ralph Richardson, Alec Guinness, Geraldine Chaplin (Charles's daughter) and Julie Christie at the height of her fame. But it also had an Egyptian in the lead role – Omar Sharif – and a major American actor in Rod Steiger, as well as a Pole; the young Klaus Kinski. Most of these people were no longer contracted or tied to studios; they worked in the multi-national environment their constituencies added up to on the cast list.

It was a further sign of how things were altering that on the cusp of delivering the script of *A Man for All Seasons* to Zinnemann in the late summer of 1965, Bolt headed off on a cultural soiree to China at the invitation of the Communist Party elite. Schedules and delivery of screenplays were only minor concerns it seemed now, even though Bolt was committed to not only this film but also to helping his friend Lean finish the editing on *Dr. Zhivago* in Los Angeles. Nevertheless, on his return, and in tandem with Zinnemann who he worked pretty much hand-in-hand with, Bolt not only assembled the finished Thomas Moore script as promised, but, as Adrian Turner suggests then, had more than a hand in the casting of the film as well.[20] He lobbied for Paul Schofield, an unknown in the film world, to reprise his stage rendition of Moore, while Susannah York, Wendy Hiller and the up-and-coming John Hurt were all recruited for relatively cheap fees at the suggestion of the writer. This was just as well, for Zinnemann, looking for a star turn that the publicity people in Hollywood might latch onto had, like Carol Reed more than 15 years beforehand, managed to acquire the services of Orson Welles for an undisclosed sum that was no doubt bigger than most of the other salaries combined. Testing the water, Zinnemann had asked writer Peter Viertel, who was working with Welles at the time, whether he should offer the part of Wolsey to the great man. Of course, said

Viertel, he'll be brilliant. But will he be difficult Zinnemann wanted to know. "Sure, he'll be impossible" was the response. "But it will be one of the highlights of your picture."[21]

The result was a film that on a relatively modest budget – the façade of Hampton Court was reconstructed for a mere £5000 at Shepperton – achieved a grandeur and historic constitution to it that immediately set up *A Man for All Seasons* as a critical hit and an awards contender. In fact the major cost as predicted appeared to be Welles himself. Reputedly signing up for $100,000, his Wolsey scenes took only one day of shooting in what amounted to a small box of a room painted to look like a cardinal's chamber. At the end, Zinnemann was so pleased by the result and yet so exhausted by the effort that he commented that Welles's presence was so big for the small room that, "there was no oxygen left to breathe".[22]

But the gamble was worth it. As Paul Monaco reports *A Man for All Seasons* probably benefited more than any other film of the era from the publicity and then word-of-mouth it garnered once the nominations starting rolling in and the film was reissued into cinemas. With no swashbuckling action and a cast of unknowns for most American cinemagoers, the film had to rely on its promotion of a famous piece of history as well as set-piece spectacle and drama.[23] On a $2 million budget, the film picked up more than $12 million in ticket sales in the United States, but over $25 million in box-office receipts around the world. At the 1967 Academy Awards, it virtually ran amok; taking away six of the eight awards it was nominated for. Bolt won screenplay prizes at the Oscars, at BAFTA, the Golden Globes and with the New York Critics Circle. Its success as a piece of stage drama adapted for the screen came at the expense, interestingly enough, of its "American" competitor that was a similar transference; the re-working for the screen of Edward Albee's play *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* which ironically enough had two Brits in it: Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton.

Bolt's position within Hollywood's firmament couldn't have been higher. Having been essentially on a contract with MGM up until the conclusion of *Dr. Zhivago*, that film, combined with the lump sum he received for delivering the screenplay, made him the highest paid screenwriter in the world at the time. He then received $100,000 for the screen rights to his play, $50,000 for the screenplay and 24 per cent of the net profits from *A Man for All Seasons*.[24] And yet, at the end of 1965, when *Dr. Zhivago* was premiering in New York, he couldn't even get to America any longer, let alone work there. Having accepted invitations

to go to China and dabbled with CND at home, Bolt's left-wing views made him *persona non grata* in the United States. The American Embassy refused him a visa.

So Bolt was excommunicated from Hollywood whether he liked it or not. But it didn't stop him continuing a remarkable run of success with Lean and, by proxy, America's movie colony. At the turn of the 1970s, Lean's tale of doomed romance amidst the entanglements of politics in rural Ireland during the First World War, *Ryan's Daughter*, was another acclaimed, but only commercially patchy, hit (it just about recouped its production costs in US receipts), though Bolt saw none of the film's ten BAFTA and three Oscar nominations. But when he finally dabbled with directing, 1972's *Lady Caroline Lamb*, a British-Italian co-production concerning the life and times of Lord Byron's mistress, was an unmitigated disaster.

However, Bolt had laid a path out with his previous work that would continue to be followed by similar practitioners through the 1970s and 1980s, and he himself would make a successful comeback into Hollywood movies in the later decade. Both Christopher Hampton and Tom Stoppard would arise out of similar theatrical writing backgrounds in Britain to have tremendous success in America as the years passed and a new kind of industry emerged. This was in no small way thanks to Bolt's pioneering writing and interjection into the Hollywood system at a time when it was creaking under the weight of challenge and change.

Other directors like Peter Yates took a similar path to Schlesinger and Boorman in the 1960s with similar consequences. Yates had actually worked in British movies from quite early on, being an assistant to the slightly older but much more experienced Tony Richardson. Richardson himself had already had a prominent period as producer and director in British television and he had been instrumental in putting John Osbourne's "angry young man" drama, *Look Back in Anger* on the BBC in 1956, with a young Alan Bates in the part of Cliff. As second unit director, Yates ably backed up Richardson's visionary take on the collapsing empire and the realities of northern British life in genre-defining movies like *The Entertainer* (1960) and *A Taste of Honey* (1961). By the mid-1960s and after the outrageous success of the Oscar-winning *Tom Jones* (1963), Richardson had made his own way to Hollywood and had a surprising and somewhat controversial success with Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One* (1965), the adaptation of which was done by hot-screenwriting property, Terry Southern who'd had enormous success the previous year with Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove*.

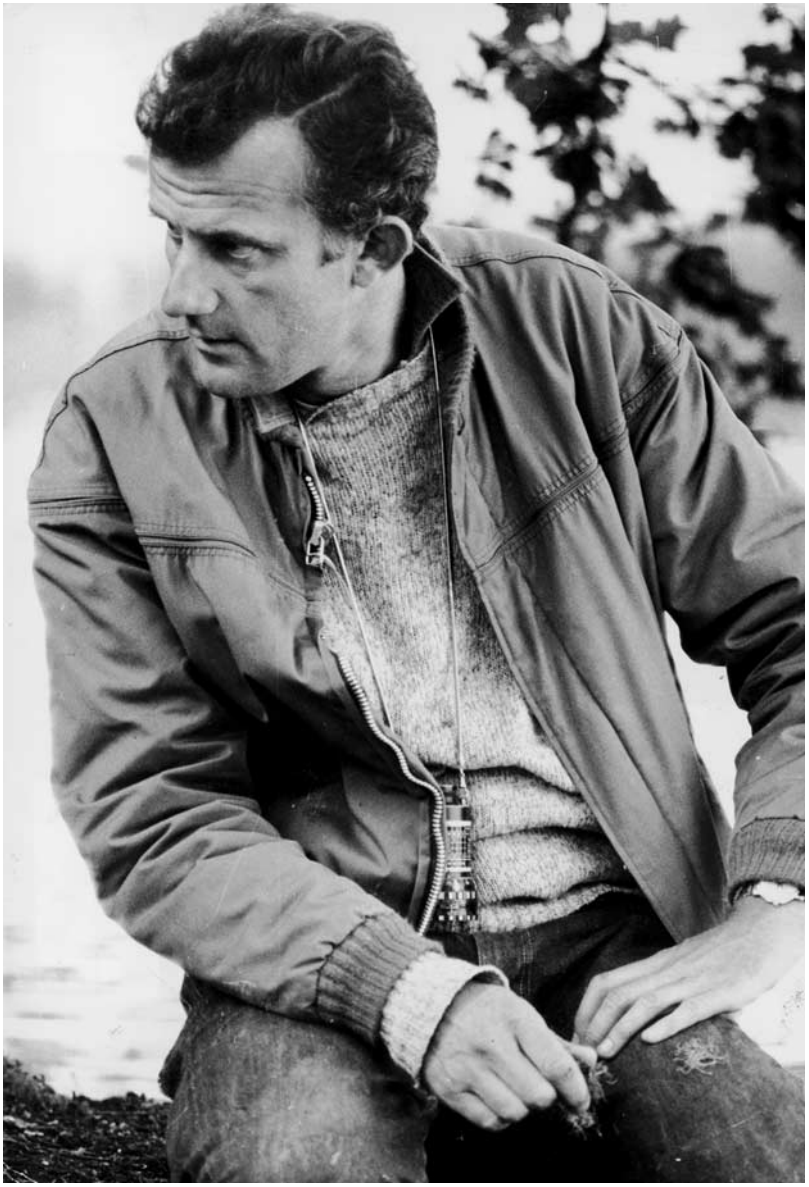


Illustration 15 Tony Richardson.

Yates was also out on his own back in London and, like Boorman, he too found himself amid the popular "music film" genre of the early 1960s with the Cliff Richard vehicle – literally a red London bus – *Summer Holiday* (1963). Immediately successful and in many ways a prototype for The Beatles films, Yates took that quirky, "swinging sixties" feel into the Eric Sykes comedy, *One Way Pendulum* (1964), and then went and worked in television, where hip, popular series of the day like *The Saint* with Roger Moore and *Danger Man* starring Patrick McGoohan were perfect foils for Yates's developing interest in espionage and intrigue.

The thriller *Robbery* (1967) clearly laid the groundwork for Yates's move to America. While he was very careful to only hint at the historical comparison to the "Great Train Robbery" of a few years beforehand, this tough heist movie with the ubiquitous Stanley Baker, as well as Frank Finley and Barry Foster, has often been paired with his debut American film; not least for the prototypical car chase through London streets that Yates was set to repeat in San Francisco a year later. On moving to America, Yates's debut film in Hollywood was thus a similarly well-conceived cop thriller that, like *Point Blank*, oozed style and vigour. Starring Steve McQueen in the eponymous lead role, *Bullitt* (1968) was every bit as fast, furious and hard-bitten as its title suggested and the British counterpart a year before hinted at. More importantly, if *Robbery* paraded "swinging sixties" London in all its glory, then, as Ray Pratt's analysis of the film refers to, *Bullitt* straight away managed to "create the atmosphere of America in the Vietnam years".[25] Yates had Alan Trustman and Harry Kleiner write the script, the pair having previously done noir stories for Preminger (*Fallen Angel*, 1946), Fuller (*House of Bamboo*, 1955) and Robert Aldrich (*The Garment Jungle*, 1957). But *Bullitt* really establishes its own homages and cinematic strategies. Prefiguring San Francisco's later iconic cop, Harry Callaghan (Clint Eastwood) in the *Dirty Harry* franchise and, even later, Harrison Ford's futuristic detective, Deckard in fellow Brit Ridley Scott's *Blade Runner* (1982), McQueen's personification of what came to be the archetypal "homicide detective" Frank Bullitt, is all tough-guy exterior and latent, interior psychosis; a classic duality of the cop thriller genre, taken up in the following three decades by the likes of Al Pacino, Mel Gibson and Michael Douglas.

But, with Robert Vaughan's menacing Senator Chalmers, there is another facet here that Yates as a British director brings to the party. A sense of the conspiratorial pervaded much of 1960s cinema in America, but many authority figures in other films are masked by their benevolence or stupidity (*The Manchurian Candidate*, or *Dr. Strangelove*, for

instance). Here Vaughan is almost comically evil and publicly unrepentant about his methods and beliefs that contributes to that "sense of conflicted suspicion of authority that [the film] depends upon".[26] The axiomatic feeling that violence and cynicism is falling hard on the American Dream of the late 1960s is compounded by Yates casting another Briton, former model Jacqueline Bisset, as Bullitt's girlfriend Cathy. She asks him directly after witnessing another gruesome crime scene, in a barely concealed, clipped English accent that separates her immediately from the characters that abound in the narrative, what will become of them if they continue to live with such extreme violence, with a callous disregard for life?

Rather like Boorman's version of L.A. then, Yates's take on San Francisco is one that both plays with, and distances itself from, the glamour and exuberance of the city as only an outsider could. It encompasses classic noir passages, and introduces a more resonant institutional corruption that is not as scattergun and artificial as previous eras, but seems calculating and ruthless in its exploitation of people and society. Pratt's analysis concludes that *Bullitt* "evokes the sense of a menacing society and a corrupt political system. But it also presents arresting and enduring images of the tragedy of urban overdevelopment, of alienation, [and] early imitations of paranoia. In all these aspects it anticipates films of the 1970s."[27] With that growing alienation and suburban wasteland that some cities of America were becoming in the following decade would come investigators that go on to face complex scenarios and cynical institutional systems that they feel less able to deconstruct, and doubt if it will make any difference even if they do. Movies like *The French Connection* (1971) and *Serpico* (1973) defined much of the disintegration of the American Dream in the early 1970s; but just as they were directed by somewhat iconic American filmmakers of the era in William Friedkin and Sidney Lumet (the latter film was also written by Waldo Salt who had penned *Midnight Cowboy*) they also owed much to the tough and uncompromising visions of Schlesinger, Boorman and Yates.

Conclusion: The men who fell to earth

Rather like his iconic detective creation, Yates too found late 1960s and 1970s Hollywood a more inhospitable place. While he stayed away for some of the time, most of his work was centred there and its variations in substance and quality (*Murphy's War* (1971) on the plus side set against *The Deep* (1977) on the negative) reflected what a less stable community it was generally, compared to decades previously. Other

Brits tried their hand too, along with Schlesinger, Boorman and Yates. Tony Richardson made movies there in the 1960s and had one outstanding success, but his broader appeal would make itself known more in a few films of the later 1970s and early 1980s, in particular *The Border* (1982) and *The Hotel New Hampshire* (1984), this an adaptation of John Irving's novel that Richardson wrote himself.

Nic Roeg had worked with Lean and Schlesinger in the early 1960s but signalled the tangent he was heading towards with first of all *Performance* (1970), starring Mick Jagger. Although not a million miles away from some of the more obvious clichés that were included in the conventional "music films" his contemporaries had been involved with, it *was* a million miles away from Cliff Richard in its portrayal of sex, drugs and rock "n" roll. The more cultish *Walkabout* (1971) with Jenny Agutter, set in the Australian outback, followed, then Roeg's most critically lauded film, *Don't Look Now* (1973), to be rounded off in the mid-1970s by the thoroughly bizarre and yet engrossing *The Man Who Fell to Earth* (1976), with another rock star, David Bowie. But, although the last of these was filmed in and around the deserts and small towns of New Mexico, as a British Lion production with some investment from Columbia, it wasn't a truly Hollywood-centred film either. All of the films found an audience either at the time or later on video and DVD release, but none of them were major box-office hits and Roeg never had quite the impact of other Britons.

Ken Russell's *Women in Love* (1969) was a superb adaptation of Lawrence's novel and won an Oscar for Glenda Jackson, and *The Devils* (1971) followed in the footsteps of Aldous Huxley with an adept adaptation. The two films established the BBC-trained Russell as a major player on both sides of the Atlantic. But his interest in music also, that led to his most enduring piece of the mid-1970s, The Who's "rock opera", *Tommy*, was in addition accompanied by a critical backlash that scoffed at his almost adolescent infatuation with sex in his movies. The critic Pauline Kael called him a "shrill, screaming gossip" and Russell's response in the 1980s and early 1990s was to make a series of pictures that were ever more dependent on seedy, at-the-margins-of-society characters, and or sex such as *Lair of the White Worm* (1988), *The Rainbow* (1989) and *Whore* (1991), the last of these played by Roeg's partner of the era, Theresa Russell.[28]

The final member of this triumvirate is Michael Winner. Another product of the BBC and a screenwriter to boot in the early 1960s, Winner had something of the *enfant terrible* about him too, like Russell. He went to Hollywood in the later part of the decade having won a decent

reputation for himself on the back of movies like *The System* (1964), *You Must be Joking!* (1965) and the popular *Hannibal Brooks* (1969) starring a Winner favourite, Oliver Reed. In 1970, his first real American movie was *The Games* with Michael Crawford as a marathon runner preparing for the Olympics in a passable sports movie. But Winner's real notoriety was garnered on the back of the revenge thriller, *Death Wish* in 1974, and it was a film/franchise whose dubious reputation for glamorizing brutal violence (a charge he long rejected) he had to live with for a long time.

Each of these filmmakers had both a lively commercial and critical reputation for themselves in the 1960s and early 1970s, and each made films that have resonated, if not become iconic, down through the years. But each of them also went a step further than Schlesinger, Boorman and Yates in their attitude to whatever system Hollywood had to offer by the end of the 1960s. In effect they weren't interested at all in doing anything, or with anyone, that smacked of compromise for the vision they had and the images they wanted to put up on screen. When this rather peculiarly British example of auteurism worked, with a *Women in Love*, or a *Hannibal Brooks*, or even a *Man Who Fell to Earth*, it could be thrilling to behold. When it didn't, and the debit column started to stack up far more than the profit one as the 1970s went along, the results were often unpalatable and, sometimes, unwatchable.

Of course, what Roeg, Russell and Winner ascribed to could be interpreted as similar to that which Schlesinger, Boorman and Yates went off searching for in Hollywood. It was what Peter Biskind stresses the revolution in the movie capital at the end of the 1960s was all about. It worked on at least two levels, suggests Biskind. It wasn't just that a series of landmark movies came along that changed people's perceptions of the way cinema could be done, and what it could show. It was that, "film culture permeated American life in a way that it never had before and never has since".[29]

He goes on to assert that this new generation were to some degree at least, trying to cut commerce out of art, and in some instances one would be hard-pressed to disagree. But the commercial instincts of British filmmakers who went there, who had been influenced and learned their craft by watching Hollywood evolve over the previous 50 years, remained prominent. Schlesinger, Boorman and Yates had a sensibility and sensitivity to Hollywood that made them want to renew the industry as much as revolutionize it. They in fact remained very much the keepers of the early flame that had been lit by Stuart Blackton, David Horsley, Reginald Barker, Charles Brabin, Colin Campbell, Frank Lloyd, Elinor Glyn, Edmund Goulding and many, many others.

Roeg, Russell and Winner had some success in Hollywood and a bit more than a few of those who'd come during the classic studio era. But their influences, ambitions, conception of filmmaking and, yes, maybe even their prejudices to some small degree, prevented them from ever trusting the movie colony in the way that earlier generations of British émigrés had done. And who could blame them on one level? These latter three sustained careers almost as long as their colleagues who'd gone to the "inside" of Hollywood without seeming to compromise their unique cinematic oeuvre. But whether their legacy was as long-lasting is harder to discern. When the next generation of immigrants moved in to a stabilizing, reinvigorated and different kind of Hollywood in the later 1970s, Alan Parker, Ridley Scott and Michael Apted would take on board all the lessons of the initial "Hollywood British New Wave" of the late 1960s, and move it on a step further. They also had a clearer preconception and much better appreciation of the debt they owed to those early émigrés of the 1910s, 1920s and 1930s who had adapted to, inculcated themselves within, and ultimately succeeded in re-envisioning the United States historically and contemporaneously on screen.

Like some of the earlier exponents, Apted was one filmmaker who would not only re-imagine and articulate the cultural, geographic specificity of a region of the United States with almost forensic intensity (as he does in 1980's *Coal Miner's Daughter*, itself a kind of music film biography that encompassed bits of Hollywood and British traditions) but he also took up with the politics of the place during these years, becoming for a time, president of the Screen Directors Guild. Supporting that cultural invasion was a further business-orientated one that saw producer David Puttnam following in the footsteps of Blackton and Horsley by directing a Hollywood studio, Columbia, during the 1980s.

Puttnam took up the mantle that his predecessors Alexander Korda and Michael Balcon had championed, by transgressing the boundaries of British and American traditions, and cherry-picking the best parts of both. Starting in music like many of his contemporaries, Puttnam made his name by producing concert films like *Glastonbury Fayre* (1972), before moving into a series of cross-cutting, transatlantic efforts such as *Bugsy Malone* (1975) and *Midnight Express* (1978) with Alan Parker and Oliver Stone, *Chariots of Fire* (1981) and *Local Hero* (1983) with Colin Welland, Hugh Hudson and Bill Forsyth; and, immediately prior to his Columbia sojourn, the award-winning *The Killing Fields* (1984) and *The Mission* (1986) with Roland Joffé and Robert Bolt.

British influence and input therefore declined little from the 1970s onwards, even if the chances to operate in movies and the ways of

making pictures in Hollywood got harder. But those later years only confirmed what some of the generation of the 1960s in the declining years of the studio era already knew: that the British had been a major force in Hollywood from the beginning and their innovations, initiatives and imagination sparked the impulses and ambitions that made the film colony the place to be for British filmmakers at the start of the twentieth century. It was they who helped make American filmmaking the centrepiece of cinema, and who cultivated traditions and approaches that spread through the decades and sustained long after the studio system had been broken up and Hollywood became a global multi-national industry. The legacy of the early British pioneers lives on in the work of Ridley Scott, Christopher Nolan, Paul Greengrass, Kevin MacDonald and others. It is a legacy rich in achievement with no little sentiment and nostalgia. But British influence and ingenuity is also deeply embedded in the social, economic and political evolution of Hollywood filmmaking stretching back to the birth of American film and the formation of the movie colony in Los Angeles. It's a history worthy of the earliest émigrés, their successors, and the remarkable contributions they all made to the art of cinema.

Notes

Introduction: The British Connection: Themes and Theory

1. Sherdian Morley, *The Brits in Hollywood: Tales from the Hollywood Raj* (London: Robson, 2006), p. 83.
2. Sheridan Morley, *A Talent to Amuse: A Biography of Noël Coward* (London: Pavilion, 1986), p. 135.
3. Morley, *A Talent to Amuse*, p. 135.
4. Brian Taves, *P.G. Wodehouse and Hollywood: Screenwriting, Satires and Adaptations* (Jefferson, NC: McFarland & Co, 2006), p. 24.
5. Morley, *The Brits in Hollywood*, p. 2.
6. Ibid., p. 186.
7. Ibid., p. 5.
8. John Baxter, *The Hollywood Exiles* (London: Macdonald and Jane's, 1976), p. 90.
9. Ibid., p. 106.
10. Morley, p. 91.
11. Ibid.
12. Richard Griffith comments that screen biographies of the decade largely meant George Arliss tinkering around with the course of history while playing the same character in different costumes. See; Morley, p. 92.
13. Philip Dunne, *Take Two: A Life in Movies and Politics* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1980), p. 18.
14. John Russell Taylor, *Strangers in Paradise: The Hollywood Émigrés 1933–1950* (London: Faber and Faber, 1983), p. 19.
15. Morley, p. 15.
16. John Russell Taylor, p. 34.
17. William Horsley, "From Pigs to Pictures" in *The International Photographer*, April, 1934. 2–3. Reproduced at: http://www.cinemaweb.com/silentfilm/bookshelf/29_hor_2.htm
18. Leo Rosten, *Hollywood: The Movie Colony, The Movie Makers* (New York: Harcourt Brace, orig. 1941, this ed., Arno Press, 1970), p. 57.
19. Ibid., p. 56.
20. David Wallace, *Exiles in Hollywood* (Pompton Plains, NJ: Limelight, 2006), p. xii.
21. Rosten, p. 292.
22. Hortense Powdermaker, *Hollywood, The Dream Factory: An Anthropologist Looks at the Movie-Makers* (London: Secker & Warburg, 1951), p. 6.
23. George Geltzer, "The Complete Career of Reginald Barker" in *Griffithiana*, no 32/33 (September, 1988), p. 245.
24. Larry Langman, *Destination Hollywood: The Influence of Europeans on American Filmmaking* (London: McFarland & Co, 2000), p. 126.

25. Kevin Brownlow, *Hollywood: The Pioneers* (London: Book Club Associates, 1979), pp. 142–3.
26. Karno was a big music hall success in the 1910s with parodies like *Mumming Birds*. Even in Hollywood, Hal Roach was persuaded to "retain" his services as a consultant on $1000 a week. But Karno even blew that opportunity, unable to accept that his way of comedy wasn't always the best way to proceed. For a brief account of his career, see John Baxter, pp. 78–84.
27. Baxter, p. 92.
28. Ibid., p. 94.
29. Paula Marantz Cohen, *Alfred Hitchcock: The Legacy of Victorianism* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1995), p. 1.
30. Ibid., p. 3.
31. Lenore Coffee, "When Hollywood was a Village" extract from *Storyline: Recollections of a Hollywood Screenwriter*, reproduced in Christopher Silvester (ed.) *The Penguin Book of Hollywood* (London: Penguin, 1999), p. 37.
32. Lizzie Francke, *Script Girls: Women Screenwriters in Hollywood* (London: BFI Publishing, 1994), p. 3.
33. David King Dunaway, *Huxley in Hollywood* (New York: Doubleday, 1989), p. 62.
34. H. Mark Glancy, *When Hollywood Loved Britain: The Hollywood 'British' Film, 1939–45* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1999), p. 1.
35. Ibid., p. 2.
36. Langman, p. 4.
37. Taylor, p. 20.
38. Wallace, p. xi.
39. Paul Tabori, *Alexander Korda* (London: Osbourne, 1959), p. 82.
40. Morley, p. 3.
41. P.L. Mannock, "History with an Accent" in *The Picturegoer*, March, 1930, p. 58.
42. Mathson Lang, "Preserving the Beauty of the King's English" in *The Picturegoer*, April, 1930, pp. 10–11.
43. Taylor, p. 92.
44. Paula Marantz Cohen, *Silent Film and the Triumph of the American Myth* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2001), p. 15.
45. Taylor, p. 90.
46. Leonard J. Leff, *Hitchcock and Selznick: The Rich and Strange Collaboration of Alfred Hitchcock and David O. Selznick in Hollywood* (London: University of California Press, 1987), pp. 31–3.
47. Baxter, p. 111.
48. Taves, p. 13.
49. Ibid., p. 26.
50. Ibid., p. 73.
51. Taylor, p. 138.
52. Dunaway, p. 122.
53. Baxter, p. 142.
54. Marantz Cohen, *Silent Film and the Triumph of the American Myth*, pp. 14–15.
55. Langman, p. 3.
56. Wallace, p. xi.
57. Morley, p. 115.

1 Early Invaders: The First British Wave

1. "English 'Conquest' of U.S.A." *The Film Weekly*, 14 October 1929, p. 5.
2. Paula Marantz Cohen, *Silent Film and the Triumph of the American Myth* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2001), p. 157.
3. Thomas Schatz, *The Genius of the System: Hollywood Filmmaking in the Studio Era* (London: Faber and Faber, 1998), p. 6.
4. Ibid.
5. Ibid., p. 12.
6. Tom Milne, "Show People" in; *Sight and Sound*, Vol. 37, No. 4 (Autumn, 1968), p. 200.
7. Ibid., p. 201.
8. Kevin Brownlow, *Hollywood: The Pioneers* (London: Book Club Associates, 1979), p. 9.
9. Larry Langman, *Destination Hollywood: The Influence of Europeans on Hollywood Filmmaking* (London: McFarland, 2000), p. 125.
10. Anthony Slide, *Early American Cinema* (London: Scarecrow, 1994), p. 71.
11. Ibid., p. 25.
12. Marc Norman, *What Happens Next: A History of American Screenwriting* (London: Aurum, 2008), p. 43.
13. Slide, p. 88.
14. George Geltzer, "The Complete Career of Reginald Barker" in; *Griffithiana*, n32/33 (1 September 1988), p. 245.
15. Charles Higham, *The Art of the American Film* (New York: Doubleday, 1974), p. 37.
16. Ibid., p. 38.
17. Kevin Brownlow, p. 82.
18. "Biography of Reginald Barker" in; *The Motion Picture Studio Directory* (4th Edition), 1918, p. 231.
19. Norman, pp. 44–5.
20. Ibid., p. 231.
21. Lewis Jacobs, "Writers and Photographers" in; *The Rise of the American Film* (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1939), reproduced in; Richard Dyer, MacCann *Films of the 1920s* (London: Scarecrow, 1996), p. 15.
22. Biography of Barker in MPSD, p. 231.
23. Geltzer, p. 247.
24. Ibid., p. 250.
25. Ibid., p. 248.
26. Cohen, p. 5.
27. Ibid., pp. 6–8.
28. Ibid., p. 89.
29. *Morning Telegraph*, New York, 3 July 1921. The clipping is in the Reginald Barker File at the Margaret Herrick Library of the Motion Picture Academy.
30. Guy Price, "Barker Great Director, is Partial to Sea Yarns" in; *Los Angeles Herald* (22 March 1924). The clipping is in the Reginald Barker File at the Margaret Herrick Library of the Motion Picture Academy.
31. Geltzer, p. 249.

32. Ibid., p. 251.
33. Actually released as *Ben-Hur: A Tale of Christ*, below director Fred Noblio's name on the title sequence, as many as four other directors contributed to the filming. With 50,000 feet of film consumed on the production, *Ben-Hur* came in at a production cost of $3.9m, the most expensive silent film ever made.
34. Slide, p. 24.
35. Markku Salmi, "Brief Biography of Charles Brabin" in; *Film Dope*, No. 4 (March, 1974), pp. 40–1.
36. Matthew Kennedy, *Edmund Goulding's Dark Victory: Hollywood's Genius Bad Boy* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 2004), p. 59.
37. John Baxter, *The Hollywood Exiles* (London: Macdonald and Jane's, 1976), pp. 111–12.
38. Michael Walker, "Biographical Appreciation of Edmund Goulding" in; *Film Dope*, No. 20 (1980), pp. 32–4.
39. C.A. Jejeune, "'The Dawn Patrol' – and a Tail-Piece", *The Observer* (19 February 1939). Clipping in the *Dawn Patrol* File at the Margaret Herrick Library of the Motion Picture Academy, Los Angeles.
40. Kennedy, p. 71.
41. Gene Vazzana, "Tol'able David Review" in; *Silent Film Newsletter*, Vol. II, No. 10 (December, 1994), p. 168.
42. Robert E. Morsberger, "Tol'able David" in; Richard Dyer MacCann, *Films of the 1920s*, p. 78.
43. Ethan Mordden, *The Hollywood Studios* (New York: Fireside, 1989), p. 108.
44. Schatz, p. 119.
45. Biographical details quoted in publicity biography of Lloyd prepared by Lincoln Quarberg in the Frank Lloyd files at the Margaret Herrick Library of the Motion Picture Academy in Los Angeles.
46. "The Divine Lady Review" in; *The Film Spectator*, Vol. 7, No. 6 (23 February 1929), pp. 5–6.
47. Quote from an interview with Lloyd by J. Danvers Williams in *Film Weekly*, 12 November 1938 reproduced in; Frank Lloyd, Biography *Film Dope*, No. 35 (September, 1986), p. 38.
48. Anthony Slide, "The Regulars" in; *Films in Review*, Vol. XXIX, No. 4 (April 1978), p. 225.
49. Ibid., pp. 225–6.
50. Morley, *A Talent to Amuse*: *A Biography of Noël Coward* (London: Pavilion, 1986), p. 151.
51. Will Hays to Dr. James Wingate, 6 January 1933. Copy held in the *Cavalcade* Box of the MPPDA/PCA Files at the Margaret Herrick Library.
52. Slide, p. 226.
53. Cole Lesley, *The Life of Noël Coward* (London: Penguin, 1988), p. 170.
54. Paul Tabori, *Alexander Korda* (London: Osbourne, 1959), p. 83.
55. Ibid., pp. 104–5.
56. Ibid., p. 107.
57. Karol Kulik, *Alexander Korda* (New Rochelle NY: Arlington, 1975), p. 57.
58. Ibid.

2 Sound and Vision: British Filmmakers and the Politics of Pre-War Hollywood

1. Philip Kemp, "Not for Peckham: Michael Balcon and Gainsborough's International Trajectory in the 1920s" in Pam Cook (ed.) *Gainsborough Pictures* (London: Cassell, 1997), p. 14.
2. Philip Kemp, p. 15.
3. Tim Bergfelder, "Surface and Distraction: Style and Genre at Gainsborough in the Late 1920s and 1930s" in Pam Cook (ed.) *Gainsborough Pictures* (London: Cassell, 1997), p. 35.
4. Philip Kemp, pp. 21–2.
5. John Sedgwick, "Michael Balcon's Close Encounter with the American Market, 1934–36", *Historical Journal of Film, Radio and Television*, Vol. 16, No. 3 (1996), p. 333.
6. John Sedgwick, p. 334.
7. Sue Harper, *Women in British Cinema: Mad, Bad and Dangerous to Know* (London: Continuum, 2000), p. 9.
8. H. Mark Glancy, p. 20.
9. Andrew Marr, *A History of Modern Britain* (London: Pan, 2007), p. xxv.
10. H. Mark Glancy, p. 23.
11. Jeffrey Sconce, "Dickens, Selznick, and *Southpark*" in John Glavin (ed.) *Dickens on Screen* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2003), p. 171.
12. Ibid., p. 172.
13. Thomas Schatz, *The Genius of the System: Hollywood Filmmaking in the Studio Era* (London: Faber and Faer, 1998), p. 169.
14. Sconce, p. 173.
15. Steve J. Wurtzler, "*David Copperfield* (1935) and the US Curriculum" in J. Glavin (ed.) *Dickens on Screen*, pp. 169–70.
16. John T. Soister, *Claude Rains: A Comprehensive Illustrated Reference* (Jefferson, NC: McFarland, 1999), p. 14.
17. Schatz, p. 169.
18. Jeffrey Richards, *Films and British National Identity: From Dickens to Dad's Army* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1997), p. 334.
19. Marsha McCreadie, *The Women Who Write the Movies* (New York: Birch Lane, 1994), p. 4.
20. Lizzie Francke, *Script Girls: Women Scriptwriters in Hollywood* (London: BFI Publishing, 1994), p. 6.
21. Marsha McCreadie "Pioneers, Part 2, *Films in Review*, Vol. 46, No. 1/2 (January, 1995), p. 28.
22. Meredith Etherington-Smith and Jeremy Pilcher, *The IT Girls* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1986), p. 78.
23. Anthony Glyn, *Elinor Glyn* (London: Hutchinson, 1968), p. 143.
24. Ibid., p. 273.
25. Ibid., pp. 277–8.
26. Marsha McCreadie, p. 28.
27. Ibid.
28. Francke, p. 20.
29. Anne Morey, "Elinor Glyn as Hollywood Labourer", *Film History*, Vol. 18 (2006), p. 110.

30. Ibid., p. 111.
31. Ibid., p. 112.
32. Kevin Brownlow, *Hollywood: The Pioneers*, p. 132.3.
33. Maugham to Bert Alanson, 30 April 1923. Letter in the W. Somerset Maugham Papers of the Stanford University Library, Stanford, California.
34. Maugham to Bert Alanson, 23 August 1921. Letter in the W. Somerset Maugham Papers of the Standford University Library, Stanford, California.
35. Maugham to Bert Alanson, 17 March 1941. Maugham Papers at Stanford.
36. Anne Morey, p. 115.
37. Ibid., p. 113.
38. Budd Schulberg, *Moving Pictures* (London: Penguin, 1984), p. 169.
39. "Men have 'It' too", *The Picturegoer* (April, 1930), p. 14.
40. Schulberg, pp. 169–70.
41. Anne Morey, p. 116.
42. "Men have 'It' too", pp. 14–15.
43. Leonard Leff reports that Hitchcock became somewhat infatuated with Harrison, a situation Reville seems to have turned a blind eye to. See; Leonard J. Leff, p. 20. Also, McCreadie, p. 146.
44. Barr notes Bennett's comment that Reville's slight role in these films – possibly as a kind of continuity girl – was designed to add another income to the household, though Bennett too felt slighted in later years for the lack of recognition Hitchcock afforded him, so how much of this commentary is objective and reliable is up for debate. See Charles Barr, *English Hitchcock* (Moffat, Scotland: Cameron & Hollis, 1999), pp. 16–17.
45. Pat Hitchcock O'Connell and Laurent Bouzereau, *Alma Hitchcock: The Woman Behind the Man* (New York: Berkeley, 2003), pp. 74–80.
46. Hitchcock O'Connell, p. 86.
47. Leonard J. Leff, *Hitchcock and Selznick: The Rich and Strange Collaboration of Alfred Hitchcock and David O. Selznick in Hollywood* (London: University of California Press, 1987), p. 33.
48. McCreadie, p. 145.
49. James Curtis, *James Whale: A New World of Gods and Monsters* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2003), p. 2.
50. Ibid., p. 7.
51. Ibid., p. 347.
52. Ibid., p. 98.
53. Everson commented on the fact that while distribution for *Journey's End* dried up during the 1930s in Britain the film did keep returning to screens in America, but mainly "42nd Street-type theatres", not art-house places. See W.M.K. Everson Rediscovery in; *Films in Review*, Vol. XXVI, No. 1 (January, 1975), pp. 32–3.
54. Charles Higham, *The Art of the American Film* (New York: Doubleday, 1974), p. 157.
55. Gregory Mack, "The Old Dark House: Elegant Gothic Comedy", *American Cinematographer*, Vol. 69, No. 10 (October, 1988), p. 43.
56. Higham, p. 157.
57. Simon Callow, *Charles Laughton: A Difficult Actor* (London: Mandarin, 1987), p. 48.
58. Callow, p. 49.

59. Soister, p. 13.
60. Grey Smith and John E. Petty, "The Bride of Frankenstein", *Classic Images*, (382), April 2007, p. 23.
61. Alberto Manguel, *Bride of Frankenstein* (London: BFI, 1997), p. 11.
62. Smith and Petty, p. 24.
63. Andrew Sarris, *"You Ain't Heard Nothin' Yet": The American Talking Film, History and Memory, 1927–49* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1998), p. 82.
64. James Curtis, p. 262.
65. Ibid., pp. 265–70.
66. '"Marathon of Melody" *Show Boat* Review' *The Hollywood Spectator*, Vol. II, No. 3 (9 May 1936), p. 7.
67. John Russell Taylor, p. 127.
68. See file 12643B – Trust Department File, 26 September 1938, Warner Bros Archive at the University of Southern California, Los Angeles.
69. See the *Dark Victory* Research File 1011 and File 687 at the WBA at USC.
70. Todd Wider, "Positive Image of the Physician in American Cinema in the 1930s", *Journal of Popular Film and Television*, Vol. 17, No. 4 (Winter, 1990), p. 147.
71. Ibid., p. 152.
72. Casey Robinson, "Dark Victory", *Australian Journal of Screen Theory* (4), 1978, p. 7.
73. See *Dark Victory* Story Treatment File 1853 "A Suggestion", 21 July 1938. In the WBA at USC.
74. Robinson, pp. 7–8.
75. Ibid., p. 9.
76. Edmund Goulding Legal File 2725A Western Union Wire, Goulding to Jack Warner 3 June 1941. Wire reports Goulding still recovering from operation and trying to reassure Warner that he would be returning to work soon.
77. Brian Taves, *P.G. Wodehouse and Hollywood: Screenwriting, Satires and Adaptations* (London: McFarland, 2006), pp. 24–6.
78. Morley, p. 95.
79. Ibid., p. 96.
80. Taves, p. 83.
81. Ibid., pp. 86–7.
82. Ibid., p. 94.
83. Tom Dardis, *Some Time in the Sun* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1976), p. 184.
84. Ibid., p. 192.
85. Ibid., p. 193.
86. Ibid.
87. Ibid., p. 200.
88. Ibid., p. 207.
89. Ibid.
90. Willliam Weaver, Review of *Wells Fargo* in; *Motion Picture Herald*, 11 December 1937, p. 38. Clipping from the *Wells Fargo* file at the Margaret Herrick Library of the Motion Picture Academy.
91. Charles Maland, "*Modern Times* (1936): The Depression, Technology, and the Tramp" in Jeffrey Geiger and R.L. Rutsky (eds) *Film Analysis* (London: Norton, 2005), p. 248.

92. Ibid., p. 249.
93. Ibid., p. 256.
94. Sedgwick, p. 345.

3 Movies for the Masses: The British in the Second World War

1. Jeffrey Richards, *Films and British National Identity: From Dickens to Dad's Army* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1997), pp. 84–7.
2. Charles Drazin, *The Finest Years: British Cinema of the 1940s* (London: I.B. Tauris, 2007), p. 1.
3. H. Mark Glancy, *When Hollywood Loved Britain: The Hollywood 'British' Film, 1939–45* (Manchester, Manchester University Press, 1999), p. 5.
4. Drazin, p. 7.
5. Charles Higham, *The Art of the American Film* (New York: Anchor, 1974), p. 231.
6. Anthony Lane, *Nobody's Perfect* (London: Picador, 2002), p. 644.
7. Charles Barr, "Hitchcock and Powell: Two Directions for British Cinema" *Screen*, 48: 1, Spring, 2005, p. 12.
8. Ibid., p. 12.
9. Ibid., pp. 12–13.
10. M. Danischewsky (ed.) *Michael Balcon's 25 Years in Film* (London: World Film Publications, 1947), pp. 22–3.
11. Richards, p. 87.
12. Ibid., pp. 123–5.
13. David Kynaston, *Austerity Britain 1945–51* (London: Bloomsbury, 2007), p. 99.
14. Danischewsky, pp. 21–2.
15. Karol Kulik, *Alexander Korda: The Man Who Could Work Miracles* (New Rochelle, NY: Arlington House, 1975), p. 241.
16. Taylor, pp. 128–9.
17. Kulik, p. 240.
18. Ibid., p. 241.
19. Paul Tabori, *Alexander Korda* (London; Oldbourne, 1959), p. 217.
20. Ibid., pp. 234–5.
21. Robert Lawson-Peebles, "European Conflict and the Reconstruction of English Fiction", *Yearbook of English Studies*, Vol. 26 (1996): 1–13.
22. Ellen Draper, "Untrammelled by Historical Fact": *That Hamilton Woman* and Melodrama's Aversion to History" *Wide Angle*, Vol. 14, No. 1 (January, 1992), pp. 58–9.
23. Ibid., pp. 61–2.
24. Tabori, p. 225.
25. Thomas Schatz, *Boom and Bust: Hollywood Cinema in the 1940s* (London: University of California Press, 1999), p. 82.
26. Ibid., p. 53.
27. While Stempel is quick to acknowledge Mathis's influence, he also mentions Frank Woods and C. Gardner Sullivan as two more pioneering proponents of the writer-producer moniker. See Tom Stempel *Framework: A History of*

Screenwriting in the American Film (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 2000), pp. 54–5.
28. Schatz, p. 55.
29. Tom Stempel, p. 133.
30. Tom Gunning, *The Films of Fritz Lang: Allegories of Vision and Modernity* (London: BFI Publishing, 2000), p. 294.
31. Ibid.
32. Andrew Sarris, "*You Ain't Heard Nothin' Yet" The American Talking Film History, 1927–1949* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1998), p. 250.
33. Lane, p. 644.
34. Ibid., p. 646.

4 Post-War Directions: Ealing Escapism and the Menace of McCarthy

1. Michael Balcon, "The Feature Carries on the Documentary Tradition", *The Quarterly of Film, Radio and Television*, Vol. 6, No. 4 (Summer, 1952), p. 352.
2. Balcon, p. 353.
3. Andrew Marr, *A History of Modern Britain* (London: Pan Books, 2008), p. 121.
4. Thomas Schatz, *The Genius of the System: Hollywood Filmmaking in the Studio Era* (London: Faber and Faber, 1998), pp. 297–8.
5. David Kynaston, *Family Britain, 1951–57* (London: Bloomsbury, 2009), p. 199.
6. David Thomson, *Rosebud: The Story of Orson Welles* (London: Abacus, 1997), p. 239.
7. Thomson, p. 241.
8. Dardis, p. 208.
9. David King Dunaway, *Huxley in Hollywood* (New York: Anchor, 1989), p. 225.
10. Dunaway, p. 227.
11. Dardis, pp. 209–10.
12. Charles Higham, *The Art of the American Film* (New York: Anchor, 1974), p. 205.
13. *Point Counter Point* was later made into a BBC mini-series in 1968 receiving some favorable reviews in the process.
14. Dunaway, p. 229.
15. Ibid., p. 269.
16. David Wallace, *Exiles in Hollywood* (Pompton Plains, NJ: Limelight, 2006), p. 83.
17. David Wallace, p. 80.
18. Dunaway, p. 391.
19. See Edmund Goulding Legal File 2725A, Inter-Office communication, Roy Obringer to Jack Warner, 11 July 1938. In the WBA at USC.
20. See File 12643B in the Trust Department File on Goulding, 26 September, 1938, an amendment to the contract of 11 June 1937.
21. See Edmund Goulding Legal File 2725A, Inter-Office Memo, Goulding to Warner, 19 November, 1940. In the WBA at USC.
22. See Edmund Goulding, Legal File 2725A, telegraph, Warner to Goulding, 19 November, 1940. In the WBA at USC.

23. See Edmund Goulding Legal File 2725A, letter to Goulding at the Beverly Hills Hotel from Obringer, 16 May 1940. The letter states that Goulding was to be advanced $15,268, 85 to pay "creditors". In the WBA at USC.
24. See Edmund Goulding Legal File 2725A, Inter-Office Memo, Warner to Obringer, 18 February 1941. In the WBA at USC.
25. Holtzman persuaded Warner to pay out $50,000 on the guarantee that after that, she would look after Goulding and he would deliver a film for the studio. See Matthew Kennedy, *Edmund Goulding's Dark Victory: Hollywood's Genius Bad Boy* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 2004), pp. 202–3.
26. See Edmund Goulding Legal File 2725A, telegraph, Warner to Goulding, 24 January 1942. In the WBA at USC.
27. Copy of new Edmund Goulding contract, 14 August 1942, in; File 12643B of the Trust Department File in the WBA at USC.
28. Kennedy, p. 215.
29. Ibid., p. 213.
30. See Edmund Goulding Director File 2846A, Letter from Goulding to Warner, 9 January 1943, in the WBA at USC.
31. Kenedy, p. 218.
32. Ibid., pp. 225–6.
33. See Edmund Goulding Director File 2846A, New Letter of Agreement for $75,000 to direct *Of Human Bondage* instead of alternative script, *Never Goodbye*, 19 March 1944, in the WBA at USC.
34. Kennedy, p. 233.
35. George F. Custen, *Twentieth Century's Fox: Darryl F. Zanuck and the Culture of Hollywood* (New York: Basic Books, 1997), p. 286.
36. Kennedy, p. 234.
37. Ibid., p. 239.
38. Karol Kulick, *Alexander Korda* (New Rochelle, NY: Arlington House, 1975), p. 302.
39. Peter William Evans, *Carol Reed* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2005), p. 83.
40. James Curtis, *James Whale: A New World of Gods and Monsters* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2003), pp. 364–5.
41. Curtis, p. 5.
42. Ian Scott, *In Capra's Shadow: The Life and Career of Screenwriter Robert Riskin* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 2006), p. 225.
43. Kennedy, p. 279.
44. Custen, p. 354.
45. Ibid., p. 355.

5 Atlantic Crossing

1. William Mann, *Edge of Midnight: The Life of John Schlesinger* (London: Arrow, 2004), p. 2.
2. Mark Harris, *Scenes from a Revolution: The Birth of the New Hollywood* (Edinburgh: Canongate, 2008), p. 3.
3. Ibid., p. 152.
4. Mann, p. 6.

5. Paul Monaco, *The Sixties: 1960–69* (London: University of California Press, 2001), p. 161.
6. Ian Buruma, *Conversations with John Schlesinger* (New York: Random House, 2006), p. 101.
7. Monaco, p. 166.
8. Buruma, pp. 103–4.
9. Mann, p. 343.
10. Sheridan Morley, *The Brits in Hollywood* (London: Robson, 2006), p. 243.
11. Buruma, p. 153.
12. Harris, p. 8.
13. Peter Biskind, *Easy Riders, Raging Bulls: how the Sex 'n' Drugs and Rock 'n' Roll Generation Saved Hollywood* (London: Bloomsbury, 1998), p. 15.
14. John Boorman, *Adventures of a Suburban Boy* (London: Faber and Faber, 2003), p. 135.
15. Ibid., pp. 140–1.
16. Ibid., p. 167.
17. Marc Norman, *What Happens Next: A History of Hollywood Screenwriting* (London: Aurum, 2008), p. 405.
18. Morley, p. 227.
19. Larry Langman, *Destination Hollywood: The Influence of Europeans on American Filmmaking* (London: McFarland, 2000), p. 118.
20. Adrian Turner, *Robert Bolt: Scenes from Two Lives* (London: Vintage, 1999), pp. 258–9.
21. David Thomson, *Rosebud: The Story of Orson Welles* (London: Abacus, 1996), p. 388.
22. Ibid.
23. Monaco, p. 164.
24. Turner, p. 251.
25. Ray Pratt, *Projecting Paranoia: Conspiratorial Visions in American Film* (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 2001), p. 107.
26. Ibid., p. 108.
27. Ibid., p. 111.
28. Larry Langman, p. 178.
29. Biskind, p. 17.

Select Bibliography

The primary sources for this book were obtained from the David Wolper Centre of the Film and Television Library at the University of Southern California, as well as the Warner Bros Archive, also at USC. Extensive individual papers, archives and legal files were obtained from the Margaret Herrick Library of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences in Los Angeles. The papers of Somerset Maugham were obtained at the Special Collections of the Stanford University Library. Extensive Hollywood and British materials were gained and researched through the British Film Institute Library in London, as well as the British Library.

Balcon, Michael (1952) "The feature carries on the documentary tradition", *The Quarterly of Film, Radio and Television*, Vol. 6, No. 4: 352.

Barr, Charles (1999) *English Hitchcock* (Moffat, Scotland: Cameron & Hollis).

Baxter, John (1976) *The Hollywood Exiles* (London: Macdonald and Jane's).

Biskind, Peter (1998) *Easy Riders, Raging Bulls: how the Sex 'n' Drugs and Rock 'n' Roll Generation Saved Hollywood* (London: Bloomsbury).

Brownlow, Kevin (1979) *Hollywood: The Pioneers* (London: Book Club Associates).

Callow, Simon (1987) *Charles Laughton: A Difficult Actor* (London: Mandarin).

Cohen, Paula Marantz (1995) *Alfred Hitchcock: The Legacy of Victorianism* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky).

——— (2001) *Silent Film and the Triumph of the American Myth* (Oxford: Oxford University Press).

Cook, Pam, ed. (1997) *Gainsborough Pictures* (London: Cassell).

Curtis, James (2003) *James Whale: A New World of Gods and Monsters* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press).

Custen, George F. (1997) *Twentieth Century's Fox: Darryl F. Zanuck and the Culture of Hollywood* (New York: Basic Books).

Danischewsky, M., ed. (1947) *Michael Balcon's 25 Years in Film* (London: World Film Publications).

Dardis, Tom (1976) *Some Time in the Sun* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons).

Draper, Ellen (1992) "Untrammelled by historical fact: *That Hamilton Woman* and Melodrama's aversion to history", *Wide Angle*, Vol. 14, No. 1: 58–9.

Drazin, Charles (2007) *The Finest Years: British Cinema of the 1940s* (London: I.B. Tauris).

Dunaway, David King (1989) *Huxley in Hollywood* (New York: Anchor).

Dunne, Philip (1980) *Take Two: A Life in Movies and Politics* (New York: McGraw-Hill).

Ethington-Smith, Meredith and Pilcher, Jeremy (1986) *The IT Girls* (London: Hamish Hamilton).

Evans, Peter William (2005) *Carol Reed* (Manchester: Manchester University Press).
Francke, Lizzie (1994) *Script Girls: Women Screenwriters in Hollywood* (London: BFI Publishing).
Geiger, Jeffrey and Rutsky, R.L. eds. (2005) *Film Analysis* (London: Norton).
Geltzer, George (1988) "The complete career of Reginald Barker", *Griffithiana*, n32/33: 245.
Glancy, H. Mark (1999) *When Hollywood Loved Britain: The Hollywood 'British' Film, 1939–45* (Manchester: Manchester University Press).
Glavin, John, ed. (2003) *Dickens on Screen* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press).
Glyn, Anthony (1968) *Elinor Glyn* (London: Hutchinson).
Gunning, Tom (2000) *The Films of Fritz Lang: Allegories of Vision and Modernity* (London: BFI Publishing).
Harper, Sue (2000) *Women in British Cinema: Mad, Bad and Dangerous to Know* (London: Continuum).
Harris, Mark (2008) *Scenes from a Revolution: The Birth of the New Hollywood* (Edinburgh: Canongate).
Higham, Charles (1974) *The Art of the American Film* (New York: Doubleday).
Hitchcock O'Connell, Pat and Bouzereau Laurent (2003) *Alma Hitchcock: The Woman Behind the Man* (New York: Berkeley).
Horsley, William (1934) "From pigs to pictures", *The International Photographer*, 2–3. Reproduced at: http://www.cinemaweb.com/silentfilm/bookshelf/29_hor_2.htm
Kennedy, Matthew (2004) *Edmund Goulding's Dark Victory: Hollywood's Genius Bad Boy* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press).
Kulik, Karol (1975) *Alexander Korda* (New Rochelle NY: Arlington).
Kynaston, David (2007) *Austerity Britain 1945–51* (London: Bloomsbury).
——— (2009) *Family Britain, 1951–57* (London: Bloomsbury).
Lane, Anthony (2002) *Nobody's Perfect* (London: Picador).
Lang, Mathson (1930) "Preserving the beauty of the King's English", *The Picturegoer*, 10–11.
Langman, Larry (2000) *Destination Hollywood: The Influence of Europeans on Hollywood Filmmaking* (London: McFarland).
Leff, Leonard J. (1987) *Hitchcock and Selznick: The Rich and Strange Collaboration of Alfred Hitchcock and David O. Selznick in Hollywood* (London: University of California Press).
Lesley, Cole (1988) *The Life of Noël Coward* (London: Penguin).
McCreadie, Marsha (1994) *The Women Who Write the Movies* (New York: Birch Lane).
MacCann, Richard Dyer (1996) *Films of the 1920s* (London: Scarecrow).
Mack, Gregory (1988) "The old dark house: elegant gothic comedy", *American Cinematographer*, Vol. 69, No. 10: 43–8.
Mannock, P.L. (1930) "History with an accent", *The Picturegoer*, 58.
Mann, William (2004) *Edge of Midnight: The Life of John Schlesinger* (London: Arrow).
Manguel, Alberto (1997) *Bride of Frankenstein* (London: BFI).
Marr, Andrew (2008) *A History of Modern Britain* (London: Pan Books).

Milne, Tom (1968) "Show people", *Sight and Sound*, Vol. 37, No. 4: 200.
Monaco, Paul (2001) *The Sixties: 1960–69* (London: University of California Press).
Mordden, Ethan (1989) *The Hollywood Studios* (New York: Fireside).
Morley, Sheridan (1986) *A Talent to Amuse: A Biography of Noël Coward* (London: Pavilion).
——— (2006) *The Brits in Hollywood: Tales from the Hollywood Raj* (London: Robson).
Norman, Marc (2008) *What Happens Next: A History of Hollywood Screenwriting* (London: Aurum).
Powdermaker, Hortense (1951) *Hollywood, The Dream Factory: An Anthropologist Looks at the Movie-Makers* (London: Secker & Warburg).
Pratt, Ray (2001) *Projecting Paranoia: Conspiratorial Visions in American Film* (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas).
Richards, Jeffrey (1997) *Films and British National Identity: From Dickens to Dad's Army* (Manchester: Manchester University Press).
Robinson, Casey (1978) "On 'Dark Victory' ", *Australian Journal of Screen Theory*, No. 4: 4–10.
Rosten, Leo (1970) *Hollywood: The Movie Colony, The Movie Makers* (New York: Harcourt Brace, originally 1941, this edition, Arno Press).
Salmi, Markku (1974) "Brief biography of Charles Brabin" *Film Dope*, No. 4: 40–1.
Sarris, Andrew (1998) *"You Ain't Heard Nothin' Yet": The American Talking Film, History and Memory, 1927–49* (Oxford: Oxford University Press).
Schatz, Thomas (1998) *The Genius of the System: Hollywood Filmmaking in the Studio Era* (London: Faber and Faber).
Schulberg, Budd (1984) *Moving Pictures* (London: Penguin).
Scott, Ian (2006) *In Capra's Shadow: The Life and Career of Screenwriter Robert Riskin* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky).
Sedgwick, John (1996) "Michael Balcon's close encounter with the American market, 1934–36", *Historical Journal of Film, Radio and Television*, Vol. 16, No. 3: 333–40.
Silvester, Christopher, ed. (1999) *The Penguin Book of Hollywood* (London: Penguin).
Slide, Anthony (1978) "The regulars", *Films in Review*, Vol. XXIX, No. 4: 225.
——— (1994) *Early American Cinema* (London: Scarecrow).
Soister, John T. (1999) *Claude Rains: A Comprehensive Illustrated Reference* (Jefferson, NC: McFarland).
Stempel, Tom (2000) *Framework: A History of Screenwriting in the American Film* (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press).
Tabori, Paul (1959) *Alexander Korda* (London: Osbourne).
Taves, Brian (2006) *P.G. Wodehouse and Hollywood: Screenwriting, Satires and Adaptations* (Jefferson, NC: McFarland & Co).
Taylor, John Russell (1983) *Strangers in Paradise: The Hollywood Émigrés 1933–1950* (London: Faber and Faber).
Thomson, David (1996) *Rosebud: The Story of Orson Welles* (London: Abacus).
Turner, Adrian (1999) *Robert Bolt: Scenes from Two Lives* (London: Vintage).
Vazzana, Gene (1994) "Tol'able David review", *Silent Film Newsletter*, Vol. II, No. 10: 168.

Walker, Michael (1980) "Biographical appreciation of Edmund Goulding", *Film Dope*, No. 20: 32–4.
Wallace, David (2006) *Exiles in Hollywood* (Pompton Plains, NJ: Limelight).
Wider, Todd (1990) "Positive image of the physician in American cinema in the 1930s", *Journal of Popular Film and Television*, Vol. 17, No. 4: 140–9.

Index

Note: locators in *italics* refer to illustrations

Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, 103, 148
After Many a Summer Dies the Swan (Huxley), 137
Age for Love, The, 57
Age of Consent, The, 67
Agutter, Jenny, 170
Air Force One, 4
Alanson, Bert, 80
Albee, Edward, 165
Aldrich, Robert, 168
Alexander Korda Productions, 117
Alice in Wonderland, 101
All Quiet on the Western Front, 89
American Cinematographer (magazine), 89
Anchors Aweigh, 133
Andrews, Dana, 144
Anne of a Thousand Days, 152
Anthony, William, 99
Ape and Essence (Huxley), 137
Apted, Michael, 1, 28
arc spotlights, 39
Arliss, George, 7, *8*, 9–10, 29, 70
Arrowsmith, 95
art of acting, British emigration to California and, 27–9
Ashes of Vengeance, 55
Asquith, Anthony, 2–3, 60
Astaire, Fred, 99
Atlas, Leopold, 69
Atonement, 2
Austen, Jane, 101

Back Street, 133
Baker, Stanley, 168
Balaclava, 70
Balcon, Michael, 4, 63–6, 114
  documentary features and, 127–9
  Hitchcock and, 112–13
  Hollywood and, 105–6
  Korda and, 61, 71, 145
Balderston, John, 69
Banks, Leslie, 131
Bara, Theda, 18, 48
Barefoot in the Park, 28
Bargain, The, 18, 36
Barker, Reginald, 17–18, 35–48, *42*, 62
  arc spotlight use by, 39
  The Coward and, 39–40
  Ince and, 36–8
  output through 1920s by, 45–6
  post silent film movies, 46–8
  post Triangle years, 41–3
  War's Women and, 41
  West and, 36–7
Barr, Charles, 83, 111–12
Barretts of Wimpole Street, The, 71, 82
Barry, John, 152
Barrymore, John, 54
Barrymore, Lionel, 49, 54, 67, 68, 79
Barry, Phyllis, 47
Barthelmess, Richard, 53
Bartholomew, Freddie, 67
Basic Instinct, 4
Bates, Alan, 166
Batman, 1
Battle Cry of Peace, The, 19
Battle Hymn of the Republic, The, 12
Battle of Gettysburg, The, 36
Baxter, Alan, 125
Baxter, Anne, 144
Baxter, John, 20, 127
Beatles, The, 159
Beatty, Warren, 153, 154
Beaumont, Harry, 51
Bedford, Barbara, 45
Beery, Wallace, 54
Bellamy, Ralph, 47
Below the Equator, 134

Ben Hur, 48
Benighted, 90
Bennett, Arnold, 31, 78
Bennett, Charles, 2, 83, 85–6, 124
Bennett, Constance, 52
Berenger, Clara, 73
Beresford, Harry, 67
Bergefelder, Tim, 63
Bergman, Ingrid, 126
Berkeley, Reginald, 57
Berkeley Square, 18, 56
Berman, Pedro, 99
Bernard, Judd, 160
Bernhardt, Sarah, 68
Best Years of our Lives, The, 144
Beyond the Rocks, 76
Big Heat, The, 159
Billy Liar, 155
Birth of a Nation, The, 36, 104
Bishop, Terry, 127
Biskind, Peter, 158
Bisset, Jacqueline, 169
Bittersweet, 57
Blackmail, 85
Blackton, J. Stuart, 4, 12, *13*, 14
Blade Runner, 1, 168
Blanke, Henry, 141
Blockade, 32
Blood on the Sun, 147–8
Blyth, Ann, 132
Bogart, Humphrey, 96
Boleslawski, Richard, 70
Bolton, Guy, 97
Bolt, Robert, 10, 85, 161–2, 163, 165–6, 172
Bonnie and Clyde, 153, 154
Boone, Pat, 149
Boorman, John, 1, 3, 10, *158*, 159–61
Border, The, 170
Bordwell, David, 121
Borzage, Frank, 37, 93
Bosworth, Hobart, 35
Boucicault, Dion, 48
Bourne Supremacy, The, 2
Bourne Ultimatum, The, 2
Bow, Clara, 81
Bowie, David, 170
Boyer, Charles, 132, 139
Brabin, Charles, 18, 48–9, 62
Brackett, Charles, 150
Brave New World, 101
Breakfast at Tiffany's, 28
Breathless, 157
Brecht, Bertolt, 123
Breen, Joseph, 93–4, 119
Bride of Frankenstein, The, 33, 88, 91–3, 94
Bridge on the River Kwai, The, 162
Brief Encounter, 114
Bright Shawl, The, 52
Bringing Up Baby, 102
British emigration to California, 11–29
  art of acting and, 27–9
  First World War and, 22–3
  Horsley and, 15–16
  language/culture and, 23–6
  money and, 26–7
  opportunity reasons for, 17–23
  studies about, 16–17
  Swedish/German artists and, 11
  Vitagraph Corporation of America and, 12–14
British wave, first, 30–62
  Barker and, 35–48
  Brabin and, 48–9
  Campbell and, 34–5
  Coward and, 60
  Dieterle and, 32–3
  Goulding and, 49–55
  Knoblock and, 30–2
  Korda and, 60–1
  Lloyd and, 55–9
  Vidor and, 33–4
Brits in Hollywood, The (Morley), 7
Broadway Melody, The, 51
Brokeback Mountain, 4
Brontë, Charlotte, 23, 101
Brook, Clive, 25, 58, 70
Brooke, Hillary, 123
Browne, Irene, 58
Brownlow, Kevin, 33–4
Brown, Rowland, 85
Bruckheimer, Jerry, 4
Bugsy Malone, 172
Bullets or Ballots, 139
Bullitt, 1, 168–9
Bunny, John, 12
Bunty Pulls the Strings, 43

Burnett, W. R., 49
Burns, George, 99
Burton, Richard, 165
Buruma, Ian, 184
Busher, The, 40
Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, 153

Cabaret, 136
Cable, Boyd, 70
Caddo Company, 57
Cagney, James, 148
Cain, James M., 150
Callow, Simon, 90
Campbell, Colin, 18, 34–5, 62
Camus, Albert, 96
Canterbury Tale, A, 114
Capra, Frank, 35, 56, 102
Cardinal Richelieu, 70
Carlson, Richard, 102
Carmen of the Klondite, 41
Carroll, Lewis, 113
Cat and Mouse, 127
Catch Us If You Can, 159
Cavalcade, 18, 23, 56–7, 59, 107
Centaur Film Company, 15
Certain Woman, That, 95
Chandler, Raymond, 26
Chaney, Lon, 55
Chaplin, Charlie, 3, 7–8, 34, 104–5
Chaplin, Geraldine, 164
Chariots of Fire, 172
Chartoff, Bob, 159
Christie, Agatha, 110
Christie, Julie, 164
Cimarron, 68
Citadel, The, 95
Citizen Kane, 130
City Lights, 7–8, 104
City of Nets, 126
Civilization, 37–8
Clair, Rene, 25
Clarke, Mae, 86
Claudia, 140, 142, 150
Clive, Colin, 87, 88, 92, 130
Clive of India, 70, 88
Cloak and Dagger, 123
Coal Miner's Daughter, 1, 28
Coffee, Lenore, 22, 68, 72
Cohen, Paula Marantz, 20–1, 28, 32, 43–5, 175–6
Cold Mountain, 2
Colman, Ronald, 24–5, 27, 31, 70, 88
Colonel Blood, 70
Colton, John, 79–80
Columbia Studios, 4
Connolly, Cyril, 101
Conrad, Joseph, 110, 148
Constant Nymph, The, 139–40, 144
Conway, Jack, 70
Coogan, Jackie, 55
Cook, Pam, 178
Cooper, Gary, 82
Cornelius, Henry, 136
Cotton, Joseph, 146
Covered Wagon, The, 104
Coward, Noël, 6, 7, 18, 23, 50, 60
Coward, The, 39–40
Crawford, Joan, 52, 54, 79, 81, 141
Crawford, Michael, 171
Crichton, Charles, 115
Crichton, Kyle, 105
Criminal, The, 41
Crisis, The, 35
Cromwell, John, 80, 141
Crosland, Alan, 76
Crowther, Bosley, 132
Crucible, The, 134
Cruel Sea, The, 129
Cukor, George, 67–8, 120, 133, 136, 142
Cummings, Robert, 124, 139
Cunningham, Jack, 76
Curtis, James, 86, 93–4, 149
Curtiz, Michael, 16, 55
Custen, George, 151

Dambusters, The, 129
Damsel in Distress, A, 99
Danger Man, 168
Dangerous Hours, 38
Daniell, Henry, 131
Danischewsky, Monica, 114
Dardis, Tom, 100, 133
Dark Victory, 1, 95–7, 138
Dark Waters, 85
Darling, 154, 155, 159
Dave Clark 5, 159

David Copperfield, 67–8, 69, 70, 71
David Garrick, 55
Davidson, John, 47
Davies, Marion, 34
Davis, Bette, 50, 86, 95, *95*, 138, 139, 141
Dawn Patrol, 50
Day of the Jackal, The, 163
Day of the Locust, The, 157
Dean, James, 150
Death Wish, 171
Dee, Frances, 103
Deep, The, 169
Deliverance, 160
De Mille, Cecil B., 46, 76
Deserter, The, 36
Destination Hollywood (Langman), 28
Devils of Loudun, The, 134
Devils, The, 134, 170
Diane, 136
Dickens, Charles, 2
Dickens Fellowship, 67
Dickenson, Angie, 159
Dieterle, William, 31, 32–3
Dietrich, Marlene, 31
Dinner at Eight, 67
Dirty Harry, 168
Divine Lady, The, 55–6, 119
Dix, Richard, 46
Doctor Doolittle, 153
Dodgson, Charles, 101
Donat, Robert, 107–8
Don Quixote, 136
Don't Look Now, 170
Douglas, Kent, 86
Douglas, Michael, 168
Down Among the Sheltering Palms, 150
Draper, Ellen, 119
Drazin, Charles, 109
Dresdel, Sonia, 146
Dreyfus Affair, The, 58
Drier, Hans, 103
Dr. Mabuse, 123
Dr. Strangelove, 166, 168
Dr. Zhivago, 161, 162, 164
Dunaway, David, 22, 132, 134
Dunaway, Faye, 153
Dunne, Irene, 93
Dunne, Phillip, 9, 121
du Tremblay, François Leclerc, 101
Dwan, Allan, 31

Eagle of the Sea, The, 55
Ealing Studios, 114–15
East of Eden, 133
Eastwood, Clint, 168
Eckman, Sam, 64
Edge of the World, The, 111
Edison, Thomas, 12, 15
Edwards, Roy, 149
Elinor Glyn System of Writing, The, 78
Elstree Studios, 118
Emerald Forest, The, 161
Emmerich, Roland, 4
English Patient, The, 2
Entertainer, The, 166
entrepreneurialism, studio, 65–6
Epstein, Julius, 139
Epstein, Philip, 139
Estabrook, Howard, 68
Evans, Peter, 146
Everson, W. M. K., 89
Everybody Does It, 150
Excalibur, 161

Fagin, 70
Fairbanks, Douglas, 9, 31
Falcon and the Snowman, The, 154, 157
Fallen Angel, 168
Fallen Idol, The, 145
Famous Players-Lasky, 75
Far from the Madding Crowd, 155
Far Horizon, 138
Farnum, Dustin, 55
Farnum, William, 70
Fellini, Federico, 157
Fenton, Frank, 85
Ferber, Edna, 93
Fields, W. C., 67, 68, 93
Film Renter and Moving Picture News, The (trade paper), 63
Films in Review (magazine), 89
Finley, Frank, 168
First of the Few, The, 114
Flaming Forest, The, 46
Flynn, Errol, 55
Fontaine, Joan, 99, 131, 133
Forbidden Heaven, 47

Forbidden Territory, 84
Ford, Harrison, 168
Ford, John, 14, 40, 56, 102, 118
Foreign Correspondent, 84, 86, 113, 124
Forever and a Day, 121, 135, 139–40
Forman, Milos, 157
Formby, George, 113–14
Forsyth, Bill, 172
Forsyth, Frederick, 163
Fosse, Bob, 136
Foster, Barry, 168
Four Feathers, The, 67, 116, 131
Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, The, 121
Francke, Lizzie, 22, 72, 78
Franken, Rose, 140
Frankenstein, 23, 33, 86, 88–91, *92*
Franklin, Sidney, 60
Frank Lloyd Productions, 55
Freidrich, Otto, 126
French Connection, The, 169
Friedkin, William, 169
From Here to Eternity, 162
Frontiersman, The, 42
Full Metal Jacket, 163

Gainsborough Pictures, 63–5, 117
Gainsbourg, Charlotte, 130
Games, The, 171
Garbo, Greta, 11, 54, 83
Garment Jungle, The, 168
Garrick, David, 70
Garson, Greer, 100, 108, 109, 120
Gaumont-British (G-B), 65, 105–6, 117
Geiger, Jeffrey, 180
Geltzer, George, 37
George in Civvy Street, 114
Get Cracking, 114
Giaconda Smile, The, 131
Gibbons, Cedric, 120
Giblyn, Charles, 36
Gibson, Mel, 168
Gilbert, John, 34, 40, 82
Gilliat, Sidney, 113
Glancy, H. Mark, 23, 109–10
Glaser, Vaughan, 125
Glastonbury Fayre, 172
Glavin, John, 178
Glyn, Anthony, 75
Glyn, Elinor, 7, 73–8, *74, 77*, 121
  authorship and, 80–2
  Hollywood, move to, 22, 23
  Show People and, 34
'G' Men, 139
Godard, Jean-Luc, 157
Goddard, Paulette, 101
Golden Claw, The, 41
Goldwyn Company, 41
Goldwyn, Samuel, 78, 97, 115
Goodbye Mr. Chips, 23, 60, 83, 107–9
Good Companions, The, 31, 65
Goodman, John, 103
Gorman, Charles, 15
Goulding, Edmund, 1, 49–55, 147, 149, 151
  British filmmaking and, 23, 29
  earnings of, 16
  Holtzmann and, 53–4
  Novello and, 50
  post WWII and, 137–45
  pre-war Hollywood and, 94–7
  Tol'able David and, 52–3
Graduate, The, 153
Grana Uile, 36
Grand Hotel, 23, 54, 95, 138
Granna Uile, 18
Grant, Cary, 25, 102, 126
Great Dictator, The, 105, 133
Great Divide, The, 46
Great Expectations, 69, 130
Great Moment, The, 75–6
Great Sinner, The, 135
Greed, 121
Green, Alfred, 9
Greene, Graham, 10, 85, 122, 145
Greengrass, Paul, 2, 4
Green Zone, 2
Grey Eminence, 101
Grierson, John, 127
Griffith, D. W., 37, 38
Griffith, Richard, 174
Guess Who's Coming to Dinner, 153
Guinness, Alec, 128, 164
Gundrey, Gareth, 70
Gunning, Tom, 123–4
Gwenn, Edmund, 141, 150

Hamilton Woman, That, 56
Hammerstein, Oscar, 93
Hampton, Christopher, 166
Hangmen Also Die!, 123
Hannibal Brooks, 171
Hard Day's Night, A, 159
Hardwicke, Cedric, 7, 102, 132
Harlow, Jean, 49
Harper, Sue, 65
Harris, Julie, 136
Harris, Mark, 153
Harrison, Joan, 2, 83, 84–5, 124
Hartford, Huntington, 148
Hart, William S., 18, 34, 36, 44
Harvey, Lawrence, 136
Having a Wild Weekend, 159
Hayakawa, Sessue, 37
Hayden, Stirling, 148
Hay Fever, 57
Hays, Will, 59, 93–4
Healer, The, 47
Hearst, William Randolph, 46
Hecht, Ben, 126
Hell in the Pacific, 160
Hello Dolly!, 152
Hello Out There, 148, 149
Hells Angels, 23
Help!, 159
Henreid, Paul, 141
Henrey, Bobby, 146
Hergesheimer, Joseph, 52
Herlihy, James Leo, 156
Hide-Out, 46
Higham, Charles, 38, 89, 110, 133
High Noon, 162
Hiller, Wendy, 164
Hill, George Roy, 152–3
Hilton, James, 135
His First Commission, 18
His First Long Trousers, 34
His Girl Friday, 102
Hitchcock, Alfred, 3, 29, 110–13, 124–6
  Bennett and, 85–6
  Cohen on, 20–1
  first Hollywood signing of, 26, 62
  Harrison and, 84–5
  Reville and, 83–4
Hitchcock O'Connell, Pat, 83–4
Hobson's Choice, 162, 163
Hoffman, Dustin, 152, 153
Holiday from Marriage, 118
Holloway, Stanley, 128
Hollywood, British invasion of, 6–29
  Arliss and, 8–11
  Chaplin and, 7–8
  Coward and, 6–7
  Morley and, 7
  reasons for, 11–29
  Smith and, 9–11
  Wodehouse and, 6–7
Hollywood Spectator, The (magazine), 94
Hollywood: The Dream Factory, 17
Hollywood: The Movie Colony, 16
Holtzmann, Fanny, 53, 57, 139
Honky Tonk Freeway, 157
Hope and Glory, 161
Horsley, David, 4, 15–16
Horsley, William, 15
Hotel New Hampshire, The, 170
Hour Before Dawn, The, 80
House Divided, A, 19
Household, Geoffrey, 123
Houseman, John, 101, 130
House of Bamboo, 168
Houston, Norman, 52
Howard, Leslie, 7, 113, 141
Howards of Virginia, The, 102–3
Howard, Trevor, 147
Howe, Julia Ward, 12
How to Educate a Wife, 76
Hudson, Hugh, 172
Hue and Cry, 128
Hughes, Howard, 57
Hughes, Lloyd, 38
Hugo, Victor, 70
Hunchback of Notre Dame, The, 32
Hurst, Fannie, 133
Hurt, John, 164
Huston, Walter, 49, 79
Huxley, Aldous, 6, 27, 120, 122, 129–37, *135*, 170
  as contract writer, 100–2
  Dunaway on, 22–3

I am a Camera, 136
Impatient Maiden, 89

Ince, Ralph, 12
Ince, Thomas, 18
  Barker and, 36–8
  death of, 46
Independence Day, 4
Inexperience (Knoblock), 31
Insomnia, 1
In the Heat of the Night, 152, 153
Intolerance, 37–8
Invisible Man, The, 90–1, 93
In Which We Serve, 114
Iron Horse, The, 104
Iron Strain, The, 41
Irving, George, 55
Irving, John, 170
Irwin, Charles, 47
Isherwood, Christopher, 23, 101, 134–6, *135*
It's in the Bag, 84
I Was a Spy, 70

Jackson, Glenda, 170
Jacob's Hands, 101
Jacobs, Lewis, 41
Jagger, Mick, 170
Jamaica Inn, 83, 84
Jane Eyre, 88, 94, 101, 130–1, 133
Jannings, Emil, 11
Jeans, Ursula, 58
Jefferson, Stanley, 19
Jewison, Norman, 152, 153
Jew Süss, 65
Joffé, Roland, 3, 172
Johnson, Celia, 114
Johnson, Nunnally, 121, 150
Jones, Allan, 93
Jones, Duncan, 2
Jones, Jennifer, 80
Joseph Janni Productions, 155
Journey's End, 32, 86, 87–90
Joy, Leatrice, 43
Judgement Deferred, 127
Jules et Jim, 157
Jungle Book, 117, 131

Kael, Pauline, 170
Karloff, Boris, 49, 86, *92*
Karno, Fred, 19–20
Kathleen Mavourneen, 48
Kazan, Elia, 133
Keenan, Frank, 40, 45
Keighley, William, 139
Kemp, Philip, 63
Kennedy, Margaret, 139
Kennedy, Matthew, 50, 140, 151
Kern, Jerome, 93
Kerr, Deborah, 118
Killers, The, 159
Killing Fields, The, 172
Kind Hearts and Coronets, 128
King, Henry, 23, 53
King Kong, 27, 67
Kipling, Rudyard, 23
Kismet, 31
Kiss Before the Mirror, The, 90
Kleiner, Harry, 168
Knoblock, Edward, *30*, 30–2, 75
Korda, Alexander, 4, 66, 78, 115–19, 134
  Selznick and, 71
  Tabori on, 60–1
  That Hamilton Woman by, 56
  Third Man and, 145
Korda, Zoltan, 115, 131, 133, 134
Krasker, Robert, 147
Kruger, Alma, 125
Kruger, Otto, 125
Kubrick, Stanley, 163
Kulik, Karol, 61, 115
Kynaston, David, 114

La Dolce Vita, 157
Lady Caroline Lamb, 166
Ladykillers, The, 128
Lady Vanishes, The, 107, 110–11, 112, 125
Laemmle, Carl, Jr., 15, 91, 93–4
Lair of the WhiteWorm, 170
Lake, Veronica, 80
Lancaster, Burt, 150
Lanchester, Elsa, 67, 92
Lane, Anthony, 111, 126
Lane, Priscilla, 124
Lang, Fritz, 122, 123–4, 159
Langman, Larry, 28, 163
Lang, Matheson, 25
language/culture, British in California, 23–6

Lardner, Ring, Jr., 123
Lasky, Jesse, 75
Lasky, Joseph, 78
Last Command, The, 148
Last of the Mohicans, The, 9
Laughton, Charles, 32, 90
Launder, Frank, 113
Laura, 144
Lavender Hill Mob, The, 128
Lawrence of Arabia, 107, 155, 161, 162
Lawton, Frank, 58, 68
Lean, David, 114, 130, 161–2, 163, 164
Lear, Edward, 113
Lee, Ang, 4
Leff, Leonard, 26
Legeran Films, 115
Leigh, Vivien, 87, 118–19
Leisen, Mitchell, 121
Lejeune, C. A., 59
Leonard, Robert, 120, 130
Leone, Sergio, 157
LeRoy, Mervyn, 87, 133
Lesley, Cole, 177
Les Misérables, 70
Lester, Richard, 159
Let George Do It!, 113–14
Letter from an Unknown Woman, 133
Levine, Joe, 159
Lewis, David, 96, 149
Lifeboat, 126
Life of Emile Zola, The, 32
Lincoln's Inaugural Address, 12
Lion Has Wings, The, 117
Lipscomb, W. P., 70–1
Little Orphan Annie, 35
Litvak, Anatole, 16
Lives of a Bengal Lancer, The, 9
Lloyd, Frank, 55–9, 62, 70, 119, 147
  Barker and, 41
  as early pioneer, 16, 18–19, 29
  1930's and 1940's Hollywood and, 102–4
Lloyd, Norman, 124
Lloyds of London, 9, 23
Local Hero, 172
Lockwood, Margaret, 111
Lodger, The, 50, 84
London Evening Standard, 117
London Films, 131, 146
Look Back in Anger, 166
Loos, Anita, 72, 100–1
Los Angeles Times, 98
Loved One, The, 136, 166
Love Lady, The (Knoblock), 31
Loy, Myrna, 49
Lubitsch, Ernst, 11, 24
Lumet, Sidney, 169
Lydia, 117
Lyne, Adrian, 3

MacCann, Richard Dyer, 176–7
MacDonald, Kevin, 2
MacKendrick, Alexander, 128
Mack, Gregory, 89–90
Madame Curie, 100, 130, 133
Madame Sousatazka, 154–5
Madame Who, 41
Magnificent Ambersons, The, 130
Mahin, John Lee, 49
Maid of Salem, 103
Maland, Charles, 104
Malick, Terrence, 163
Malle, Louis, 157
Maltz, Albert, 123
Mamoulian, Rouben, 83
Man and Maid, 76
Manchurian Candidate, The, 168
Man for All Seasons, A, 161, 164, 165
Manguel, Alberto, 91
Man Hunt, 123
Man in the White Suit, The, 128
Mann, William, 152, 156
Manners, David, 47
Man Who Came to Dinner, The, 133, 139
Man Who Fell to Earth, The, 170
Man Who Knew Too Much, The, 65, 83–4, 85
Man with Two Mirrors, The (Knoblock), 31
Marantz Cohen, Paula, 20–1, 28, 32, 43–4
Marathon Man, 154
March, Joseph, 86
Mardi Gras, 149, 150
Marr, Andrew, 66
Marvin, Lee, 159–60
Maschwitz, Eric, 109

Mask of Fu Manchu, The, 49
Mason, James, 25
Massie, Hughes, 75
Mathis, June, 72, 81, 121
Maugham, Somerset, 75, 78–80, 141, 142, 143
Mayer, Louis B., *42*, 49, 64, 94
McCoy, Tim, 42
McCreadie, Marsha, 72
McCrea, Joel, 103, 124
McGoohan, Patrick, 168
McGuire, Dorothy, 140, 150
McLaglen, Victor, 14
McQueen, Steve, 168
Me and Marlborough, 70
Meet Me in St Louis, 133
Memento, 1
Meredith, Burgess, 101
MGM, 64, 67, 69, 71, 84, 94, 97, 100, 107, 109, 115, 155, 162
Midnight Cowboy, 1, 28, 152, 154, 156
Midnight Express, 172
Mifune, Toshiro, 160
Mildred Pierce, 132, 141
Milestone, Lewis, 79, 89
Milland, Ray, 25, 122
Miller, Seton, 122
Millions Like Us, 111, 113
Mills, John, 127
Milne, Tom, 34
Mingella, Anthony, 2
Ministry of Fear, 122, 123–4
Ministry of Information, 107–8, 111–13, 118
Mission. The, 172
Mister 880, 150
Modern Times, 104–5
Monaco, Paul, 165
money, British emigration to California and, 26–7
Monogram, 130
Monroe, Marilyn, 150
Montgomery, Robert, 60
Moon, 2
Moonstone, The, 47
Moore, Colleen, 81
Moore, Roger, 168
Moore, Thomas, 164
Mordden, Ethan, 54
Morey, Anne, 78, 81–2
Morley, Karen, 47, 49
Morley, Sheridan, 7, 58, 156
Morsberger, Robert E., 177
Motion Picture Directors Association, 49
Motion Picture Herald (magazine), 103
Motion Picture Patents Company (MPPC), 12, 15
Motion Picture Producers & Distributors of America (MPPDA), 59
Motion Picture Studio Directory, The, 38, 41
Motion Picture World (magazine), 35
Moving Pictures (Schulberg), 81
MPPC (Motion Picture Patents Company), 12, 15
Mrs. Miniver, 83, 109–10, 121
Mundin, Herbert, 58
Murfin, Jane, 120
Murnau, F. W., 11, 63
Murphy's War, 169
Murray, James, 46
Mutiny on the Bounty, 18–19, 23, 71, 103
My Fair Lady, 152
My Lady's Dress, 31
My Reputation, 141
Mystery of Edwin Drood, 69

Nagel, Conrad, 52, 76
Napier, Alan, 88
Ne're Do Well, The, 35
Nestor Motion Picture Company, 15
Neumann, Kurt, 91
"New Hollywood," 1, 154
  Boorman and, 160
  Campbell and, 34
  Goulding and, 54
New Masses (magazine), 105
New Orleans, 46
New York Herald Tribune, 99
New York Motion Picture Company, 36
New York Times, 91, 132
Nichols, Mike, 153
Night Like This, A, 70
Nightmare Alley, 149–50, 163

Night Train to Munich, 111
Niven, David, 6, 7, 25, 118
Nocturne, 85
noir thriller, 1, 28, 85, 86, 122, 144, 169
Nolan, Christopher, 1, 4
No Resting Place, 127
Norman, Marc, 38
North by Northwest, 125
Notorious, 126
Novello, Ivor, 50, 62, 64

Oberon, Merle, 85, 117, 118, 139
Obringer, Roy, 138
Observer, The (magazine), 59
Odets, Clifford, 126
Of Human Bondage, 141–2
Oklahoma!, 162
Old Dark House, The, 33, 89, 90
old *vs*. new Hollywood, 152–73
Oliver!, 152
Oliver, Edna May, 67, 70
Oliver Twist, 55, 70, 130
Olivier, Lawrence, 6, 118–19, 120
O'Neil, Sally, 52
One More River, 57–8, 90
One Way Pendulum, 168
On the Night Stage, 18, 36
Ophüls, Max, 133
Orwell, George, 66
Osborn, Paul, 133
Osbourne, John, 166
Ostrer, Isidore, 65
Owen, Reginald, 83

Pacific Heights, 154
Pacino, Al, 168
Page, Elizabeth, 102
Paquin, Anna, 130
Paradine Case, The, 84
Paralta Company, 41
Paramount Corporation, 78, 99
Parker, Alan, 3, 172
Parker, Eleanor, 141
Parker, Gilbert, 75, 78
Parsons, Harriet, 84
Parsons, Louella, 138, 151
Passage to India, A, 163
Passing of the Third Floor Back, The, 84
Passport to Pimlico, 128
Pasternak, Boris, 164
Peck, Gregory, 135–6
Penn, Arthur, 153
Perfect Strangers, 118
Performance, 170
Petersen, Wolfgang, 4
Petty, John E., 180
Photoplay (magazine), 35
Piccadilly Jim, 120
Picturegoer, The (magazine), 25, 82
Pidgeon, Walter, 100
Pilcher, Jeremy, 178
Pimpernel Smith, 113
Plague, The (Camus), 96
Point Blank, 159–60, 168
Point Counter Point, 134
Polanski, Roman, 157
Pommer, Eric, 63
Porter, Edwin S., 49
post World War II directions, 127–51
  anxieties of, 137–45
  Balcon and, 127–9
  documentary approach to, 127–8
  Huxley and, 129–37
  international collaboration and, 145–7
Powdermaker, Hortense, 17
Powell, Michael, 111–12, 115
Power, Tyrone, 142, 145, 149–50
Pratt, Ray, 168
Pressburger, Emeric, 111–12
Price, Guy, 45
Pride and Prejudice, 27, 101, 118, 120, 130
Priestley, J. B., 23, 31, 66, 89, 90
Pringle, Aileen, 76
Private Lives, 60, 82
Private Lives of Helen of Troy, The, 60–1
Private Lives of Henry VIII, The, 105
Production Code, 65, 81, 156
Production Code Administration, 119
Puttnam, David, 4, 172

Queen Christina, 83
Quota Acts, 109, 113

Radford, Basil, 107
Raft, George, 85

Rage in Heaven (Hilton), 135
Rain, 79
Rainbow, The, 170
Rains, Claude, 69, 91
Rameau, Paul, 133
Random Harvest, 83
Rank, J. Arthur, 129
Rascoe, Burton, 20
Rathbone, Basil, 67, 70
Ratoff, Gregory, 16
Raven, The, 49
Ray, Charles, 40
Razor's Edge, The, 23, 137–8, 142, 143, 149
Rebecca, 84
Redgrave, Michael, 111
Reed, Carol, 111, 145, 164
Reed, Oliver, 171
Reisch, Walter, 119
Relic of Old Japan, A, 37
Reville, Alma, 2, 83–4
Reynolds, Marjorie, 123
Richard, Cliff, 170
Richards, Jeffrey, 71, 107–8, 113
Richardson, Ralph, 117, 131, 164
Richardson, Tony, 155, *167*, 170
Richmond, Warner, 52
Riptide, 95, 138
Riskin, Robert, 150
RKO Pictures, 26, 32, 46, 85, 91, 99, 101, 141
Roach, Hal, 19
Robbery, 168
Robeson, Paul, 93, 94, 131
Robin Hood, 31
Robinson, Casey, 96–7
Robo Cop, 4
Roeg, Nic, 170
Rogers, Ginger, 150
Romance of Erin, The, 37
Romance of the Cliff Dwellers, 49
Romance of the Queen, 76
Rome Express, 65
Rookery Nook, 70
Rooney, Mickey, 47
Rosalie, 99
Rosary, The, 35
Rosen, Phil, 84
Rose, William, 128
Rosten, Leo, 16–17
Rotha, Paul, 127
Rowden, William Courtney, 70
Rushton, Roland, 45
Russell, Ken, 134, 170
Russell, Theresa, 170
Rutherford, Margaret, 128
Rutsky, R. L., 180
Ryan Girl, The, 142
Ryan's Daughter, 162, 166

Sabatini, Rafael, 55
Sabotage, 86, 110
Saboteur, 84, 113, 122, 124–5
Sadie Thompson, 79
Sahara, 131
Saint, The, 168
Sally, Mary and Irene, 49
Salmi, Markku, 177
Salt, Waldo, 169
Sanders of the River, 131
Saroyan, William, 148
Sarris, Andrew, 92, 121, 125
Saturday Evening Post, 7, 27
Saville, Victor, 63, 70, 94, 117
Scarlet Pimpernel, The, 105
Scenes from a Revolution, 153
Schary, Dore, 121
Schatz, Thomas, 32–3, 54, 121
Schlesinger, John, 1, 3, 10, 28, 152–7, *153*
Schofield, Paul, 164
Schulberg, Budd, 81
Sconce, Jeffrey, 67
Scott, Ian, 183
Scott, Martha, 102
Scott, Ridley, 1, 3, 4, 168
Scott, Tony, 1, 3
Screenworld (magazine), 84
Screen Writers Guild, 72
Sea Hawk, The (Sabatini), 55
Search, The, 162
Secret Agent, The, 110
Secret Sharer, The, 148–9
Sedgwick, John, 65, 105
Sellers, Peter, 25
Selznick Corporation, 146

Selznick, David O., 67–71, 130
  Goulding and, 49
  Harrison and, 84
  Hitchcock and, 111–12, 126
  Huxley and, 27, 131
  Korda and, 145–7
  Maugham and, 80
  Screen Writers Guild and, 72
  Stevenson and, 94
Selznick International Pictures, 26, 84
Sennett, Mack, 37
Serpico, 169
Seven Keys to Baldpate, 46
Shadow of a Doubt, 126
Shanghai Story, The, 148
Sharif, Omar, 164
Shearer, Norma, 60
Shelley, Mary, 91–2
Shepperton Studios, 164
Sherman, Vincent, 151
Sherriff, R. C., 23, 86, 109, 119
Sherwood, Robert, 86
Shining, The, 163
Show Boat, 1, 23, 93–4
Show People, 33–4
Siegel, Don, 159
Sight and Sound (magazine), 149
Silvester, Christopher, 175
Since You Went Away, 80
Sixty Glorious Years, 9, 120
Sjöström, Victor, 11
"Slaves of Hollywood," 6–7
Slide, Anthony, 35, 57–8
Smith, Albert E., 12, 14
Smith, Alexis, 141
Smith, C. Aubrey, 7, 9–10, 83
Smith, Grey, 180
Soister, John T., 178, 180
Soloist, The, 2
Somerville, H. B., 55
Soul Mates, 76
sound and vision, 63–106
  British at home, 63–6
  interpreting England, 66–71
  new careers in, 102–6
  successess in, 85–97
  women and writing, 72–85
  writers in residence, 97–102
Sound of Music, The, 152
Southern, Terry, 166
Spellbound, 126
Stage Fright, 84
Stahl, John, 46
Stanley and Livingstone, 9
Stanwyck, Barbara, 141
Stark, Pauline, 52
State of Play, 2
Steele, Marjorie, 148
Steiger, Rod, 153, 164
Stempel, Tom, 181–2
Stevens, Bill, 99
Stevens, George, 26, 99
Stevenson, Robert, 94, 101, 119–20, 130
Stiller, Mauritz, 11
Stolen Bride, The, 60
Stone, Oliver, 172
Stoppard, Tom, 166
Storm, The, 45
Story of Louis Pasteur, The, 32
Strike at the Mines, The, 49
Stuart, Gloria, 90
Sturges, Preston, 121
Suez, 9
Sullivan, C. Gardner, 38
Summer Holiday, 168
Summertime, 162
Sunday, Bloody Sunday, 154
Sun-Up, 49
Suspicion, 84
Swanson, Gloria, 75, 79
Sykes, Eric, 168
System, The, 171

Tabori, Paul, 24, 61, 118
Talented Mr. Ripley, The, 2
Tale of Two Cities, A, 55, 70, 71, 120
Tales from the Hollywood Raj (Morley), 7
Talmadge, Norma, 55
Tandy, Jessica, 132
Tarzan the Ape Man, 50
Taste of Honey, A, 166
Taves, Brian, 97, 99
Taylor, Elizabeth, 165
Taylor, John Russell, 11, 24, 94, 115
Taylor, Robert, 87
Tearing Down the Flag, 12

Teenage Rebel, 150
Thalberg, Irving, *42*, 49, 54, 83
Thank You, Jeeves, 27
That Hamilton Woman, 118–19, 120
The Beast of the City, 49
Thesiger, Ernest, 92
Thief of Baghdad, The, 115–16
Third Man, The, 145–7
39 Steps, The, 83, 84, 85
This Happy Breed, 114
Thomas, Jameson, 47
Thomson, David, 130–1
Three Weeks (Glyn), 73, 75
Tierney, Gene, 142, 144
Tiffany-Stahl, 46
Tiger! Tiger!, 31
Time (magazine), 132
Time Must Have a Stop (Huxley), 101
Titfield Thunderbolt, The, 128
Tol'able David, 52–3
Tom Jones, 155, 166
Tommy, 170
Tone, Franchot, 80
Top Gun, 1
Total War in Britain, 127
Travers, Henry, 96
Treasure Island, 71
Tree, Herbert Beerbom, 9
Tree of Liberty, The (Page), 102
Triangle Company, 37, *37*
Trotti, Lamar, 121, 142
True Irish Hearts, 37
Truffaut, François, 157
Trustman, Alan, 168
Tudor Rose, 94
Turner, Adrian, 164
Turner, Florence, 12
Turner, Lana, 136
Turney, Catherine, 141
Tuttle, Frank, 80
Twain, Mark, 74–5
20th Century Blues, 58
20th Century Fox, 131, 140, 142–3, 150
2012, 4
Typhoon, The, 37

Ufa studios, 63–4
Uneasy Money, 27
Unger, Gladys, 69
United 93, 2
United Artists, 155–6, 162
Universal Pictures, 69, 84, 91, 93
Universal Studios, 15, 33

Vadja, Ernst, 83
Valentino, Rudolph, 76, *77*, 81, 121
Valli, Alida, 146
Van Druten, John, 136
Van Upp, Virginia, 84
Vaughan, Robert, 168–9
Vazzana, Gene, 177
Veidt, Conrad, 115
Verhoeven, Paul, 4
Vertigo, 126
Victoria the Great, 120
Vidor, King, 33–4
Viertel, Peter, 84, 124, 164–5
Viertel, Salka, 83
Vitagraph Corporation of America, 12
Voight, Jon, 152
Von Seyffertitz, Gustav, 47
von Stroheim, Eric, 24, 121

Walkabout, 170
Walker, Michael, 50
Walker, Stuart, 69
Wallace, David, 24, 136
Wallace, Edgar, 22, 26–7
Wallace, Richard, 84
Wallis, Hal, 96
Walpole, Hugh, 22, 68
Walsh, Raoul, 79
Wanger, Walter, 32
Waram, Percey, 123
Warner Bros, 12, 14, 94–5, 99
Warner, Jack, 54, 138, 139, 140
War on the Plains, 36
War's Women, 41
Washington Masquerade, The, 49
Waterloo Bridge, 86, 87, 107
Waugh, Evelyn, 166
Waxman, Franz, 92
Wayne, Naunton, 107
Way to the Stars, The, 114
Weaver, William, 103–4
Weinstein, Bob, 4
Weinstein, Harvey, 4

Welland, Colin, 172
Welles, H. G., 90–1
Welles, Orson, 130, 164, 165
Wells Fargo, 56, 103
Went the Day Well?, 114
We're Not Married, 150
West, Claudine, 82–3, 109
West, Raymond B., 36–7
Whale, James, 1, 22, 23, 32, 47, 57, 86–94, 147, 149
When Hollywood Loved Britain (Glancy), 23, 109
When the Door Opened, 45
Whiskey Galore!, 128
White Cliffs of Dover, The, 83, 110
White Desert, The, 42
Whom the Gods Destroy, 12, 19
Whore, 170
Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, 165
Who Shall Take My Life, 35
Wider, Todd, 96
Wilcox, Herbert, 57
Wilder, Billy, 26, 56, 121–2
Wilder, Margaret Buell, 80
Williams, Clara, 41
Williams, J. Danvers, 177
Windsor, Claire, 42
Winkler, Irwin, 159
Winner, Michael, 170–1
Wodehouse, Ethel, 97
Wodehouse, P. G., 6–7, 23, 27, 97–100, *98*, 113
Woman's Vengeance, A, 131, 132–4
Women in Love, 170
Women, The, 120
Women: The Glory of the Nation, 19
Women Who Give, 45, 47
Women Who Write the Movies, The (McCreadie), 72
women, writing and, 22, 72–85
Wood, Sam, 23, 75, 107
Woods, Frank, 181
Woolley, Monty, 139
World War I, British emigration and, 22–3
World War II, movies made during, 107–26
  Donat and, 107–8
  Formby and, 113–14
  Hitchcock and, 110–13
  Korda and, 115–19
  new generation of Brits and, 120–6
  Richards account of, 107–8, 114
Wrath of the Gods, The, 37
Wright, Joe, 2
writers in residence, 97–102
  Huxley as, 100–2
  Wodehouse as, 97–100
Writing for the Screen (Berenger), 73
Wurtzler, Steve, 69
Wuthering Heights, 118, 131
Wyler, William, 109, 118, 131, 144
Wynyard, Diana, 57–8

Yank in the RAF, A, 109–10
Yanks, 154
Yates, Peter, 1, 3, 166, 168
York, Susannah, 164
You Must be Joking!, 171
Young, Freddie, 107
Young, Robert, 142
Young, Roland, 68
You're Only Young Twice, 127

Zanuck, Darryl, 121, 140, 142–3
Zeffirelli, Franco, 130
Zinnemann, Fred, 161–3, 164–5
Zukor, Adolph, 78